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The Saturday Evening
POST

April 11, 1959 — 15¢

MALPRACTICE

Medicine's Legal Nightmare Costs Doctors and Patients $50,000,000 a Year

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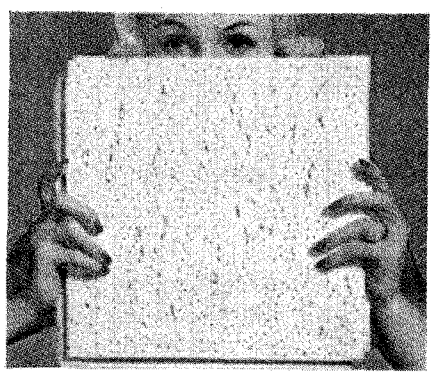
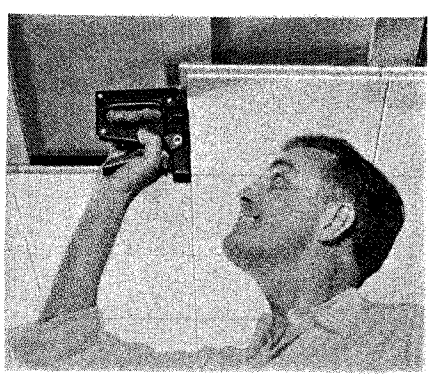
The ceiling you see in this room is Classic Cushiontone. It is an exclusive new Armstrong design in acoustical ceilings.

This amazing new Armstrong Ceiling soaks up noise and gives your home today's smart new look



YOU MAY PREFER TEXTURED CUSHIONTONE. It's a new and distinctive ceiling tile for the home. It has a rich three-dimensional texture that crowns a room with beauty. It absorbs up to 75% of the noise that strikes it.



DO IT YOURSELF. Your Lumber or Building Materials Dealer will show you how to cover cracked ceilings with Cushiontone. His name is listed in the Yellow Pages under "Ceilings." Do the job this week end.

HERE IS something entirely new in a ceiling design that will give any room in your home a fresh new look.

It's Classic Cushiontone, Armstrong's exclusive new ceiling, that is responsible for much of the charm you see in the room above. The casual arrangement of tiny openings in the surface of this ceiling creates a subtle lacelike effect. It adds a beautiful new design element to any type of room.

Classic Cushiontone is an *exclusive* Armstrong design. And, like all Armstrong acoustical ceilings, it will help keep noise down to a comfortable level in your home.

We'd like to send you a free booklet about Cushiontone ceilings. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5904 Marietta Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong CEILINGS

... to quiet and beautify your home

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"Now I feel as if I'm still next door instead of in another town!"

"They just finished installing the phone and I couldn't wait to call! I love the house and the town looks nice but, gosh, it feels strange to be so far away.

"Promise me one thing: Let's keep in touch by telephone. That way we'll still feel like neighbors."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

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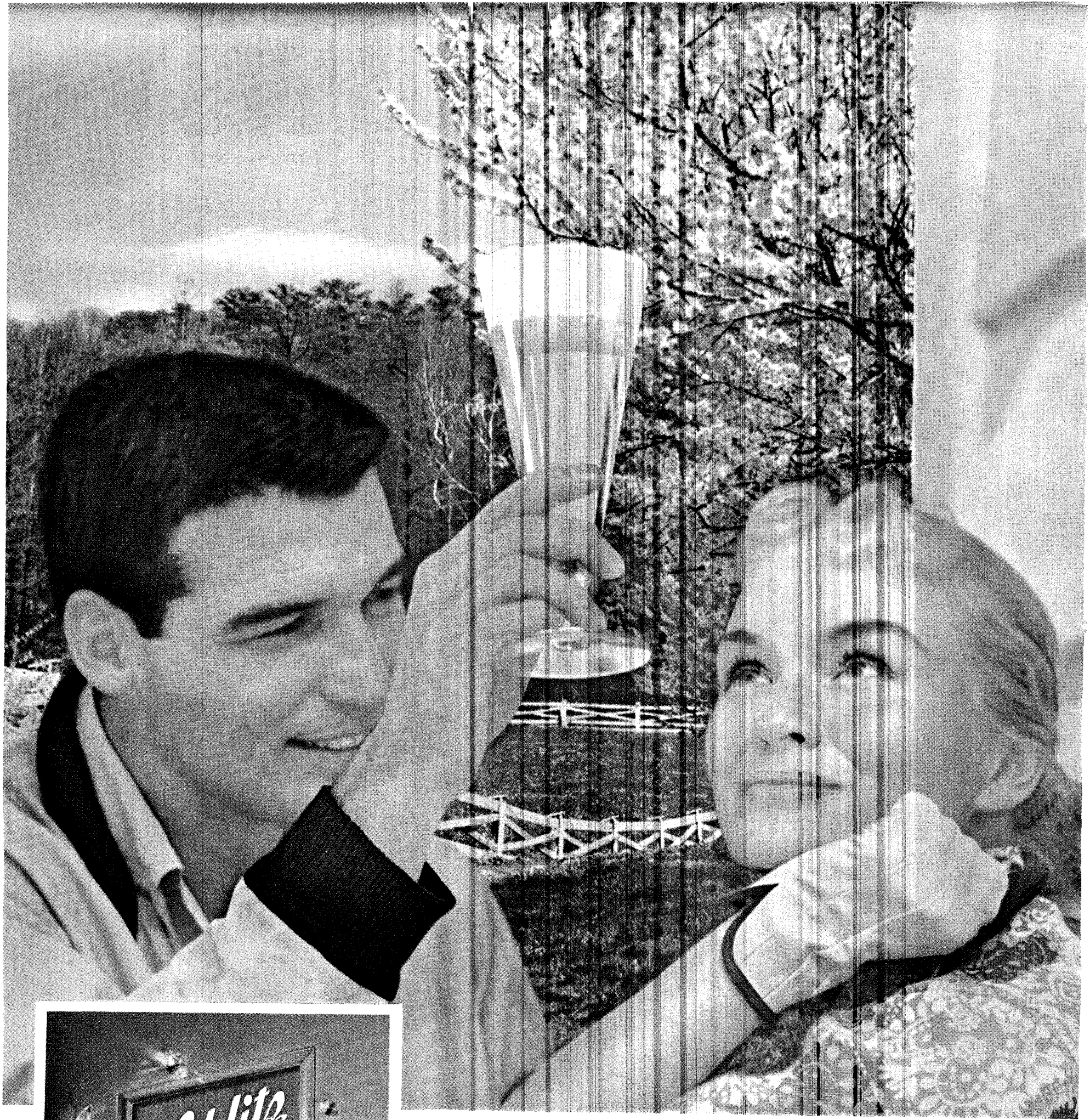

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Know the real joy of good living...

Add the zest of Schlitz to your good living. It's slow-aged . . . brewed the natural way for lighter, more refreshing quality. Proudly move up and say "Schlitz" when you order.

Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz !

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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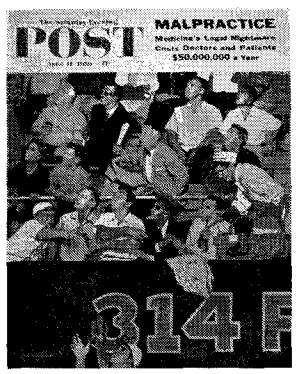

THE COVER

What a relief it is to have the tension of baseball back again. The ball collides with the fat of the bat; hearts palpitate, breath comes in short pants, and just as the suspense is almost unbearable a boy in a baseball suit forgets baseball and launches one of those infuriating food-passing maneuvers. For your information while waiting for the ball to come down, that is artist Dick Sargent behind the mustache (upper right), but his son, Tony (white shirt), is in the center of the front row for some artistic reason. The lathered-up party waving the program is Dr. Jesse Thomas, of St. Louis, formerly the Sargents' Methodist pastor in New Rochelle, N.Y.; so when Tony palms that ice cream, he'd better watch his language. P. S.—The ball is caught, making three out for the home batters.

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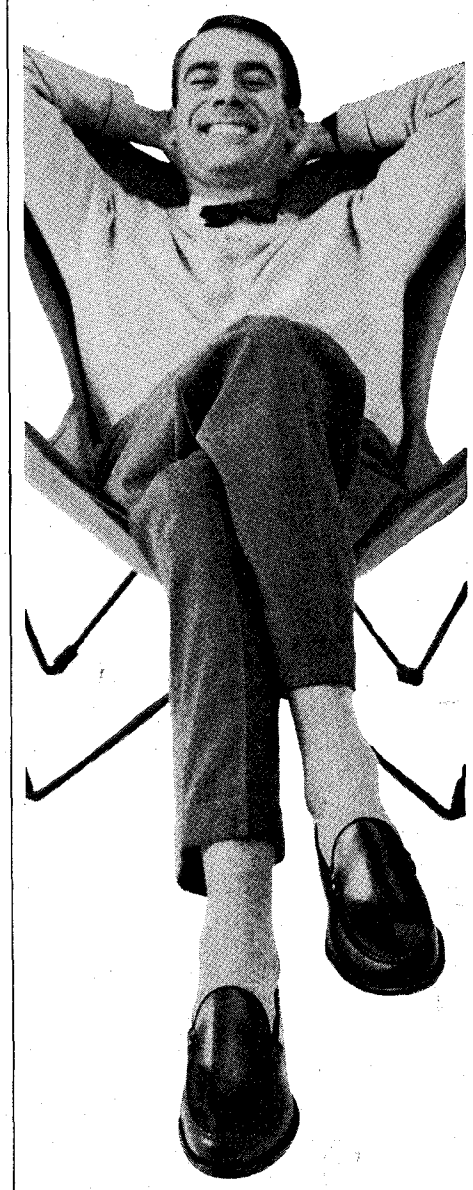

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. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

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"If I have to fight . . . I'm gonna fight," screamed the nice little old lady.

The day the little old lady became a little old tiger!

by Stony Jackson

Little Old Lady:
Don't raise my hackles, young man! I know what I want . . . and if you think I'm being a "nut" on the subject, you're right!

Attendant:
Lots of my customers are particular, lady—about certain things.

Little Old Lady:
Why, my engine used to scare me silly . . . growling and snarling . . . gulping gas and fouling up those—thingamabobs!

Attendant:
Spark plugs, Ma'am.

Little Old Lady:
Yes—well, Pennzoil with Z-7 ends all that!

Attendant:
Ma'am, Pennzoil helps tame all kinds of mean engine trouble. That's why so many car-owners are as "nuts" about it as you are. *It's all they need to know about engines!*

Author's Note:
Pennzoil with Z-7 is The Tough-Film® motor oil, especially refined from pure 100% Pennsylvania grade crude, the highest quality oil for engines ever discovered. And the makers of Pennzoil are the largest producers of this oil in the world. No other motor oil will protect your automobile so well. So *ask* for Pennzoil by *name*, wherever you go.

The motor oil that makes people mad
. . . if they don't get it!
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages
PENNZOIL
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MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN.,
PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

Letters

Dancing Schoolmaster

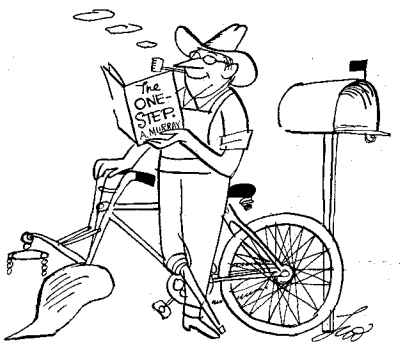
Dear Sirs:

It was with reluctance and a sad heart that I read the conclusion of MY HUSBAND, ARTHUR MURRAY [by Kathryn Murray, as told to Betty Hannah Hoffman, Feb. 14–Mar. 14] in the Post. Wish it could have gone on for many weeks to come. Such a delightful, clean story. Such a delightful couple.

MADELINE DAHL NAGLE
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Knowing that you face bankruptcy—I mean bankruptcy of suitable subjects—may I at this time call your attention to an uncle of my first wife's cousin who lived in Cedar County, Missouri. . . . This uncle had only one leg and rode a



bicycle while plowing. People down that way said he was very interesting.

MERRILL V. NIPPS
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

As a "flapper" contemporary of Kathryn Kohnfelder Murray, at Dickinson High, as well as sorority sister in Phi Delta, I found Kathryn's reminiscing factual down to the striped socks.

MRS. MAY ARONSOHN BAUMANN
Woodstock, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The story mentioned the jazz band [which was playing when Arthur first asked Kathryn to dance] as The Californians.

I am quite sure that the name should have been Charlie Koch and His Carolinians. The writer was the original drummer with this aggregation.

BOB IVENS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

You say, correctly, that I am a satisfied customer of their dance school. . . .

But . . . I'm sure you misquoted Kathryn by having her say that I "can kick as high as the tables." Anybody can do that. Surely she said, "high as the chandeliers," or even, "the ceiling"!

PHILIP WYLIE
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The Post, always so expansive and justly indignant in its exposé of . . . racketeers, now gives millions in free publicity and a mantle of respectability to one of America's leading disgraces—the dancing-school racket.

ROBERT GORDON
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

What intrigued me most was that ARTHUR MURRAY pays his press agents between $50 and $100 to get his name in print.

I am very curious to know just how much Mrs. MURRAY "earned." In a single chapter she managed to get the name ARTHUR MURRAY mentioned twenty-two times; MURRAY alone, eight times; ARTHUR, sixty-three times, and "HE," used as a personal pronoun for ARTHUR MURRAY, fifty-seven times. There are also several mentions of "MY HUSBAND," and a very amusing comment that the MURRAYS spent their vacations at MURRAY Bay, in Canada. . . .

I trust Mr. MURRAY has paid his wife handsomely for this first-rate piece of advertising.

ELVIRA GEHRIG
Mount Royal, Quebec

The Professor and the "Playgrounds" (cont'd)

● *Several hundred readers, representing almost 100 colleges, have expressed their views on the March 7 article,* ARE WE MAKING A PLAYGROUND OUT OF COLLEGE? *A third of these readers endorsed Professor Ellison's stand; the others gave him an argument.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Jerome Ellison's article on the "second curriculum" is the type of voice crying in the wilderness that we need to hear more often. Alas, his words are all too true.

ARTHUR M. HALE
John B. Stetson University
De Land, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

A loud, hearty amen.

REV. GEORGE MCPHERSON HUNTER
Mannington, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

As an alumnus of Indiana University, I feel that Professor Ellison's talents are such that we Hoosiers should share him with the rest of the academic world. How about loaning him for thirty years to the University of Outer Mongolia?

HARRY SOMMERS
Hobart, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

You may put out the lantern of Diogenes, for here, by God, is an honest man! . . . .

The mass preoccupation with games and the regimental conformism in this country, for which the colleges are in no small way responsible, are producing a population of deindividualized and microcephalic idiots who are every day increasingly ripe for totalitarian control.

MICHAEL DUKE
University of California at Davis
Davis, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It seems Professor Ellison is striving for a country of intellectual prudes. Is this what we want?

GERRY WESTPHAL
Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity
Beloit College
Beloit, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Any student with a little imagination can find means to keep from studying: television, bull sessions, or even sleep, are just as effective for this purpose as panty raids or fraternity parties. But the "secondary curriculum" can be kept in its proper place . . . [by discouraging] the attitude that a college diploma is the necessary prerequisite for a socially successful life. Let's reserve the colleges for those who really want to learn. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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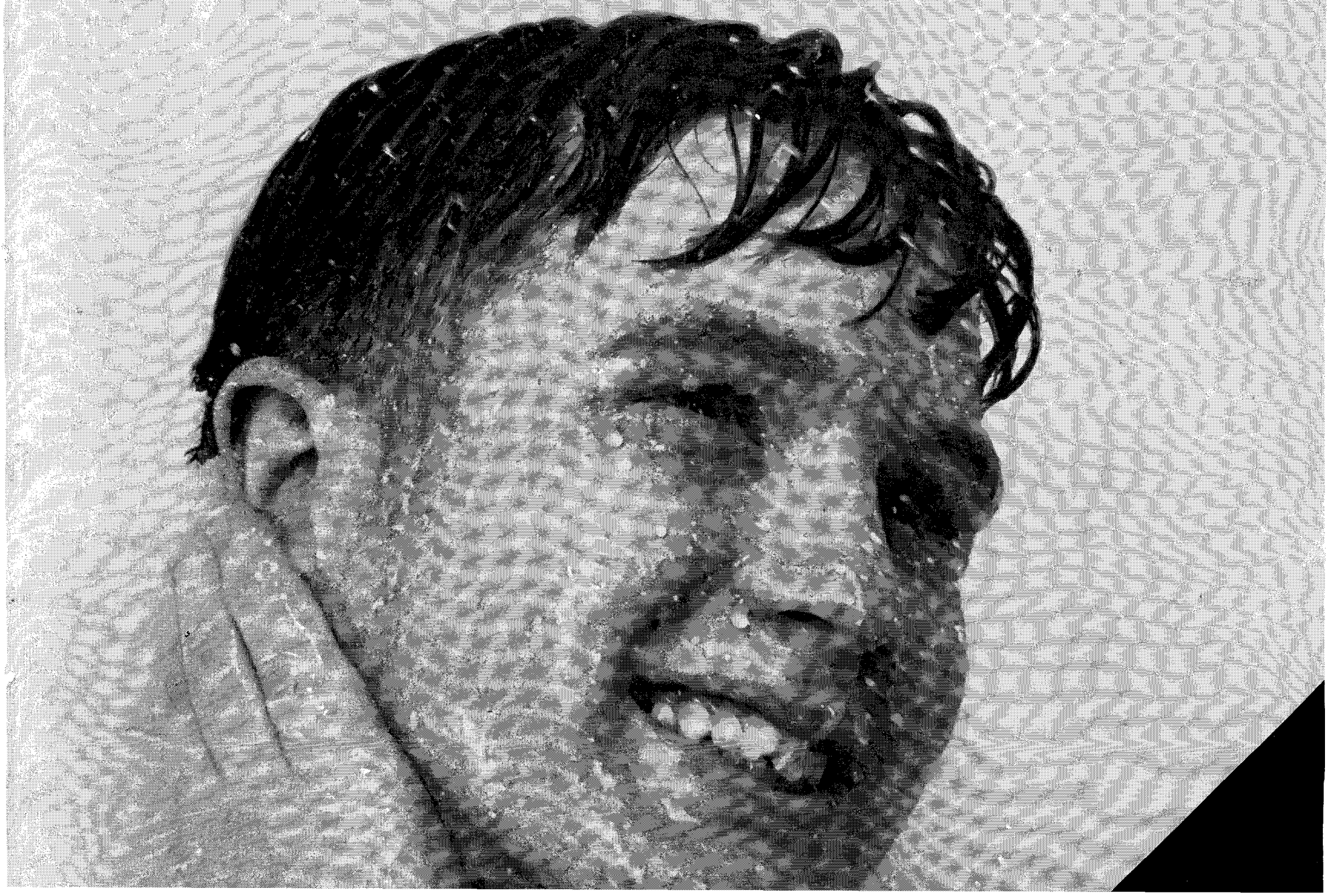
Why people who like people like Dial

It's the soap with AT-7 in it—and no other soap has such an effective deodorant. It's that simple. People who want friends and are friends want the best protection against perspiration odor they can get. And that's Dial Soap!



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WE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—*New*

YELLO-BOLE

"DUO-LINED"

Is the sweetest pipe you ever smoked

A *double lining* of real honey makes "Duo-Lined" cake even faster; smoke even sweeter than regular Yello-Boles. If you don't agree it's the sweetest—return it and get your money back.

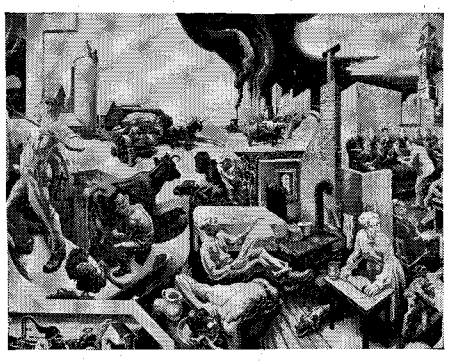
$3.50
Other Yello-Bole pipes, also of imported briar $1.50-$2.95

Sweet as smoking through a honeycomb

FREE booklet, write Yello-Bole Pipes Inc., Dept. Y48, N. Y. 22

See all of

MISSOURI



Thomas Hart Benton mural in State Capitol, Jefferson City. Also, in the capitol—one of America's architectural triumphs—see museum covering the march of history in Missouri.

History, Ozark Scenery, Water Sports—it's the family vacation land!

You'll love this land of history, Ozark scenery, and water sports. You'll love how little it costs to do things here, too. Visit more than 100 historic and scenic spots; see big-league baseball, outdoor opera in St. Louis or Kansas City; stop at ante-bellum mansions, Civil War battlefields; fish, swim, water ski, boat ride fabulous lakes and float clear rivers that make Missouri an always-different playground! Mail coupon for Missouri vacation literature. FREE!

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Please send literature as checked below.

☐ "THIS IS MISSOURI," colorful 36-page brochure, sent FREE, no obligation.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

When a college education has become an achievement rather than a right, and when the lack of this education has failed to have a social stigma attached to it, then the playground atmosphere will be a forgotten problem.

KEVIN HARRINGTON
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

● *Reader Harrington's fellow students did indeed find "means to keep from studying" last month. All 4000 undergraduates were put on probation after they engaged police and parading sons of St. Patrick in two "snowball riots."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I am a member of Alpha Chi Omega sorority, whose picture you used, with our permission, on the first page of this article. [See below]. . . .

Buckeye May Week, 1958.

We did *not* "put on this costume parade at the height of the spring fever on the campus," but were one of seventy or so groups that participated in the May Week Political Parade and Rally.

SHERRY NAVARRE
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The girls were shown wearing badges saying "I Back BPP" which stands for the Buckeye Political Party at Ohio State.

This publicity greatly aided the Buckeye Political Party to sweep the Winter Quarter Elections at Ohio State [on Mar. 5]. Thank you.

ROBERT CHAFFIN
Buckeye Campaign Manager
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Today's children are not being conditioned for college.

In kindergarten, success is measured by social adjustment.

In the elementary grades . . . placement is not by potential but a mysterious happiness factor. . . .

In high school, the mental disciplines of Latin, Greek, algebra and geometry are eschewed as old-fashioned. . . .

And so to college. Mr. Ellison, you're too late. For thirteen years these children have been preparing for the Second Curriculum.

ELIZABETH BLATZ
Seaford, N.Y.

Microlexicographically Speaking

Dear Sirs:

I choose to quarrel with Paul F. Healy's reference to Roman Vishniac as a microphotographer [THEY MAKE THE STRANGEST MOVIES, Mar. 7]. According to Webster, a microphotograph is merely an extremely small photograph—of anything—while a photomicrograph is an ordinary-sized picture of something seen through a microscope. . . .

Lest I be thought a microlexicographer, I admit to noting that another dictionary gives some interchangeability to the two words—but I don't have to like it.

E. B. THERKELSEN
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Near the center of page 88 in the Feb. 28th issue of the Post [THE SECRET OF THE TIN BOX, by Paul Horgan] is the following sentence:

"It covered all four sides of two pages."

And I've always thought a page was one side of a leaf of paper.

V. H. WATSON
Newburgh, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

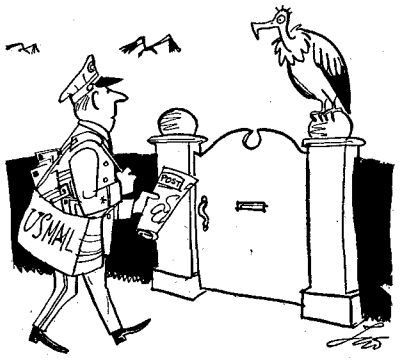
The article concerning Babe Ruth in your March 7th issue [MY LIFE WITH BABE RUTH, by Mrs. Babe Ruth, as told to William Slocum] . . . contains one small error. When Lou Gehrig appeared at the Yankee Stadium on July 4, 1939, he said, "I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth," and not "the luckiest man in the world," as Mrs. Ruth reported.

DEAN D. LEWIS, JR.
Charlotte, N.C.

Tuesday-Evening Feast

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the latest issue of the S.E.P., and after reading Letters I could not hold back writing to you any longer. I picture many of these letter writers hovering like vultures over their doorways, waiting for the postman to



deliver the Post. Then, cackling gleefully, they scuttle into a room piled high with reference books, and along with their own faint knowledge they joyfully proceed to pick the articles of the Post apart.

R. MC TYRE
Montreal, Quebec

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6—The Columbus Dispatch. • 13—Larry Keighley. • 14—Gene Lester; Joern Gerdts. 15—Larry Keighley; two by Gene Lester. • 16, 17—Earl Mayan. • 18—Larry Fried; Wide World; Larry Fried. • 19—Larry Fried. • 20, 21—Austin Briggs. • 22, 23—Ollie Atkins. 24—Bruce Bomberger. • 25—Gus Pasquarella. • 26—Mainichi Press; United Press International; Wide World. • 27—United Press International; Wide World. • 28, 29—Mike Ludlow. • 30—Two from United Press International; Bill Shrout. • 31—Bob Lavin. • 32—U.S. Coast Guard. • 33—U.S. Army; three by Erich Hartmann; map by Center Studio. 37—Harold Von Schmidt. • 92—Anonymous; Peak Pictures; anonymous; Frank Ross.

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—where you'll find the best values in TRUCK TIRES to meet every need of Tonnage, Traction and Terrain—from pickup and panel-truck operations, to the biggest over-the-road haulers and earth-movers. All backed by years of experience—all expertly serviced at

GOODYEAR DEALERS'.

RIB HI-MILER Best buy in the low-price field

HI-MILER XTRA GRIP Year-round low-cost super-traction

TRACTION HI-MILER Premium performance at moderate price

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB Shatters highway tread-wear records

Hi-Miler—T. M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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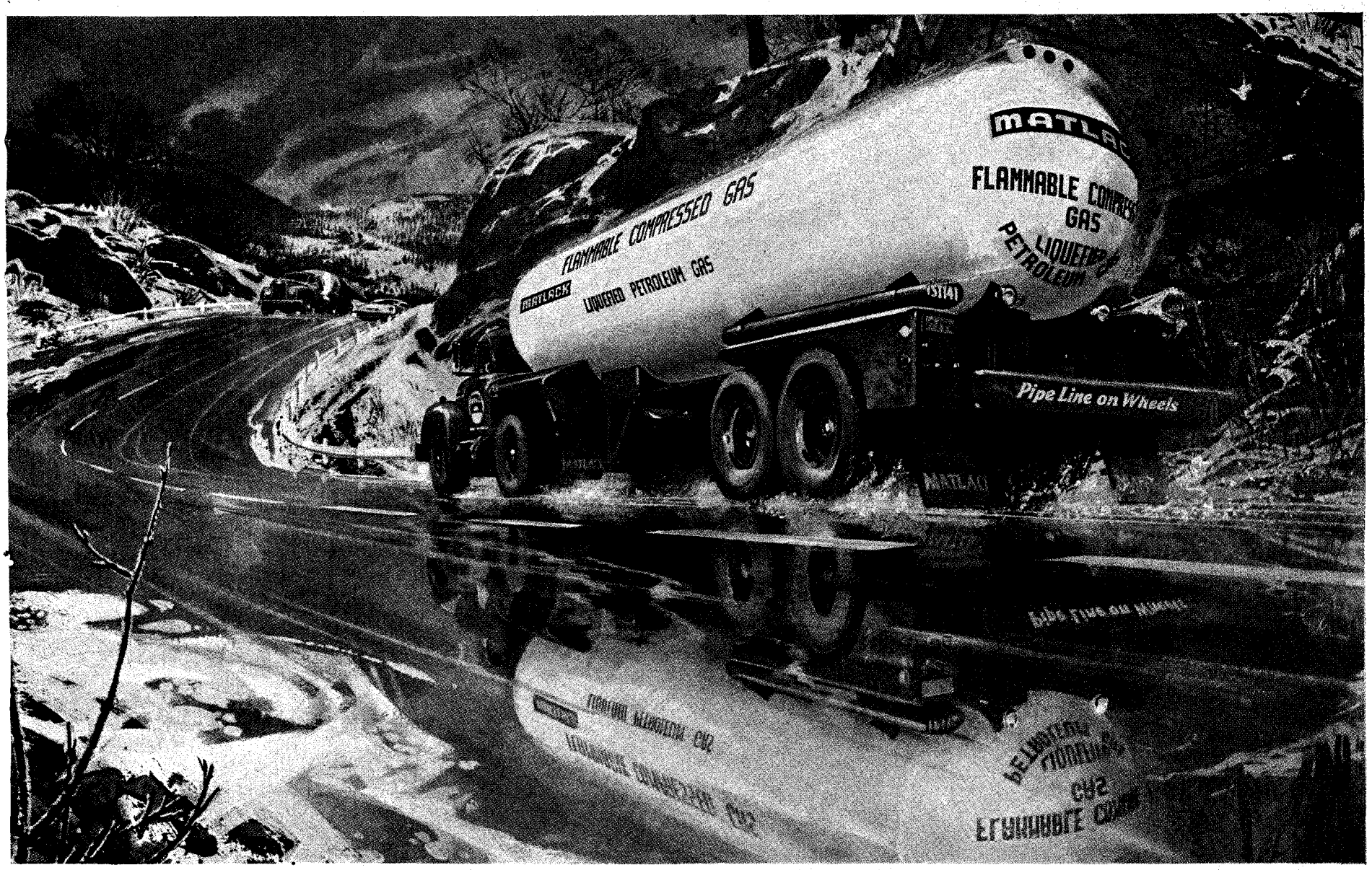
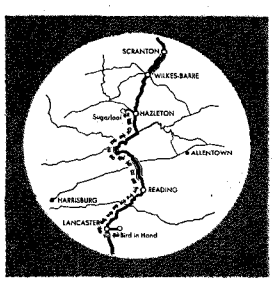
"From Bird in Hand, to Sugarloaf -Cross-Ribs upped tire mileage 50%!"



Famous "Pipeline on Wheels," E. Brooke Matlack, Inc., of Pennsylvania, Reports Cost Savings in Tire-Killing Tanker Operation



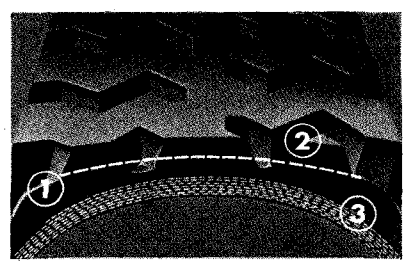
"In our operation, trucks must cover as much rough territory empty as with a full pay load. Take our mountain runs for example. With winding roads and steep grades, plus all the pounding and bouncing an empty tanker undergoes, tires take a terrific beating. We were delighted to get 40,000 original tread miles under these conditions.

"Yet, new Goodyear Cross-Ribs give us a minimum of 60,000 original miles, and we average 2½ recaps per tire that give us many more thousands of extra miles!

"Goodyear's Cross-Rib has the cool-running, even-wearing extra-tread depth that runs like ours need badly. And with the extra strength of 3-T Nylon Cord, tire failure and repair costs have been reduced to a minimum.

"And traction? Well, despite rugged, tire-taxing roads and weather last winter, we hardly ever used chains with Cross-Ribs, even in the slick going over the Poconos. And *that's* tire performance for you!"

E. Brooke Matlack, largest single tanker operation in the business, is just one of many truckers who make big savings with new Goodyear Cross-Rib Tires. Get all the facts from your Goodyear dealer. For documented case histories, write Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.



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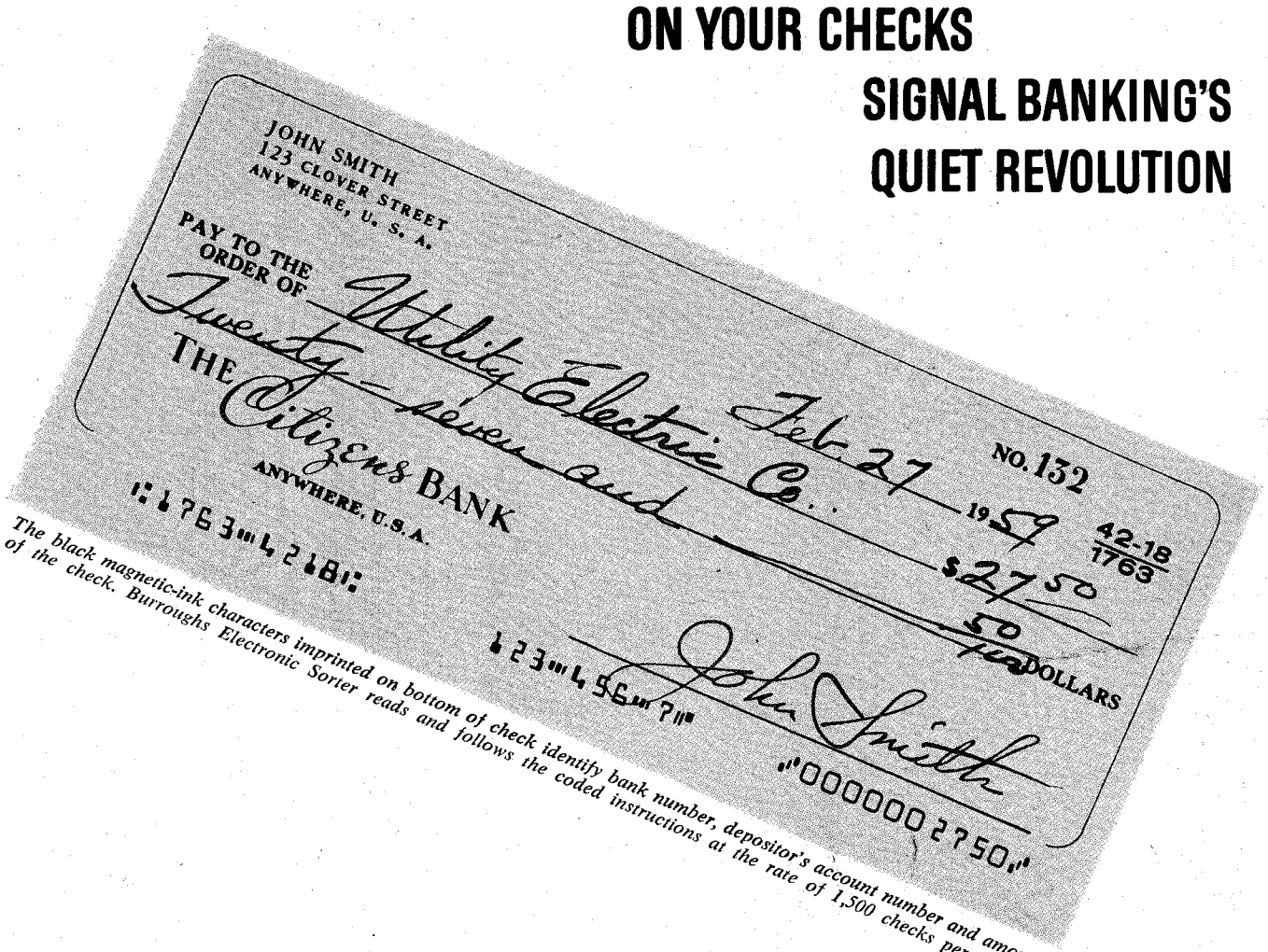

The black magnetic-ink characters imprinted on bottom of check identify bank number, depositor's account number and amount of the check. Burroughs Electronic Sorter reads and follows the coded instructions at the rate of 1,500 checks per minute.

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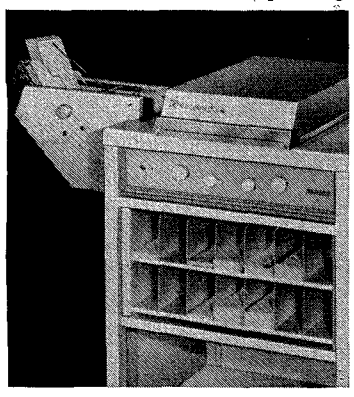

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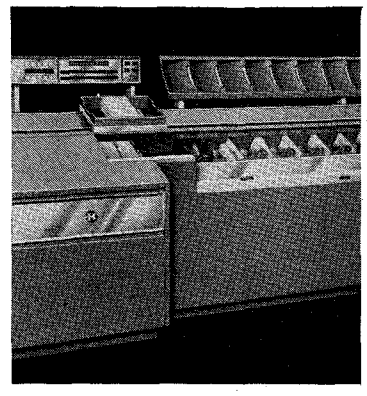

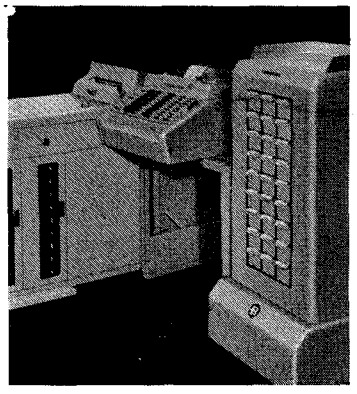

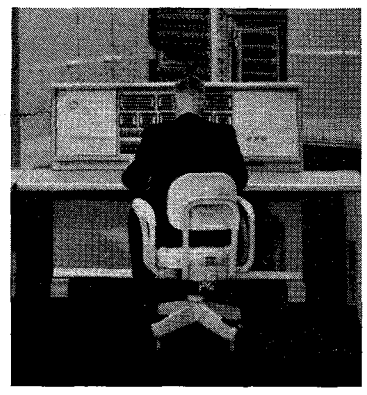

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The numbers can be read by you—and by the ingenious Burroughs electronic machines that are spearheading the quiet revolution in U. S. banks as they gird to serve their customers better through electronic automation of check handling, proving, bookkeeping and preparation of customers' statements.

A major cause of the revolution: the growth of bank check processing from a whopping 10 billion checks in 1958 to an estimated 20 billion in 1970.

Taking dead aim at this situation some years back, Burroughs came up with the now widely adopted answer: a complete range of systems built around a comprehensive, integrated line of automation equipment. The systems are designed so that the banker may fully automate his bank right from the start *or* progress a step at a time from imprinted coded checks that simplify check handling to electronic bookkeeping or to completely automatic data processing on Burroughs proved electronic computer systems.

Here, There, Everywhere

The completeness and advanced state of Burroughs data processing is evidenced in hundreds of other businesses, too. Burroughs electronic computer systems are busy in such varied industries as petroleum, insurance, electric power, aircraft manufacturing, retailing and chemicals. Their work: billing, inventory control, sales analysis, filing and updating policies, accounting, data reduction, engineering design and more.

Still others of the Burroughs automatic data processing line, which ranges from the sophisticated computers of all capacities to advanced automatic accounting machines, are doing everything from guiding top managements of top corporations to helping the corner florist manage his business better.

For U. S. defense in 1958 alone, Burroughs was called on to produce some $100 million in electronic computers and digital communications equipment, much of it among the most intricate ever built.

Behind the far-ranging achievements of Burroughs data processing in defense and commerce: the power of the firm's all-out research, now intently focused on advancing data processing far beyond even the most sophisticated and

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Editorials

Beer Halls at Gettysburg? Our National Shrines Need Protection!

The commercial invasion of Gettysburg and other Civil War battlefields demonstrates the need of a firm new policy regarding privately owned land within our national shrines. Without such a policy we shall witness the spread of residential subdivisions, automobile graveyards and beer halls in the midst of cherished historic areas.

The traditional practice of buying one acre when 100 acres are threatened, and of depending on land donations from the states and wealthy public-spirited citizens, isn't good enough.

Of 24,000,000 acres authorized by Congress for national parks, monuments and historic areas, 700,000 acres are still privately owned. This is only 3 per cent of the total, but the trouble they cause is out of all proportion to their acreage. These "inholdings" involve more than 3000 individual owners. Many of their structures are eyesores and fire hazards. National Park Service officials testify that they create serious problems of administration.

The battlefields were established as national memorials in the post-Civil War era, when the lands around them were essentially farm country and were expected to remain so. The character of the landscape has changed, but basic legislation on land acquisition has never been updated.

At Gettysburg, the classic battlefield shrine, nearly 700 of the 3400 acres within the authorized boundary are privately owned. This land is either being developed commercially or will be very soon. The field of Pickett's charge is sprinkled with motels and spreading subdivisions. An automobile graveyard flourishes where thousands of Union and Confederate soldiers fought for seven desperate hours, often hand-to-hand, on July 3, 1863.

Other Civil War battlefields—Antietam, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Kennesaw Mountain—also suffer. Half of Manassas, the scene of decisive actions in 1861 and '62, is being swallowed by residential construction almost in the back yard of the National Capital. Venerable earlier battlegrounds like Yorktown, Virginia, where the American Revolution was finally won, and Chalmette, Louisiana, where Andrew Jackson scored the greatest land victory in the War of 1812, are in danger too.

To look beyond the battlefields: nearly all twenty-nine of the national parks—except Crater Lake and Yellowstone—have problems of privately owned land. Not until 1948 were any funds appropriated for land acquisition by the Government, and then only meagerly. In the five-year period of 1948 to 1952 the total was less than $1,000,000. Since then the problem has slowly gained increased recognition. Last year's appropriation was $1,500,000, and the new Administration budget now before Congress recommends doubling the figure. The boundaries of the entire National Park System could be completed today for an estimated $30,000,000 to $40,000,000; but at the present rate, and with land values still soaring, it will take many years—and some of the choicest areas still will be lost.

Congress can select an alternate course—direct the Interior Department to liquidate the inholdings and provide the funds to do the job. The battlefields need first priority; the $10,000,000 required to safeguard their boundaries should be earmarked for completion by 1961, the centennial of the beginning of the Civil War.

Censorship Makes U.S.S.R. No Place for Scientific Meetings

The Russians are making a strong bid to have national and international conventions and conferences, especially scientific ones, hold their meetings in Moscow, and they have some powerful arguments in their favor. One is that a great many people in the free world would like to go behind the Iron Curtain for a week or two, just to see what it is like. Russia, of course, wants the visitors because of the prestige that goes with being the scene of an important gathering. It also welcomes the chance to stuff the delegates, many of whom are politically naïve, with propaganda.

A point for these prospective visitors to remember is that news stories sent out from Moscow, including reports on conferences, are subject to the most rigid censorship. The newspaper correspondents file their stories at the Central Telegraphic Agency in triplicate. Sometimes, after hours or even days, they get back one copy, with the deletions made by the censors, if any, indicated. Frequently they never hear at all.

Victor Cohn, the widely known science editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, told in the Newsletter of the National Association of Science Writers of experiences in Moscow which were typical of what happens all the time. Cohn was there last summer to cover an international meeting of scientists from the many nations participating in the International Geophysical Year. (In the January-thirty-first issue of the Post, Mr. Cohn reported on Soviet scientific progress.) The Russian censors refused to pass reporters' stories on a statement by the chief of observations in the Japanese weather bureau that almost all the peaks of radioactivity in Japan had come from Russian and not American nuclear-bomb tests. They also held up a dispatch saying that members of the American delegation had criticized Russian scientists for withholding information about rockets and satellites, of a kind we publish freely.

Vigorous protests were made by American and British newspapermen against this censoring of the proceedings of the International Geophysical Year, and eventually some of the foregoing material was released by the Russians, usually without notifying the correspondents that they had relented. But the relaxation was only temporary, and today the censorship is as bad as ever.

Nowadays many pieces of information important to everybody are heard first at national and international conferences. In some cases, especially in the field of science, this information is of tremendous value. Those deciding where to hold such meetings should think twice before they pick out a place where news is regarded purely as a pawn in the game of national propaganda.

If Nobody Told You Spring Was Here, You Could Smell It

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

Among all of nature's bountiful gifts that awaken our senses, bringing back old memories and quickening new hopes, none is more precious to millions of winter-weary Americans than the first smell of spring. It is not easy to put a typewriter finger on the components of this elusive fragrance, and it may indeed be argued that the smell of spring is simply the smell of wet earth, intensified by the warmth of the higher-riding sun and carried across the windy world to entice children to dally at open schoolroom windows.

The smell of spring certainly reaches down to the restless soil and running waters released from their winter bondage, but it also reaches up to cotton-batting clouds floating in the blue lakes of the sky. And it mixes the fir fragrance of mountain timber line with the emerging scent of tender grasses on the sides of gentle hills. It gathers in its soft breath the bouquet of the earliest blossoms hidden in deep woods and the tang of last year's sodden leaves.

Spring's breezy fragrance blends itself from the fresh spaciousness of clean fields and the musty wonder of tiny worlds of life beginning to stir under frost-heaved rocks. It borrows a little pungency from the bright wings of birds coming home after their long winter vacation and adds a cozy scent from across the chimneys of muskrat houses on the shores of new-melted ponds; it catches the ageless woodsy aroma of old fence posts and piers and chopping blocks warmed almost to life again in the balmy air.

The smell of spring partakes of the sap rising in bare-limbed maples and the pale-yellow gauze they will soon put on; it draws its essence from the swelling buds of forsythia and the first crocus, whose gentle strength parts the top of the world and lifts the lingering snow. The elements of this young season's sad-sweet fragrance are indeed mixed beyond all description and will always mean all things to all people.

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Now you can protect him from polio... why don't you?

PERHAPS no medical development was ever so eagerly awaited as the vaccine against polio, or infantile paralysis.

But when the vaccine was perfected and supplies became plentiful, a strange thing happened. Millions of Americans failed to take it—or neglected to get the three injections needed for their protection.

In fact, more than 35 percent of our people under age 40—the period when most cases occur—have not had any shots; only half have had the full series. *Of the pre-school children who are most susceptible, nearly one-third have not been vaccinated at all.*

To help correct this situation, the U. S. Public Health Service, the American Medical Association, the American Academy of Pediatrics, the American Academy of General Practice and The National Foundation (for Infantile Paralysis) are spear-heading a drive for the conquest of polio.

You can strike a blow against polio!

If you have children, now is the time to provide them with protection—well in advance of the polio season which is at its height during hot weather.

Three injections—properly spaced by your physician—are 85 to 90 percent effective against paralytic polio. If your children completed their series of three injections a year or more ago, ask your doctor about a fourth "booster" shot at this time.

Remember, it is especially important to protect children under age five. Polio injections can be started as early as six weeks of age.

If you are under 40, see that you, too, are vaccinated. Polio isn't limited to children. Although it rarely strikes adults, it is usually severe when it does occur.

So, you could do no wiser thing than to call your physician or clinic *now*—and arrange for your family's injections.

If we all act immediately, we can face the summer of 1959 with the bright hope that there will be no polio epidemics!

For more information, send for Metropolitan's booklet, *ABC's of Childhood Disease.* Use the coupon below to order your free copy.

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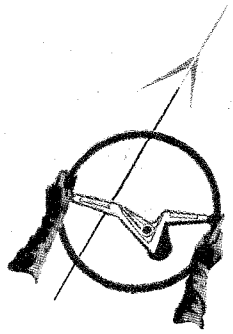

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The Saturday Evening POST
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Medicine's Legal Nightmare

Only a nuisance thirty years ago, malpractice suits against doctors and hospitals today cost almost $50,000,000 a year. Result: embittered doctors cry foul, patients pay higher bills. Here are typical cases.

By Milton Silverman

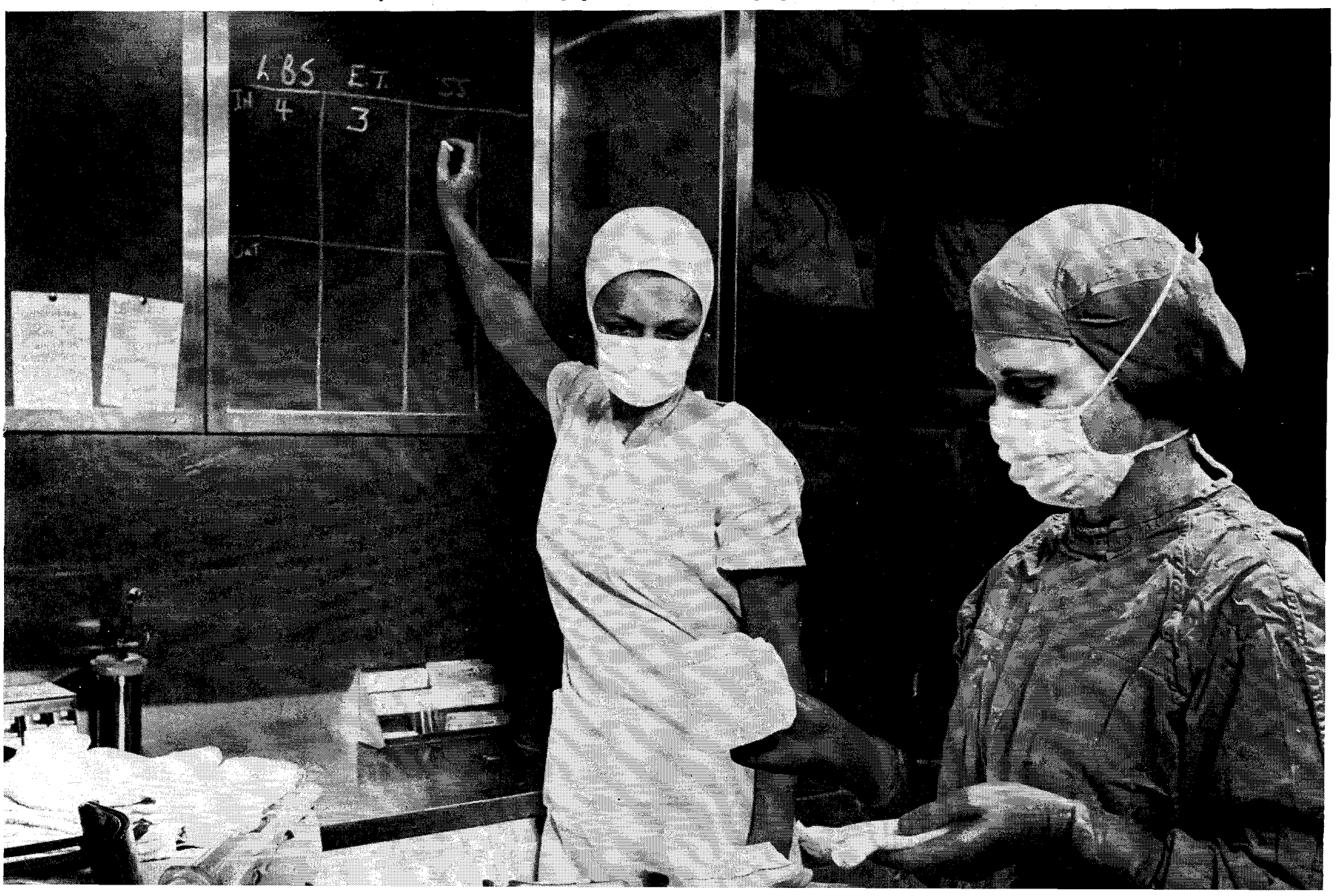
PART ONE

To a number of American doctors, the greatest menace to medicine in this country is fifty-one-year-old San Francisco attorney Melvin M. Belli.

So far as the records show, Belli has never taken sides on socialized medicine, compulsory health insurance, closed-panel practice or similar touchy topics in medical economics. Nevertheless, both in private and in public, doctors have strongly urged that he be disbarred, poached in boiling oil and afflicted with kidney stones, gallstones and ivy poisoning, preferably all at the same time.

"Hanging is much too good for him," said a recent president of the local county medical society. "He should be made to suffer as we have suffered."

A classic operating-room mishap is the missing surgical sponge which later turns up inside a patient. Hospital precautions include a number of special counts, and radio-opaque threads woven into sponges so they may be traced by X ray.



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"I can't understand that attitude," Belli retorted. "Some of my best friends are doctors."

For the past twenty years, the California lawyer has been a so-called claimant's compensation attorney, nationally known for his suits against doctors for medical malpractice. He is not the only such lawyer, and he may or may not be the best, but he has unquestionably been effective. Conservative estimates indicate that, in one way or another, he has cost the medical profession an average of more than $1,000,000 a year.

Almost from the day Belli graduated from high school and obtained his diploma by bringing suit against the school principal, his activities have been followed with interest. He has served as president of the National Association of Claimants Compensation Attorneys, a group campaigning to get higher verdicts for victims of personal injuries. He has developed colorful methods for presenting his cases in court—techniques which have been described as both amazing and appalling—and devoted many weeks of each year to expound these methods to other attorneys.

To his successful clients, he is a knight in legal armor. To the doctors and the companies which write their malpractice-insurance policies, he is known as the King of Torts, the Curse of the Courtroom, and the Monster of Telegraph Hill. He has won these and other titles not merely for his operations in the past but for his threats for the future.

"The verdicts rendered by juries in personal-injury cases today are too small," he said. "We must seek more adequate awards."

Most physicians feel that the awards now being given in malpractice verdicts are already more than adequate. In the past few years juries have considered suits for X-ray burns, damaged nerves after injections, "lost instruments" after abdominal surgery, broken hypodermic needles, paralysis after spinal anesthesia, and similar injuries, and brought in judgments ranging up to $115,000, $128,000, $210,000 and $250,000. The record out-of-court settlement in a medical-malpractice case, awarded in a California suit, is $290,000.

In more recent cases, one California man has filed suit for $1,000,000 after the death of his wife from an apoplectic stroke. He has brought charges of negligence against nine physicians, including one who was 3000 miles away at the time, another who merely took an X ray, and a third who performed the autopsy.

In Brooklyn, a mother has claimed her nine-year-old son was "afflicted by strange sex urges" after being treated with male sex hormones. She, too, has demanded $1,000,000.

In the District of Columbia an unemployed woman suffered a penicillin reaction after a routine treatment for gonorrhea. She has filed suit for $2,000,000.

Currently it is estimated that similar malpractice claims are being filed at the rate of at least 6000 and possibly as many as 9000 a year. According to the American Medical Association, one out of every seven doctors in the United States has been sued. In New York and the District of Columbia the ratio is one out of five. In California it is one out of four.

To the medical profession, with its age-old tradition of sacrifice and service, its pride in its accomplishments, this has been completely incredible. "Of all professions in the world," asked Dr. Dwight Murray, a past president of the A.M.A., "how could this have happened to us?"

To a large extent, the rise in malpractice suits has paralleled the nationwide rise in automobile-accident claims and personal-injury litigation of all kinds, with juries increasingly inclined to award higher and higher judgments to the claimants. But in malpractice, medical experts insist that many of the suits have been filed—and won—without any clear sign of negligence on the part of the doctor.

Until recently this situation made no sense to doctors, and accordingly some of them reacted with anger, bitter recriminations and blind rage. They struck out at suing patients, accusing them as selfish, money-hungry ingrates. They denounced as treacherous and unethical any brother physicians who dared to testify in a patient's behalf. They blasted patients' attorneys as ambulance chasers and shysters, and they damned malpractice suits as "sacrilegious and absurd." A few medical leaders, however, have taken a different view.

"These malpractice lawyers and their suits—many of which have absolutely no basis in fact—have caused great damage to the medical profession and to the public," says Dr. Paul R. Hawley, director of the American College of Surgeons. "But in the long run perhaps they may have helped medicine. They have forced many of us to take a long, careful look at ourselves and find our weaknesses."

Los Angeles: Injured fighter Andy Solis (right) has sued two California Boxing Commission doctors for $100,000. He claims they failed to treat his jaw properly after it was broken in a bout last August. With Solis here are his lawyer, Paul Caruso (left), and sometime middleweight title contender Art Aragon.

California's Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk, Jr. (seated), with Robert Davis, vice president of the Alameda County Bar Association. Dr. Sadusk, head of the A.M.A.-A.H.A. committee on professional liability, says, "There is a growing fear among patients that all doctors are incompetent, and that no doctor can be trusted."

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As a result of this long, careful look—conducted primarily by medical organizations themselves—many of the basic causes of malpractice and malpractice suits are now being revealed for the first time, and many of the time-honored myths are being exploded.

It has been found in a California study, for example, that the doctor who repeatedly gets sued for malpractice is usually not the widely portrayed kindly, self-sacrificing, conscientious practitioner who has made only a few slight human errors and then is undeservedly stripped of his public reputation, his professional standing and his fortune. Instead, in a high percentage of cases, he turns out to be a man who may be technically skilled, but who has little love or respect for his patients and whose past record is dotted with examples of sloppy medical practice.

The hospital that is the target for a high rate of suits is rarely the glorified shrine of science, skill and unselfish teamwork. In most cases it has been found to be a center for political skulduggery, malicious gossip and constant bickering among doctors, nurses and hospital officials.

Furthermore, the typical patient who sues for malpractice is not the average innocent citizen who has been wronged and then reluctantly—and for the first time in his life—calls on a lawyer to obtain justice. Rather, in most instances, he is an individual who has a less-than-average intelligence rating, who expects the impossible from his doctor and often has a long record of lawsuits against department stores, streetcar companies, neighbors, friends and relations.

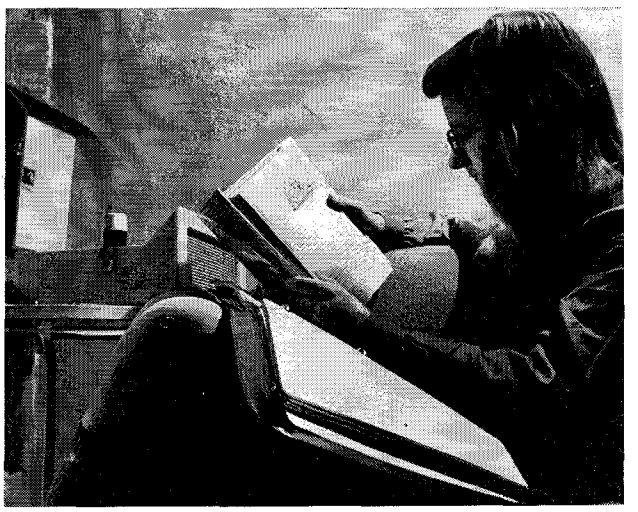
There are, of course, exceptions. Modern medicine has real and inescapable dangers. Even the most warmhearted, skillful, scrupulously careful physician can make a mistake. In even the best hospital, with the most loyal and dedicated staff, something can go wrong. Even the most intelligent, reasonable, unbellicose patient can be the victim of negligence. But such accidents are unusual.

These findings—based on searching investigations into the causes of malpractice suits—have proved highly upsetting to physicians who were convinced that essentially all malpractice claims are unjustified nuisance suits. They have proved equally unnerving to attorneys who were convinced that all malpractice claims are based on obvious negligence. For the first time, however, they offer hope that the real causes of the malpractice problem may have been discovered and that something can be done about it.

Unquestionably the malpractice problem has become one of the most serious in the modern practice of medicine. Medical authorities have described it as shocking, humiliating and dangerous. One Los Angeles hospital official stated only two years ago, "The situation is becoming acute in many parts of the country, but in Los Angeles it is already intolerable." Last year the head of a special A.M.A. committee claimed, "The situation now has become critical and is very nearly out of control."

As one indication of the growing seriousness of the problem, medical leaders point to the change in malpractice insurance, the form of insurance to protect a doctor from financial loss in a malpractice suit. Thirty years ago, they say, most physicians either ignored such policies as totally unnecessary, or they took out a policy which cost them about twenty or thirty dollars a year.

"There wasn't any need for greater protection," says one authority. "In those days it was a rare jury (Continued on Page 48)



The 15-year-old girl shown above was blinded in her right eye at birth by an improperly administered dose of silver-nitrate solution. Her parents sued their doctor. They lost in the lower court, ultimately won a reversal on appeal. But rather than go through the distress of another trial, they settled out of court for $12,500. A good part of this money was subsequently consumed by attorney and witness fees.

Attorney Melvin Belli, of whom one leading physician said, "Hanging is much too good for him," in his San Francisco office. Belli, who handles many malpractice cases, here displays a cutaway model of a brain which he uses to point up medical testimony. Another of his courtroom trade-marks is "Elmer," the skeleton at rear.

Howard "Hap" Hassard (left), a San Francisco attorney, is executive director of the California Medical Association and one of the nation's most prominent authorities on the malpractice problem. With him above is Dr. Arthur A. Kirchner, chairman of the Medical Review and Advisory Board of the C.M.A.

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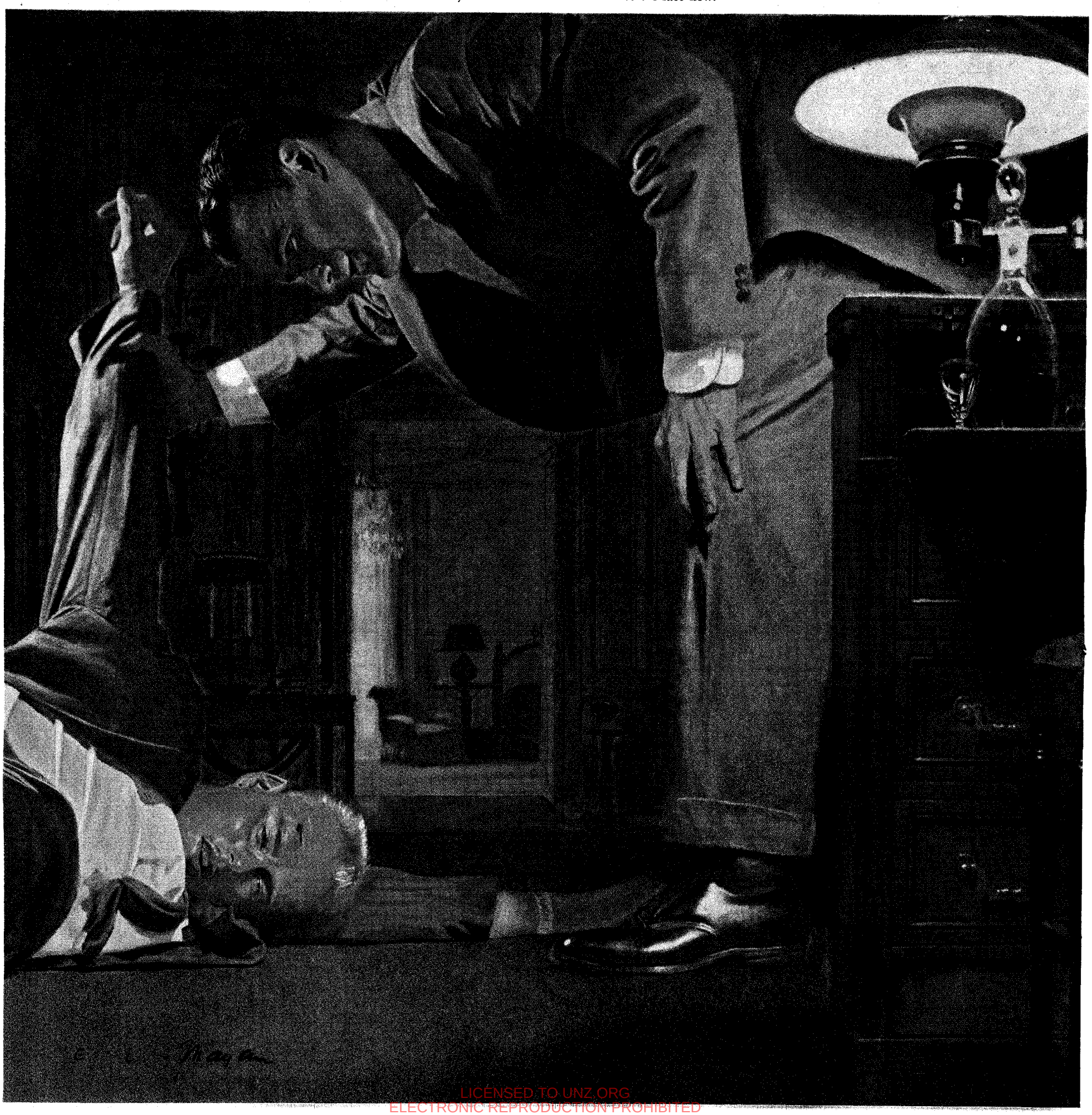
Along that murderous line where the Iron Curtain closes, a young American found himself caught in a deadly game...

THE DARK ROAD

By JAMES CROSS

PART ONE

He twisted the body half on its side. He could see the face now.



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"To hell with you," Harry Benton said. He had said it before, many times, to the man facing him, but this time it was different. Very different. *When you say that, smile,* he thought; *what a line!* But there was no smile. This time he wanted to kick it away.

Across the desk from him, Major Feldman's big friendly face was changing. Benton watched anger chase surprise across its features and then fade into a puzzled grievance.

"Look, Harry," Lou Feldman said, "I don't have to take that from you. I came over here to tell you; I could have sent it through channels. Don't take it out on me; I'm the messenger boy."

It came hard, but Benton got it out. "I'm sorry, Lou."

But the grievance had to be displayed, fully and rationally, so that no one would think Major Feldman was unreasonable.

"You're mad at everybody, Harry. When this thing started, half of us were with you. Now you couldn't buy a friend down here. I'm he last."

Benton could feel the crazy, raw throbbing behind his right eye. He tried to rub it away with his hand. He fished into the deep drawer at the side of his desk and came up with the Scotch. There was a carafe on the big desk, and two glasses beside it on the tray. He poured two drinks and handed one to Feldman, shoving the carafe toward him.

"A pleasant ocean trip," he said. "When do I have to leave?"

"Why don't you see Sheeley, Harry? He's reasonable when you don't get him mad. They can always change their minds and extend the entry permit. You wouldn't have to leave Germany."

"To hell with Sheeley."

"Now there you go, Harry. That's what I mean. If you ask me, I'd say go see Sheeley, and be good for a while. But if you don't like the idea, all right, fine, forget it. But politeness doesn't cost anything; you can always just say 'no.'"

He's right, Harry Benton thought. *Why don't I use my head? I knew the setup when I started. Nobody twisted my wrist.* He saw himself for an instant in the guise of one of the bulls he had seen in the ring at San Sebastian. Lashing out stupidly and ineffectually as the men led them with capes and goaded them with bandillas. *Only I don't have to play,* he thought. *I can always leave the ring, and I might as well do it quietly and with dignity and with a few friends.*

"Would you crawl to Sheeley, Lou?"

"No; but you'd never see me in a spot where I'd have to."

Feldman was smiling again. *One good friend,* Harry Benton thought.

"It's no use, Lou. The next soldier I defended, the next court-martial case I took, I'd be in trouble again. No, I'm leaving in a couple of weeks."

Feldman drained his glass. "I think you're wrong, Harry, but if you want it that way——" He stuck out his big hand.

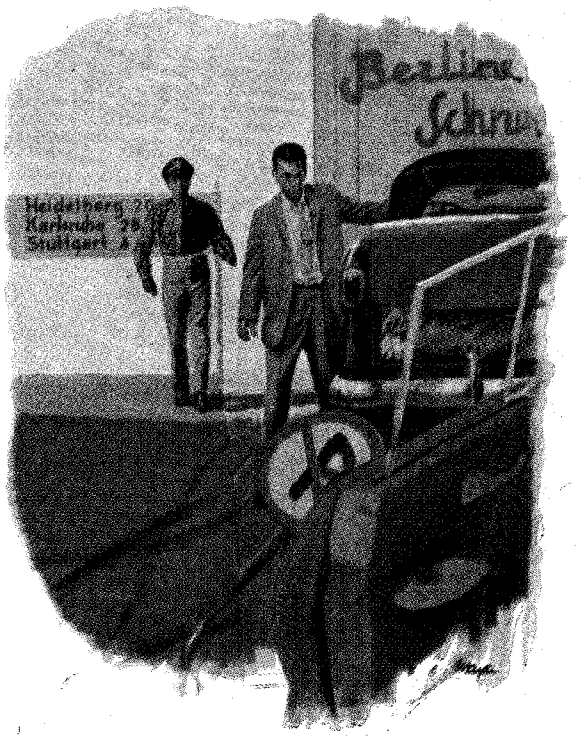
Benton laughed. "Lou, you're a good friend. When you make chicken colonel and get Sheeley's job, I'll be back."

Feldman half opened the door. He paused and turned. "If I had Sheeley's job," he said, "I'd probably do just what Sheeley's doing." He looked at Harry Benton as if he were delivering an urgent message. "Put yourself in his place, Harry. Take a look at yourself. Nobody likes to be made a fool of."

Harry Benton watched the door close. He heard the click of the latch, and for a moment, through the hot sticky June air of Frankfort, caught the tap of Feldman's heels as he went down the stone steps. He poured himself another drink and leaned back in his swivel chair with his feet on the desk.

Nobody likes to be made a fool of, he thought. Not elegant, but judicious, like everything Major Feldman said, and very true. And Harry Benton had been making fools of them for two years now, and now they were making a fool out of him.

It had started a long time ago, when the Army called Benton back into service, two years out of law school, moved him around the United States for a while and then shipped him to Germany for eighteen months. Called



All he could see was the burlap sack wrapped around Antonescu's head.

him up for the second time, after three years of war service, called him up because of a national emergency and then shipped him not to Korea, but to Germany. He had been a good tanker, but they didn't put him back in tanks. He was a lawyer, but they didn't put him in the Judge Advocate's office. They called him up as a first lieutenant and put him in charge of a book depot, receiving and receipting and shipping and counting and storing and inspecting I. & E. textbooks.

Looking back, it seemed to him that he had been angry ever since. The anger had been smoldering a long time when he was called upon to sit on his first court-martial as one of his regular collateral duties. The court-martial was one of those borderline cases which might better have never been tried. The defendant was probably guilty, but there were extenuating circumstances; the case had been poorly prepared; vital evidence was lacking. And after hearing the brief, sketchy case, Harry Benton, as junior officer, gave his verdict first. It was "not guilty."

The rest of the court voted with him, all except one—the senior officer. And that was Harry Benton's first contact with Col. Elmer C. Sheeley. It still would have been all right, but that evening Benton with some of his friends ran into Colonel Sheeley at the local Officers' Club. The colonel was not drunk, but he had had enough to be argumentative. He was not used to having junior officers disagree with him, and he wanted to reargue the case they had tried that afternoon, and Benton was feeling just irritable enough to give him what he wanted. The argument was not enlightening: it was Benton's legal knowledge versus Sheeley's rank. In the end, some of the cooler heads had to get between the two men before the fists started flying.

At the end of the evening, Harry Benton had gained two things: a dangerous enemy and a reputation as a rather effective trial lawyer with a chip on his shoulder and a desire to thwart the Army's legal apparatus.

The result of his new reputation showed up rather soon. He was requested specifically as defense counsel in an assault case. He was able to wipe the floor with the inexperienced prosecutor, break down the testimony of the complaining witness and get her a year for perjury. In this first case, his client was not guilty, but after the third or fourth defense he undertook it never occurred to him to wonder whether his client was guilty or not.

Looking back on it, he realized that the Army had been reasonably patient. His commanding officer talked to him in a fatherly way about the possibility of obstructing justice. When that did not work, they tried passing him over for promotion.

He won two more cases, and then the party stopped. Harry Benton found himself more and more frequently assigned special duties, sent traveling around Germany. He was never available for courts-martial for the rest of his time in the Army. *Maybe it was then it happened,* he thought. *Maybe it was the last six months. Maybe it was the promotion I never got.* Whatever it was, the anger was burning hotly in him when he got his discharge and decided to stay on in West Germany as an American lawyer specializing in military law and court-martial defenses.

"Take a look at yourself, Harry," Lou Feldman had told him. He was beginning to take a look for the first time in two years, and he did not like what he saw. Somewhere along the line, it had stopped being a desire for justice or support of the underdog. Somewhere the thwarting of the Army had become more important than the acquittal of the prisoner.

But he didn't need to look at himself. He could see the slow degeneration written on the faces of his clients. The stupid boys charged with selling a pound of PX coffee in the Frankfort *Bahnhof* had become fat, bland sergeants short a few thousand gallons of gasoline. The harmless captain with a German mistress, being made an example of by a puritanical general, had slowly merged into a shifty-eyed major charged with digging up a few hundred (Continued on Page 77)

© 1959 by James Cross

Mr. Cross's novel goes on sale this week in book form. It is published by Julian Messner, Inc.

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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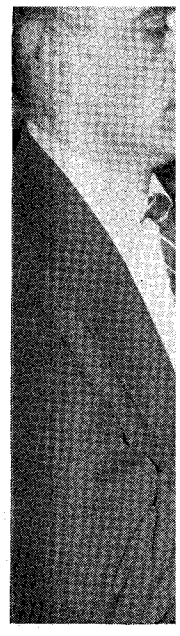

In a dispute ov
Rican youth in tl

w York are paved with gol

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On the upper reaches of New York's Park Avenue, the pushcart takes over and business is conducted in Spanish.

Airport reunion: Mrs. Confesora Colón Santana is welcomed at Idlewild by her sons, Ramón and Santos. She came to visit her grandchildren in Hartford, Conn.

LOOKING FOR THE PROMISED LAND

Over 1000 Puerto Ricans stream into U.S. cities each week. A few find the jobs and homes they dream of, but many become the victims of a way of life they do not understand.

By BILL BREISKY

The clatter of chattering children competed with the roar of the plane's engines to create a cheerful, unrelenting crescendo. Two small boys bumped heads after their mother gave permission to dip into her crammed shopping bag for a snack. Another youngster whimpered and nursed an ear which had been cuffed after he maneuvered his little sister away from a window seat.

This was Eastern Air Lines Flight 831, ten minutes out of New York, and its passengers were settling down for a picnic-style flight to San Juan. The cost: $52.50. Low air fare, I had been told, was one of the reasons why some 2000 working-class passengers per week had turned the New York-San Juan run into a commuters' shuttle.

Most of the passengers on this thrift flight were home-bound Puerto Ricans who had come to New York to visit relatives or appraise the job market. Some were returning because they were homesick; others because they had failed to find work or had banked enough to retire—temporarily at least.

More than a million such people have flown north from their cramped little island since 1945, and many have returned disappointed. "They come up here expecting a gold rush," one social worker told me, "and they usually find nothing but the rush."

I turned to the passenger next to me—a husky, dark-haired man who was folding and unfolding his big fingers. He looked uncomfortable in the tight, double-breasted suit jacket he wore over a checkered shirt.

I remarked on the fine flying weather. He smiled and indicated that his English was not very good. I assured him that my Spanish was worse, then managed to explain that I was going to Puerto Rico to learn why and how people migrated to the mainland. When I introduced myself, he (Continued on Page 40)

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She said,
"How long will you
be overseas?"

The Day He Went Away

By N. J. CRISP

Ever since their first evening together, she had known that the end must come soon.

Ellen Connor walked slowly along, looking in all the shop windows. She had time and to spare—she'd planned it that way. She wanted no hurry, no fluster. She was going to arrive looking cool and at her best.

The sun shone on that late-summer day on the streets of Cambridge. It shone on the gray, quiet colleges, and on the brisk, busy garages; on the car parks and the velvet lawns; the traffic lights and the spires, the multiple stores and the lazy banks of the river.

It shone into the window of one shop, and Ellen stopped and gazed into the full-length mirror there, seeing herself as if caught in the beam of a merciless searchlight.

She saw a blue-eyed oval face, framed with loosely waving hair—a clear, young, unworried face. The new dress looked quite well on her tall, slim figure. She decided that she presented as passable an appearance to the world as was possible with what nature had given her.

She was glad to find that there were some things it didn't show. The way that her heart was beating uncomfortably hard, for instance, the dryness in her mouth and the difficulty that she had in swallowing.

A clock showed six-twenty-five, but she only had to cross the road, skirt the car park and round the corner. "Six-thirty," he had said when he telephoned her. "The usual place."

Somewhere high in the sky a great aircraft droned south. She looked up, eyes desperately searching for it. It was foolish—as if she could tell, when she found that noisy, moving speck, if he was in it. But she'd been doing it all day, afraid that take-off had been advanced, that he was flying away from her. He would telephone, she told herself; he would find some way to let her know. Still, she watched the plane, neck stiffly craned, until it vanished and the beat of its great engines was no more than the hum of a bee.

Across the road now, conscious of the swinging of her legs along the pavement, high heels clicking, and there around the corner was the door of the tiny pub.

With only the slightest hesitation, she pushed open the door, head high, eyes bright with expectation, the smile ready on her lips. It was a good entrance—and it was entirely wasted. He wasn't there. She felt deflated, on the verge of expiring like a punctured balloon.

She went over to the little bar and perched herself on a stool. She saw, then, in the background, two or three members of his squadron, and she took a sudden breath of relief. They hadn't gone yet. Dave, the barman, came over and said, "Mike hasn't been in yet. Will you have something?"

"A shandy, please."

She sat sipping the cool, lemonade mixture. Above the bar, among the bottles, the mirror, the miniatures, an electric clock hummed to itself. The hands (Continued on Page 65)

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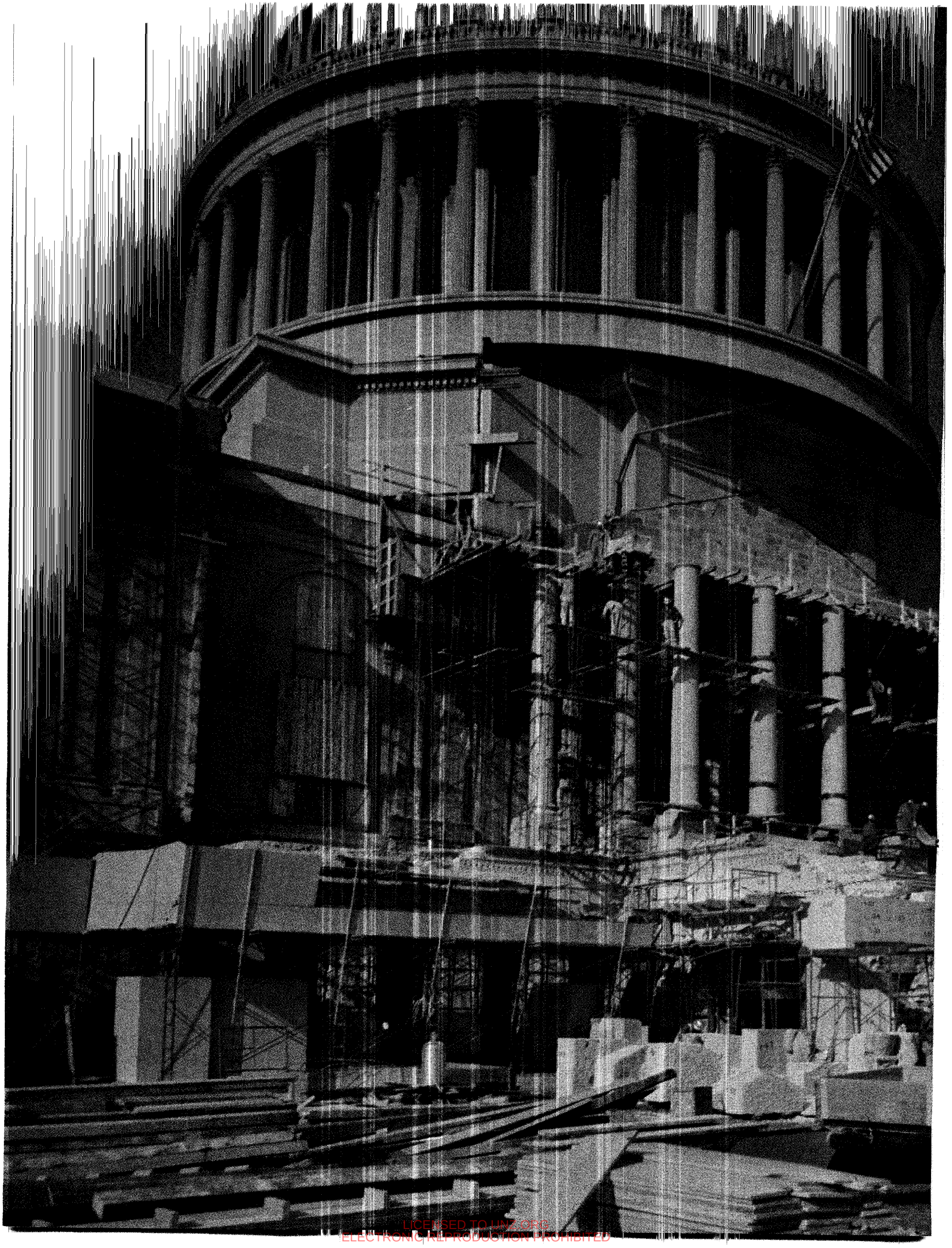

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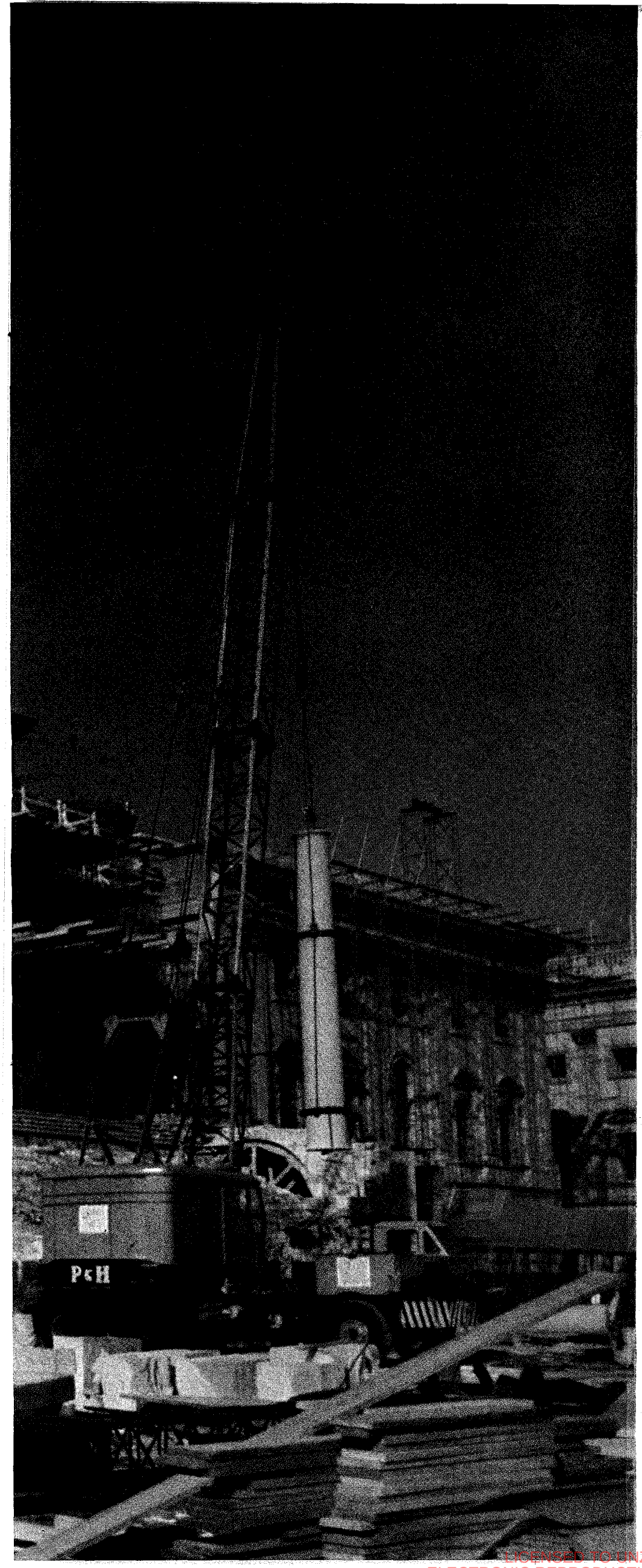

The Face of AMERICA

Still Growing

Face-lifting is nothing new for this grand old lady. Since George Washington laid her cornerstone in 1793 on a knoll called Jenkins Heights, our National Capitol has expanded many times. Each remodeling has caused a family quarrel . . . none more bitter than that over the project now under way. In a way, Abraham Lincoln started the trouble when he ordered construction of the towering dome which became the nation's best-known symbol. This vast shell of cast iron, weighing almost 9,000,000 pounds, overlapped the eastern brow of the building—as clearly shown here. Last year, plans to correct this lopsidedness set off Washington's worst hassle since Harry Truman added a balcony to the White House. Congressmen, architects and newspapers chose sides and called names. Remodeling would improve the building's lines, some claimed. It would desecrate a national shrine, others charged. In the face of protests, House Speaker Sam Rayburn pushed through a $10,000,000 east-front-extension plan. Now the fight has died down, and dismantling contractors are taking down the monumental portico, itself once an addition to the simple original Capitol. Next, the front walls will be moved forward thirty-two and one half feet, putting a solid base under the dome and providing space for new offices, committee rooms and restaurants. The familiar old façade will be reproduced on the new front, but in fine marble instead of sandstone. This finery will be in place by January of 1961, Congress hopes, so that our next President may take his inaugural oath in the traditional—if relocated—position on the Capitol steps. ● Photograph by Ollie Atkins

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BAD CALL

By RICHARD VINCENT

What happens when an umpire gets charged with too many errors?

Down the line came Willy and he slid hard into the catcher, and the crowd shouted and shouted. After George made the call, he swung around and walked away because he saw the genuine shock and outrage on the face of Willy Wolf, lying there in the dust. Willy really thought he was safe, George could tell. He knew Willy would come after him and he did. He screamed at George and he was mad for sure.

George could have thrown him out for some of the things he said, but he didn't because he knew Willy wasn't screaming to please the crowd or his manager or anybody else. Willy felt hurt and cheated. He pointed his reaching face toward George and said something violent, and even then George didn't throw him out. In the thirteen years Willy had played in the major leagues he had never argued with George like this, so George took it seriously and he felt sorry for Willy, but he was out at home. George had seen it and called it and that ended it forever.

He didn't blame Willy, he knew well what it meant to him. It meant money and security, fame and position, all these things, but most of all his pride as a professional competing athlete. George had never, in thirteen years, seen Willy so mad. He looked at him sadly, and, although he would never change his decision, he would have given anything else to help him. But at this point George was so sure of his decision that he never thought of the possibility that it had been wrong. Willy raised his hand as if to push and George sighed privately, deep inside himself. Now he had to throw Willy out. He couldn't remember the last time Willy had been thrown out.

He didn't do it, because Willy's manager, Al Summers, stepped between them just at the crucial moment, with that innate timing that perks infallibly inside all good managers. Al pushed Willy back into the hands of the first-base coach.

"George," he said; "George, what you doing to us?"

"I called him out," said George calmly; "that's it."

"George," said Summers, "I know you ain't going to change it, but you blew it all over the place."

"Maybe," said George, "but that's it."

Summers looked at him for a moment and he didn't seem angry, just speculative.

"George," he said finally, "you've missed a lot of them lately."

That hurt. George was quietly and greatly angry at once. Al Summers

(Continued on Page 84)

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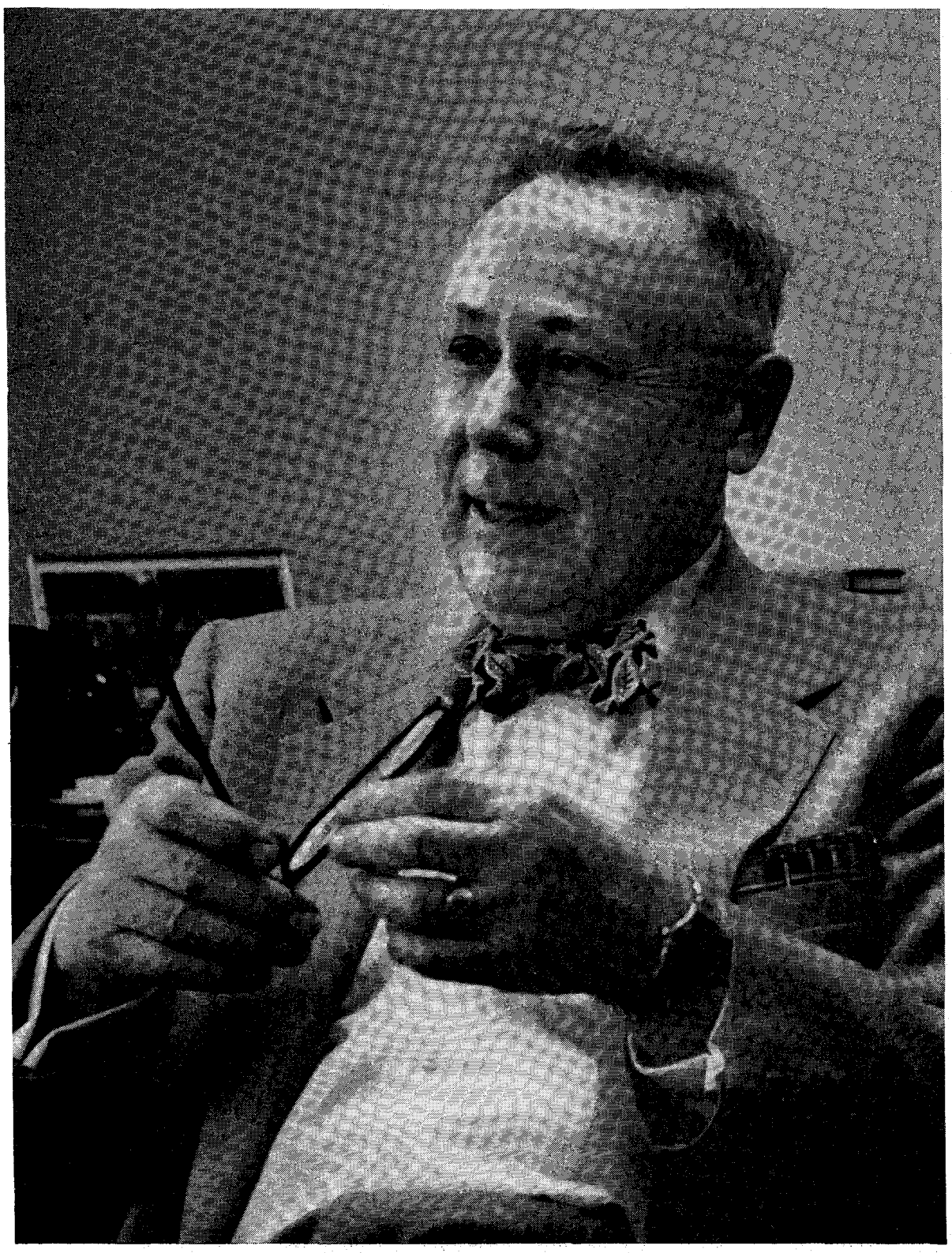
Don't Stop Criticizing Us Teachers

A prominent educator answers the post-Sputnik attacks on our schools. Teachers, he says, should be less sensitive to the public's indignation. Personally, he hopes the protests keep coming.



"Some criticisms are prejudiced, some are personal," says Hanson. "But there's some value to all of them."

By EARL H. HANSON
Superintendent of Schools, Rock Island, Illinois

Criticism of the schools has, I suppose, been with us nearly as long as there have been any schools at all. Until the past year or two, however, these criticisms have seldom been particularly well organized—in this country, at least. Their rhythm has not been such as to create great waves with the power to change and to destroy. But now things have changed. Probably never before in history has castigation of the schools been so widespread—and so vocal—as it is in America today.

And I'm all for it.

I say this despite the fact that I have spent most of my adult life in education—first as a teacher, later as a school principal, and for the past twenty-two years as a superintendent of schools. As an educator I can't deny that the beating we are taking these days hurts. A lot of us are bruised. Of course, some of us "bruise easy."

Many teachers and school administrators, including me, were surprised and stung to bitter anger at the criticisms that exploded a year or so ago; and some still resent it. Most of them hotly defend themselves, and it is only natural that they should. Teachers, after all, are not in the business to get rich; they are in it because they love it. And the impulse to defend the thing you love—regardless of the merits of the case—is very human and very strong. Furthermore, teaching is a profession that demands strong personality; and the more dynamic and colorful a person is, the madder he gets when attacked.

Nevertheless, I still firmly believe that criticism of the schools is a fine thing. In the first place, criticism is a hair shirt. It makes us scratch, keeps us from relaxing too comfortably on our laurels. Historian Arnold Toynbee's story of the North Sea fishermen illustrates the kind of thing I mean. Finding that too much of their catch was decaying before the ships could return to port, the fishermen installed sea-water tanks to keep the fish alive. But that only substituted a new problem because, although now none of the catch perished, life was so easy for the fish that they became flabby, oily and unpalatable. Then the fishermen put into the (Continued on Page 67)

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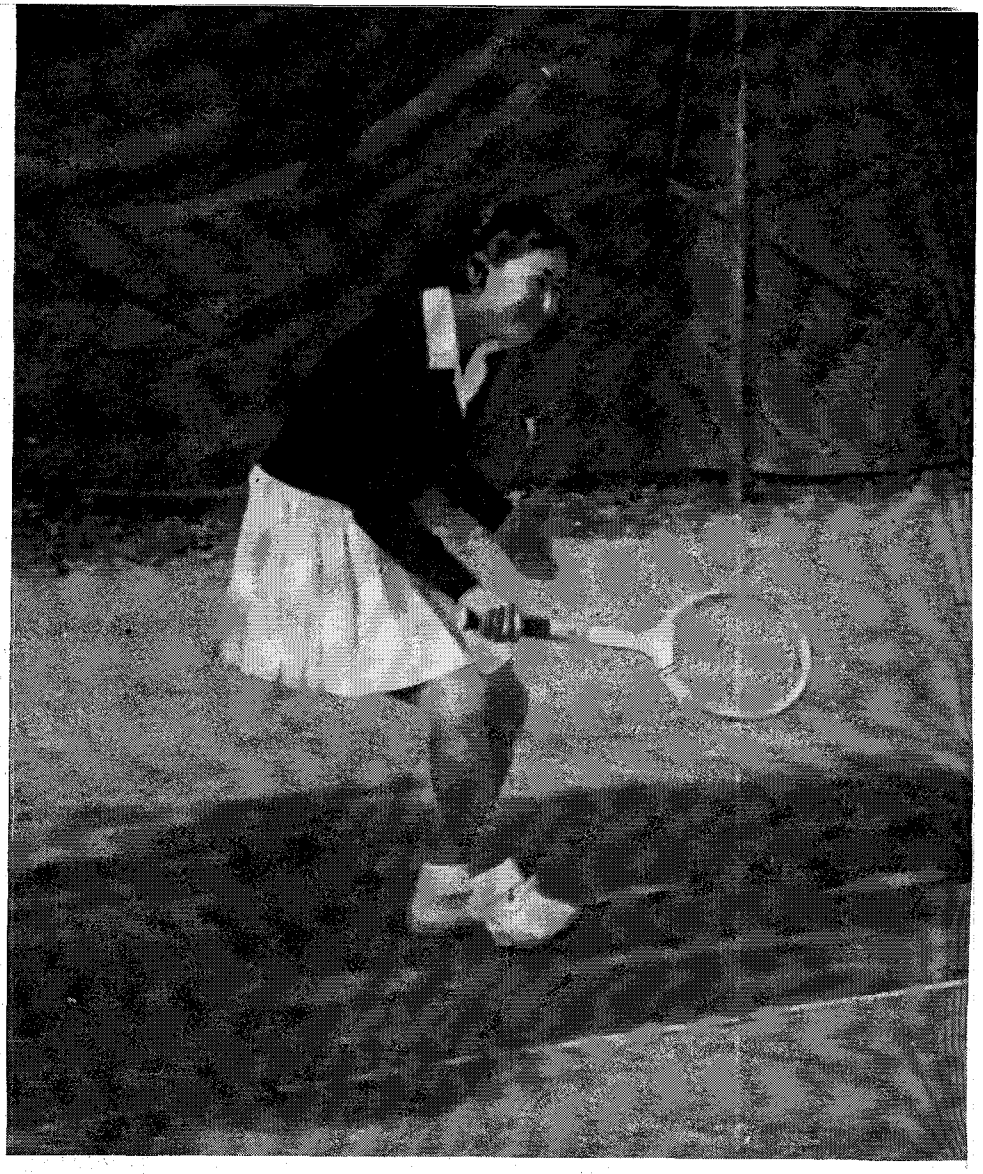
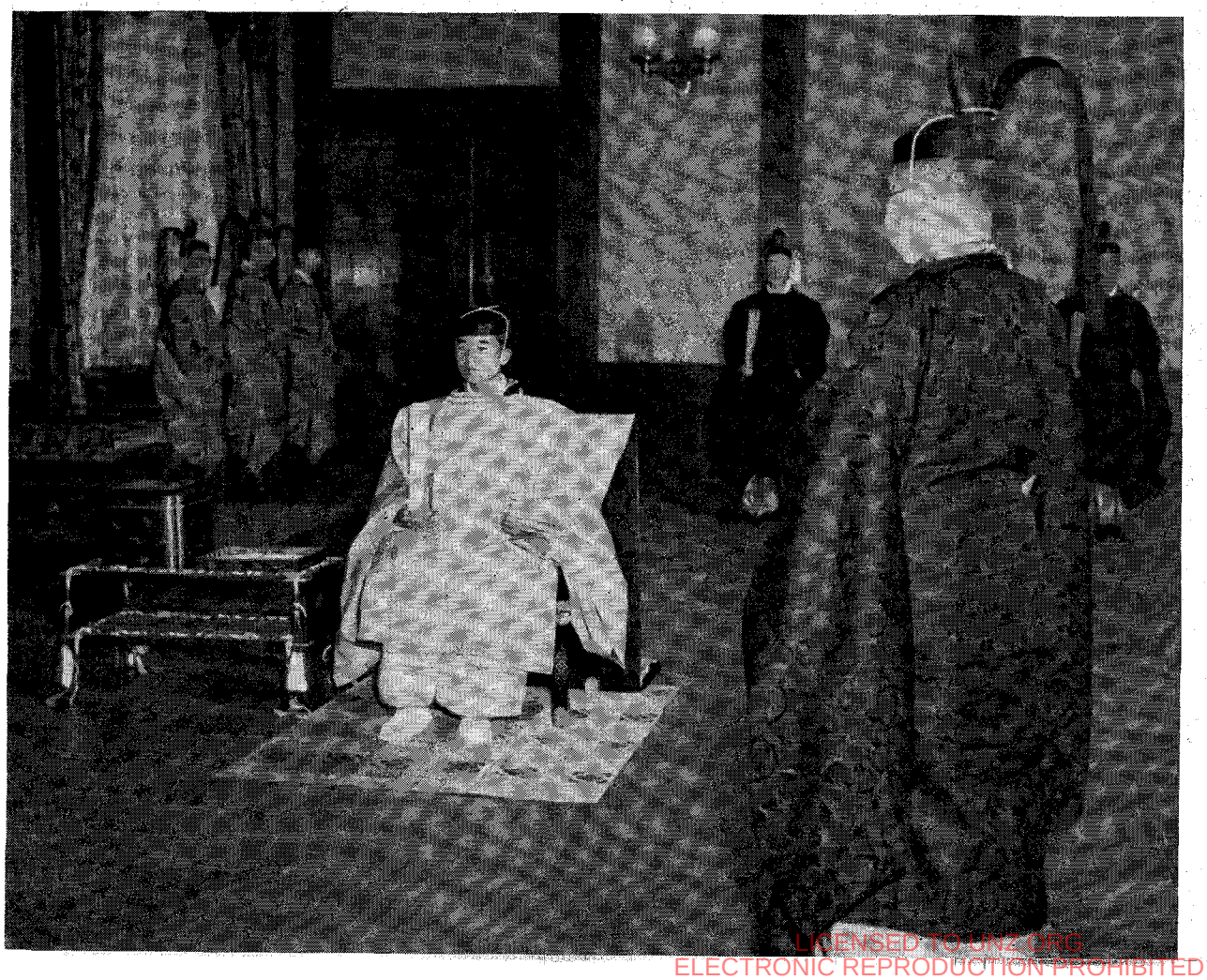


Michiko Shoda (left) at the age of two with a cousin at a beach near Tokyo in 1937. The well-educated future empress grew up in a close-knit, western-minded family.

The Crown Prince Takes a Bride

At this elaborate ceremony in 1952, eighteen-year-old Akihito was proclaimed heir apparent to the throne.



This week a miller's daughter and the heir apparent to an imperial dynasty will say, "I do." The bride will be the first commoner ever to occupy the 2000-year-old throne.

By Kenneth Ishii

Tokyo.

The marriage of Crown Prince Akihito, to be solemnized this week before a Shinto shrine in the Imperial Palace, will seal the most talked-about romance in Japanese history. The groom-to-be, Akihito Tsugunomiya, is heir to the oldest surviving dynasty in the world. The bride-to-be, Michiko Shoda, is the daughter of a wealthy flour miller. Wealthy or not, Michiko is a commoner—a commoner who will become empress of Japan one day, when Akihito ascends the throne as the 125th sovereign of Japan.

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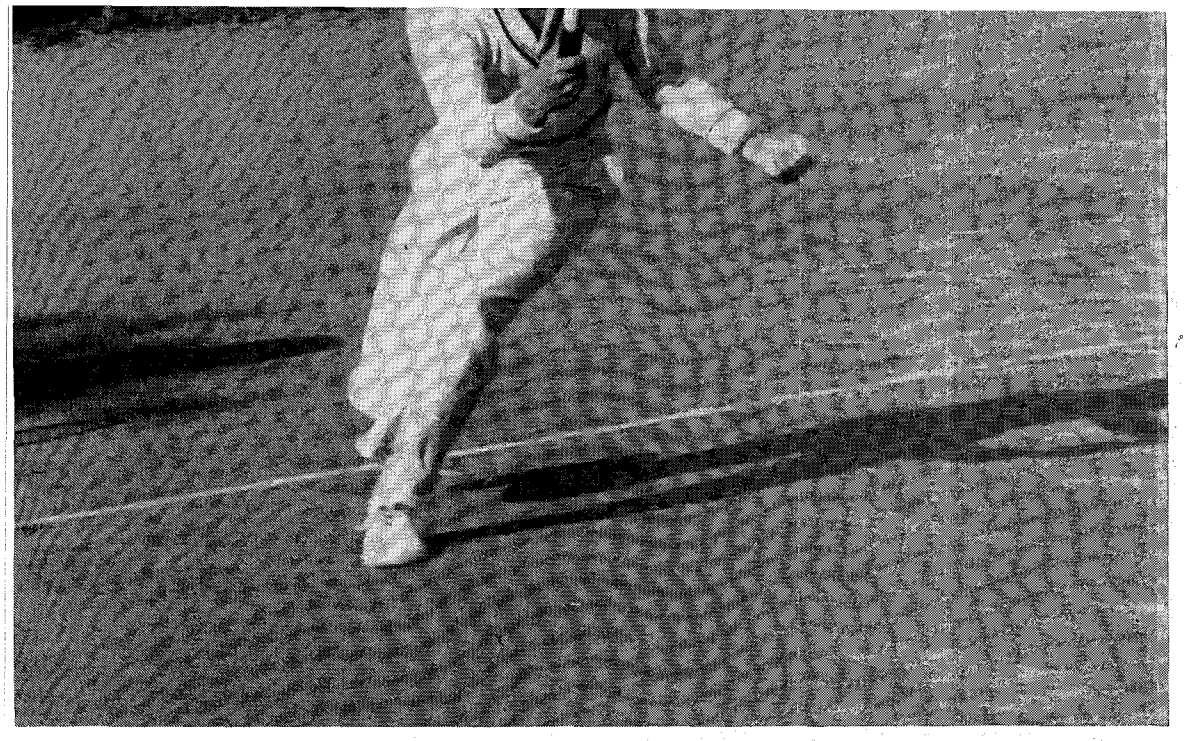
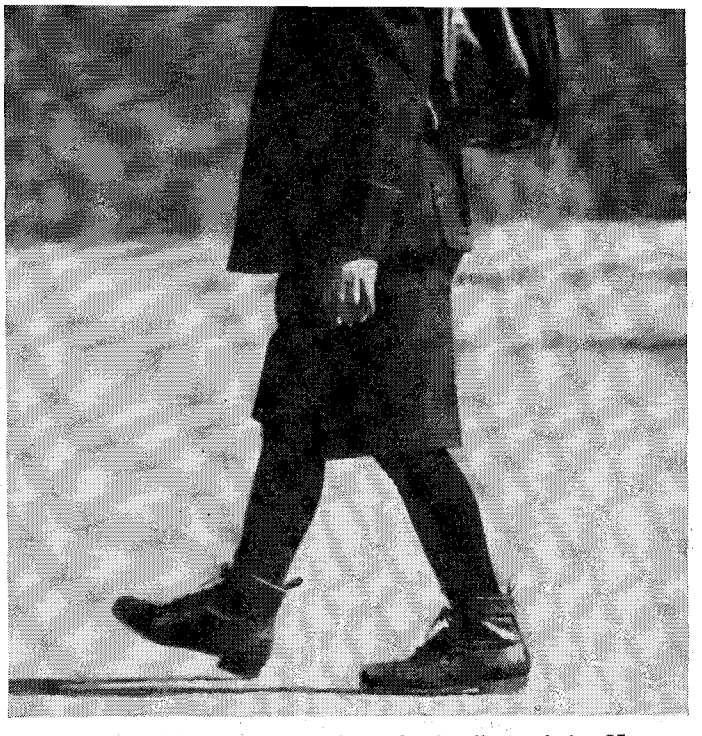


Michiko and the Crown Prince first met in 1957 on the tennis court at a summer resort. Their engagement was announced last November, after Michiko returned from a trip to think things over.



Tokyo, 1940: Akihito as a uniformed schoolboy of six. He was treated as a future god and not allowed to play with other boys.

This union of prince and commoner will violate traditions which have governed the Japanese court for centuries, and one can suppose that it distresses families of noble lineage. But they are in a minority. In the majority are those who expect the marriage to bring the imperial family into a closer relationship with the Japanese people, who, until 1946, had been led to believe their Emperor was a living god.

The engagement of Akihito and Michiko was announced last November. It was big news, not only in Japan but in the United States as well. The fact that Akihito meant to marry a commoner was a sensation in itself; it shattered precedent. So did the fact that the Crown Prince himself had wooed and won Michiko.

As far as historians can remember, imperial brides have always been selected by a group of high court officials. The wishes of the principals have hardly mattered. Akihito's grandfather, the late Emperor Taisho, didn't meet his bride until the day of their wedding. The present emperor, Hirohito, spent six months as an unconsulted bystander while officials argued the pros and cons of his engagement to Princess Nagako Kuni. One side wanted to call it off because someone had discovered—inconclusively, as it turned out—that there had been a case of color blindness in the Kuni family several generations earlier.

Since World War II, some new views on marriage have invaded Japan, but no one guessed that they had penetrated the Imperial Court. Western notions about courtship and marriage for love (Continued on Page 89)

Michiko with her parents as they left their home to make their first official call on the imperial Japanese family.

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He was a jazz musician with a big-city beat.

Then he tried something new:

THE COUNTRY TREATMENT

By LOUIS PAUL

They were sitting at a table in the night club during an intermission period. "You haven't been eating right," said Ella. "And worse, you're not playing well, Johnny."

"How do you mean I'm not playing well?"

"There isn't that lift, that sparkle I'm used to."

"I thought you were Ella Kane, a budding television actress. All of a sudden you turn out to be a music critic."

"Johnny Pryor, listen to me." She was speaking earnestly. "You need a rest."

"I never felt better in my life."

"Let's not argue. You're closing here on Saturday, and won't be starting a new engagement for a week. Right?"

"Right."

"Monday I begin rehearsal for a TV play, right?"

"Right."

"Then why don't you go up to Lawrenceville to my Uncle Fred's place and breathe some country air? No horn playing, no composing, no twenty-three cups of black coffee, no stale smoke. Right?"

"Wrong," said Johnny. "I'm a city boy. I'd die."

"So die a little." She reached out to take his hand. "You say Benny may do a recording of your Subway Blues." She meant Benny Hartman, the great clarinetist. "Well, maybe I'm no music critic, but the way you're playing, he won't like it."

"Don't order me around, Ella. I'm going to spend next week working on the arrangement."

She said, "You've been awfully nervous and touchy lately. I don't want anything to happen, Johnny. Not to us. So I sent Aunt Lolly a wire saying you were coming."

Carl Wilson, the trombone man, was gesturing toward him from the music platform. "I've got to go now, honey. Love you."

On Sunday at one in the afternoon she phoned. He was in his pajamas working out a horn passage for his Subway piece. She told him she was on her way over. "Fine," he said. "I'll send out for breakfast."

"Start packing," ordered Ella. "I'm taking you to the train."

"I tell you, I'm not going."

"That's what you think."

At Grand Central he kept looking desperately around as though seeking a way of escape. "Don't make me do it, Ella! I know you mean well. I trust your judgment about most things. But I'm too keyed up."

"That's exactly what I've been saying."

"There's something else. Something you don't know about. I ——" He gulped. "I'm afraid of trees."

"Don't be silly. Now get on that train, relax, have a nice vacation."

"Remember, I warned you. Don't insist, Ella."

"What I'd like," she said, "is to take away that horn."

He was holding the case in a sort of death grip. "Honey, I'm a jazz musician. I can't hear except in the city. Those are my sounds."

"Well, you're playing them flat. Now, be a good boy ——"

"Please. I'm not a child."

"That's the trouble, Johnny. You never were. Selling newspapers at nine, shining shoes, running errands, working a solid year to buy your first trumpet. Then playing in cellars, at picnics and funerals, until you got your chance with Artie Rose."

Johnny sighed. "The world's never been the same since Artie died. Sometimes, when I'm alone at night, I think of Artie and that horn, and my nose hurts, like I had a case of sinus."

"Your train's due to leave in four minutes, Johnny."

"What'll I say to these people?"

He looked so boyish and ineffectual out of his element that she wanted to enfold him in her arms (Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

He was sitting alone on the log when she arrived.

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The Yankees' Mr. Fireball

Ryne Duren can't hit, can't field and his eyes are so bad he wears five kinds of glasses. But he throws a fast ball that's hard to believe . . .

By EDWARD LINN

Duren—wearing his characteristic fierce expression—as he won in relief over Milwaukee in the sixth game of the 1958 World Series. This was the first game last year in which his "stuff" lasted past three innings.

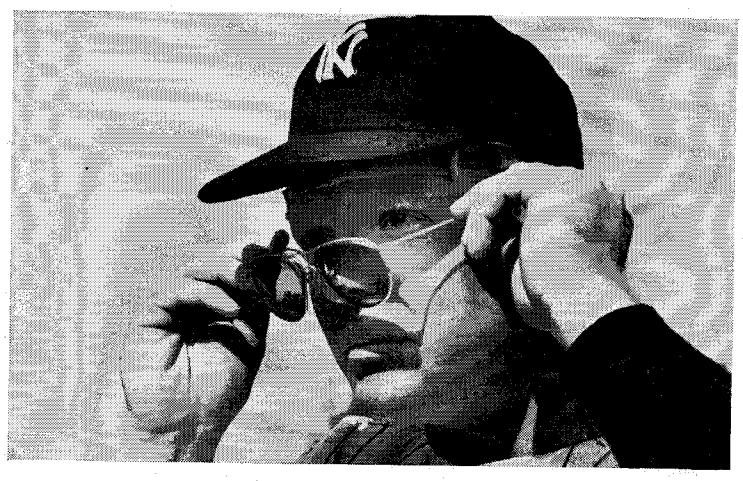
The opening game of last year's World Series was proceeding in the rather dull, conservative fashion of most World Series openers, when Hank Aaron doubled off the right-field fence in the eighth inning to put the tying and winning runs on base with nobody out. Into the game strode Ryne Duren, and out of the throats of the Milwaukee fans came an unexpected roar. Milwaukee fans do not normally hail the appearance of an opposing player.

Duren took his big windup and his big stride, his foot and glove hurtling forward, and let fly his first booming practice pitch. Yogi Berra reached high to spear it—one of the few times all year that Duren's first warm-up pitch did not go soaring grandly over his catcher's head. The fans let out their breath in a collective whoosh, followed by awed and nervous laughter. The game had come alive, the way ball games came alive all year when the begoggled Ryne Duren was summoned to wrap things up for the Yankees.

In two and two-thirds innings, Duren struck out five men. The tying run scored from third on a fly ball in the eighth, and in the tenth, three singles—all by men he had previously struck out—lost the game for him. And yet in the post-mortems afterward, interest continued to center on Duren. Significantly, the victorious Milwaukee players talked mostly about him. "Is he that fast?" said Joe Adcock to a questioner. "Where were you, couldn't you see?"

"See?" repeated Andy Pafko. "From the bench I could hear!"

Rinold George Duren, Jr., is a specialist in the narrowest sense of the word. As a batter he is so helpless that it took him a year and a half to get his first hit (Continued on Page 69)



Poor eyesight has plagued Ryne's baseball career. He uses five pairs of special glasses, which enable him to see under various lighting conditions.

July, 1958: Duren, himself the terror of many a batter, lies stunned after being accidentally beaned by Detroit pitcher Paul Foytack. The injury momentarily paralyzed Ryne's arms and legs.

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Mario's great body cut the squad down like a gigantic ax.

Man Tiger

He couldn't let the police patrol take his woman to jail without fighting back.

By PRENTISS COMBS

Along the rim of the Caribbean cup, all down the bent-finger sweep of the Windward and Leeward islands, the great sea turtles once swam in vast fleets. During the summer months the egg-heavy females floundered from the sea to scoop deep holes in the sand of the wind-flattened and desert beaches to lay clutches of round, white eggs.

When they moved by sail, the ships would lay in at these rookeries in season and load the decks with females which had been turned helpless on their backs when they came in to lay. They would lie docile and unprotesting for weeks, waiting to be slaughtered for fresh meat.

No sailing man, though, ever turned a flat, gray, big-headed turtle depositing a clutch, for that would have been a ridley, and no man ever saw a laden ridley female. No man knows where this creature comes from or how it breeds, for no one has ever seen a hatchling. Strange stories pass from mouth to mouth about it and some call it a mule turtle, believing it to be a cross between this and that. Others say the babies are born live from the mother. But there is one thing that all turtle men know about the ridley. He will not withstand a voyage at all. Helpless on its back, a ridley struggles itself to death in only a few hours.

The turtles no longer collect in great fleets, but there are still some, and there are men who take them still in nets and by harpoon. In their strangely turned tongue, feeling a wry empathy with that fiercely free creature, they call the ridley the "heartbreak turtle."

A hundred yards off Mata de la Gata the reef shelved

(Continued on Page 82)

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A U.S. engineer lies dead on Omaha. Fierce German fire met the demolition teams, who landed early to clear away beach obstacles. They suffered 41 per cent casualties.

D DAY PART FIVE

By DAVID HOWARTH

OMAHA BEACH

Here, in some of the bloodiest fighting of all, the German defenders nearly hurled the American landing forces back into the sea. This is what it was like while the issue was in doubt.

Pfc. Henry Meyers had never wanted to be called up. The draft had interrupted his recent marriage and his plan to be a teacher and the placid life he enjoyed among all the bustle of New York. The Army had wrenched him away from all that and discovered he was a mathematician and made him, by Army logic, into a signaler.

Of course, he knew the necessity for Army service, and he had done his best at it; but he wanted to get it over as quickly as he could and go home and start teaching. In June of 1944, when Henry Meyers' unit had been packed on board a troopship and told that this was really the invasion, he had been glad. They would land in France, at a place called Omaha Beach, and this was the quickest way to end the war.

He could not see much from his position in the boat, wedged in among taller men. He could not move much either. Apart from his equipment and his rifle, he was carrying a heavy coil of telephone wire over his shoulder. There was a tremendous noise as the boat came nearer to the beach, infinitely worse than the practice runs with live ammunition. In the last few seconds, above the ramp of the boat, he saw shellbursts; then he heard the splatter of bullets on the ramp itself. Then the boat grounded, the ramp went down, the men in front ran forward, and Meyers jumped into the sea. At last he could see what was going on.

Men in front of him were falling face down in the water and making no effort to rise. On the edge of the sea where the waves were breaking he could see bundles washing in and out, rolling over and over—bodies. Beyond, he could see the (Continued on Page 74)

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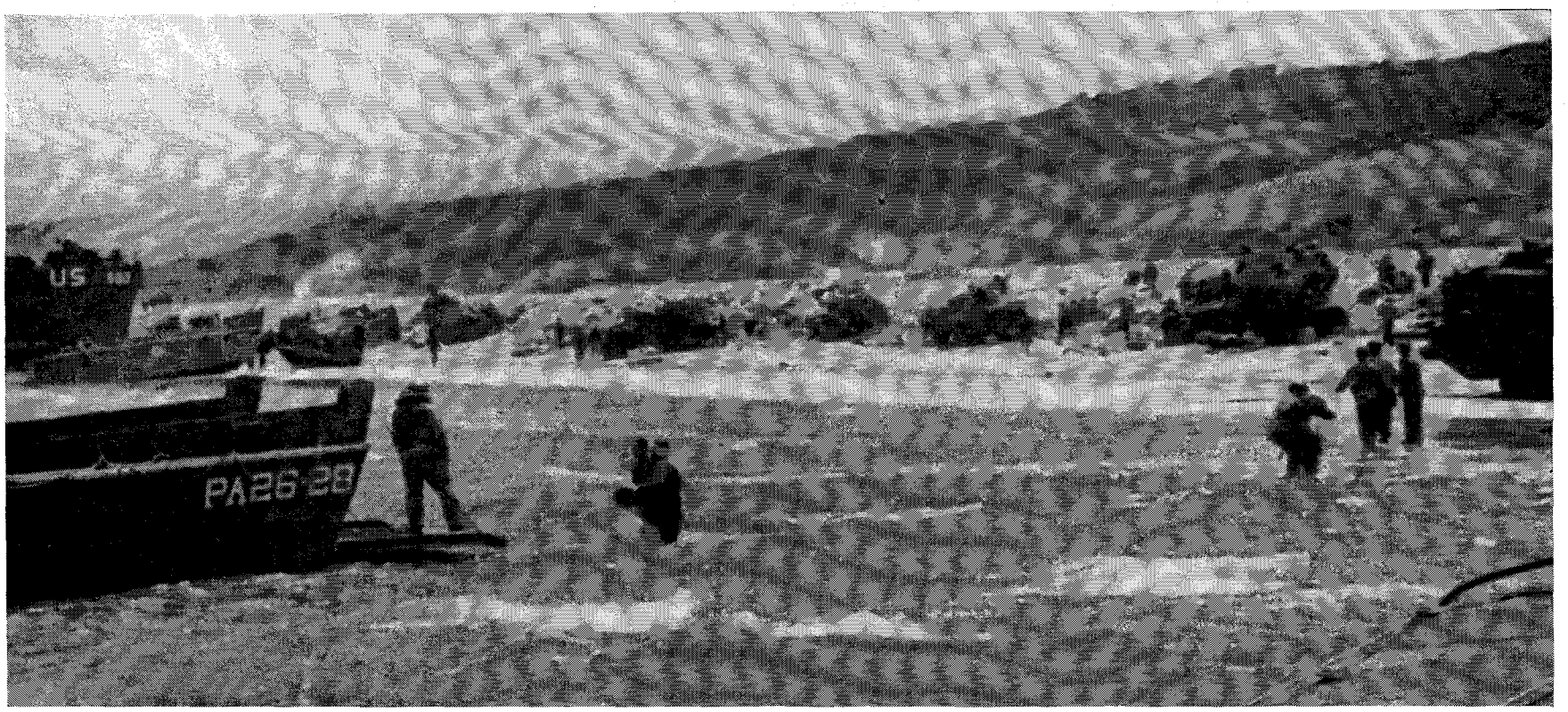
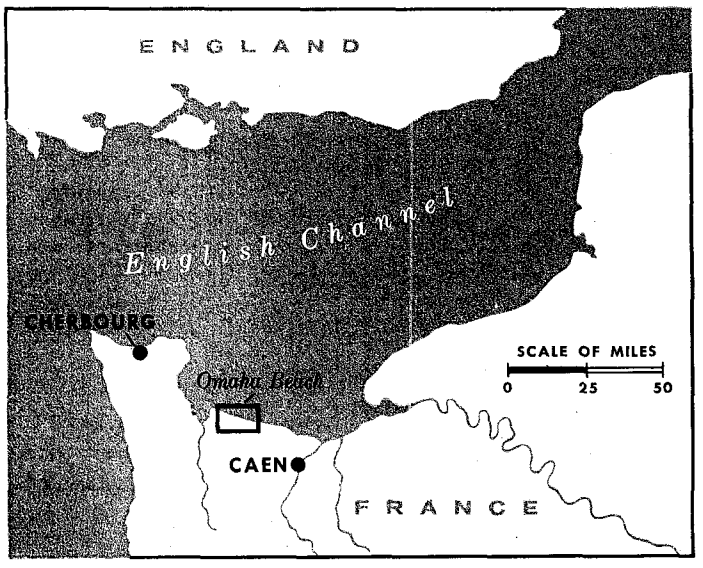


The edge of disaster: Clusters of men and armor clung to the narrow strip of beach for hours before they were able to advance against the enemy guns in the nearby hills.

Henry Meyers at home in Brooklyn, with his war souvenirs. He found himself pinned down helpless on the sand by the hail of death.

Today Joseph Gibbons is a businessman and a naval reservist. On D Day he led 272 Army-Navy demolition engineers, 111 of whom were killed or wounded.

Hyman Haas, with his family in the Bronx. Aboard a half-track in the surf, Haas depressed his antiaircraft gun and knocked out a German pillbox.



The stretch of Normandy coast called Omaha contained the invasion's toughest terrain. Here (see detail map at right) natural barriers thwarted both tanks and troops.

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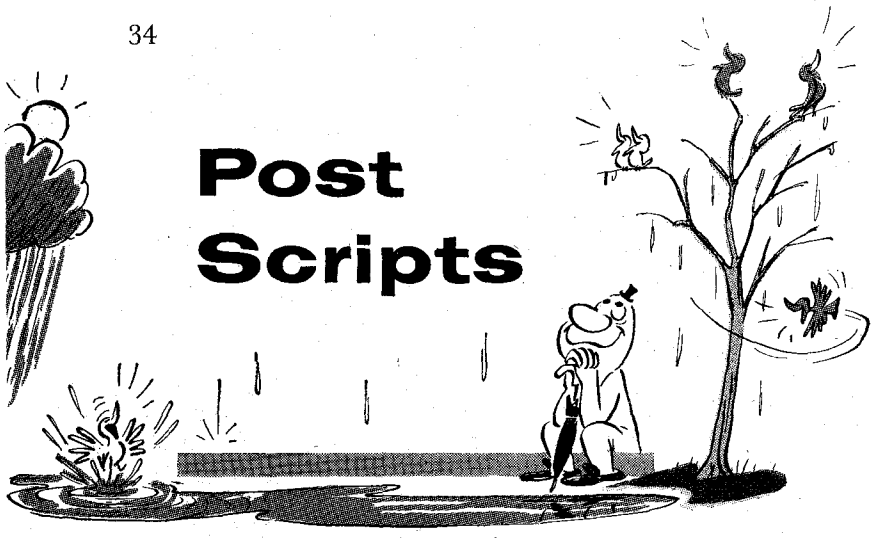


Post Scripts

Sorry, Baby, But—

Spring and the golfer go hand in hand
  And there's just no room for a wife;
Her place is at home, subduing the lawn,
  Or swinging a paring knife.
For golf is a man's game, my darling,
  And woman's a nuisance, no more;
She chirps like a sparrow from tee to green
  And smiles while forgetting her score.
Now spring awaits, and I must be gone;
  I've a date made long months ago.
My clubs are polished, my swing is grooved,
  This year I shoot par—or below!
I can only add that where'er you look,
  From Kamchatka to Cardiff or Fife:
Spring and the golfer go hand in hand
  And there's really no room for a wife.

(However, I shall take you dining when we finish and if you want any little thing like a new hat, coat or car, just speak up. I may be seasonable, but I'm not unreasonable.)

ROBERT CROMIE

Some of Us are More Desperate Than Others

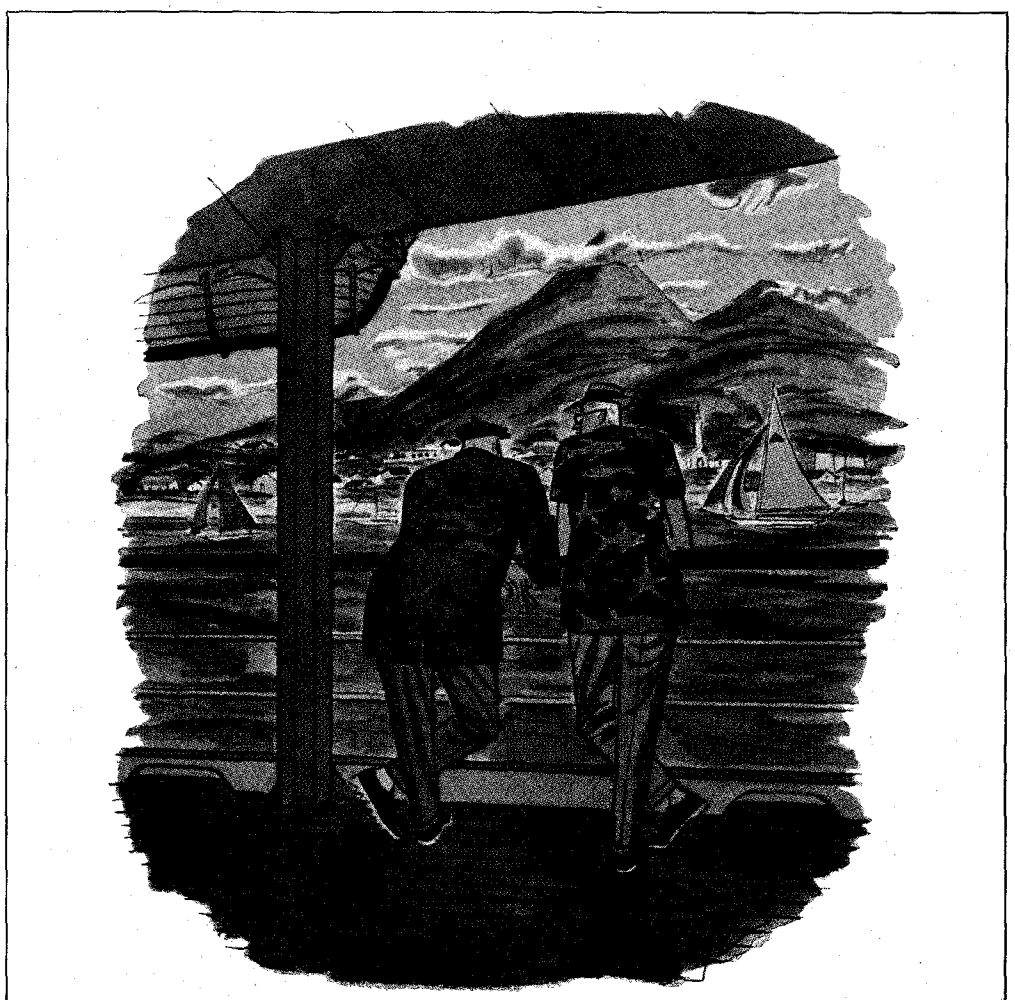
I like Thoreau, but can't accept
  His famous observation
That most of us pursue a course
  Of quiet desperation.

I feel that quite a lot of us—
  And this is hardly laudable—
Have proved that we prefer to make
  Our desperation audible.

RICHARD WHEELER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Here's something clever—it has a zipper in the bottom for those little hard-to-get-at things."



". . . as far as total volume of sales is concerned, we're in great shape but, until our new point-of-sales campaign gets off the ground, we won't really be out of the woods, inventory-wise. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Crime News on the Local Scene

Authorities were baffled today as burglars struck at 487 Maple Street and made off with half of a valuable chocolate cake. Mrs. George Millstone, who took charge, estimated its value as $2.50. "I made it for the church sale," she says. "Then I went down to the store for some waxed paper. Everything points to an inside job."

Suspicion was, at first, directed toward Henry, a well-known cat burglar. But Mrs. Millstone dismissed the suspect, saying his usual offenses involved cream or raw fish.

Applying the same technique which brought her solutions to such mysteries as The Smudge Marks on the Living-Room Door and The Case of the Disappearing Maple Creams, Mrs. Millstone studied every clue. Promptly picked up for questioning was Tom (Sweet-tooth) Millstone, who was booked for playing outdoors without a sweater.

"They try to pin everything on me," said Millstone, who disavowed all knowledge of the crime. He was released with a warning. "It just wasn't his sort of job," said the detective. "There were crumbs on the floor all right, but the slices were too neat."

The thieves had worked quickly and quietly. Only thirty feet away, Mr. Albert Millstone and two friends had been trying to fix the television set in the living room. "We did hear funny noises," they said. "But we thought it was a bad tube or one of those space programs."

BULLETIN: There was a new development in the unsolved Millstone burglary late today, when church officials found an envelope containing $2.50 and a note saying the senders were conscience-stricken. The note was unsigned. Only clue was the signature on the check—"A. Millstone." Authorities promise a thorough investigation.

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

I Have the Feeling You're Not With Me

"This book I'm reading says that, in one respect, the anthropologist is worse off than the paleontologist because he's concerned not only with arts that leave tangible remains but with such imponderables as ——"

"I guess it was just the way the shadow was hitting or something, but I thought there for a minute there was a little piece chipped off of one of your front teeth."

"Saturn, of course, has nine moons: Mimas and Enceladus, discovered by Herschel; Tethys, Dione and Rhea, discovered by Cassini; Titan, discovered by Huyghens; Hyperion, discovered by ——"

"Did you ever get a cramp right down here in your arch?"

"I don't want to make too much of my problem because—well, I don't believe it's a good idea to. However, I think that this feeling of apprehension I have may stem from a sort of ——"

"You didn't ante a chip."

"When I mentioned Coleridge, everybody naturally thought I meant Samuel Taylor Coleridge—you know, the guy who wrote The Rime of the Ancient Mariner? Actually, I was talking about his son, Hartley, a British poet and biographer, who ——"

"I don't know what in the world made me think of it, but do you remember that song years ago called I Faw Down an' Go Boom?"

"Well, I guess the words of Cicero sort of describe my feelings about it: *Omnium enim rerum principia parva sunt.*"

"How many moons did you say Saturn has?"

VERNON H. KURTZ

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Now landlubbers can eat like old salts

Campbell's freezing brings you a savory oyster stew that would cost you $1 or more in a fine Boston restaurant

People who live near the sea will tell you that freshness makes the difference in oyster stew. To hear some of them tell it, decent oyster stew can seldom, if ever, be found more than a few miles inland.

But now, thanks to Campbell's freezing, you can enjoy oyster stew as fresh as ever was served in Boston, no matter where you live. And it's made in a way that wins grudging approval from the best New England chefs.

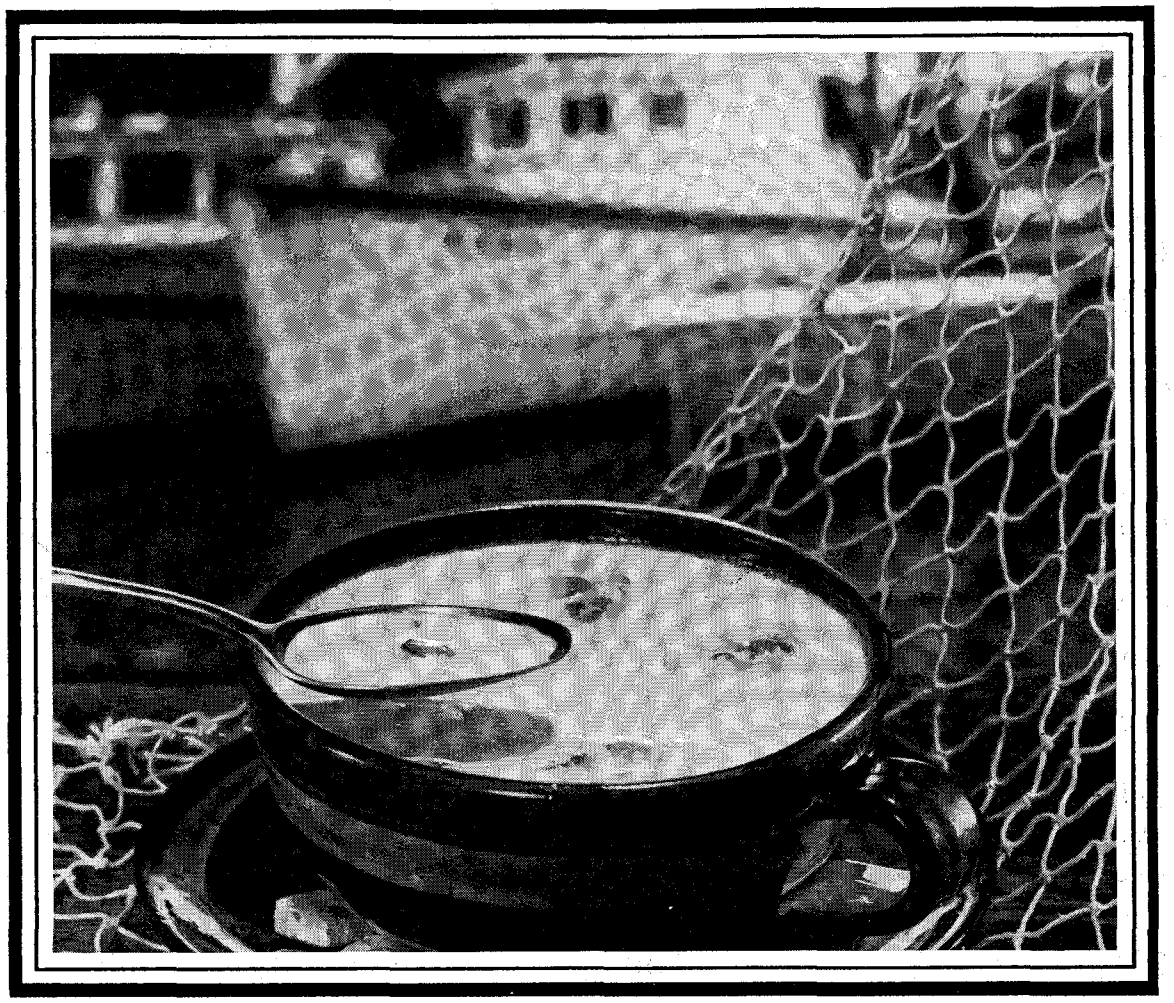
Plump, Pampered Oysters

Campbell's uses young tender oysters—fresh from their beds in cool coastal waters. The oysters are simmered with all their good juices until the edges begin to ruffle. Then they're plunged into a rich broth of scalded milk, cream, butter and special seasonings, where all ingredients intermingle perfectly.

Then, without a moment's delay, the stew is rushed to the freezer to lock in all the good flavors.

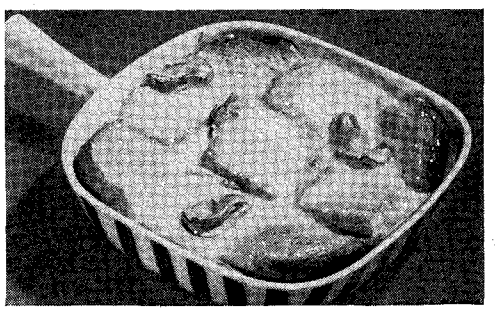
Fancy Eating—Plain Price

If you ordered it off the menu at a fine Boston Oyster House, you'd pay a pretty penny for a stew like this. Now you can have as much as you like from your grocer's freezer for only about 20¢ a bowl. Your whole family will enjoy Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew. Why not pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer?



Fresh, fragrant oyster stew—a seacoast specialty from colonial times, now frozen by Campbell's so anyone can enjoy it anywhere.

Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Cream of Potato • Cream of Shrimp • Green Pea with Ham • Clam Chowder (New England Style)



Oyster Fondue. Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. Beat together 2 eggs, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, ¼ tsp. paprika; stir in Oyster Stew. Quarter 4 slices toast. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers toast, soup, 1 cup shredded cheese. Bake 30 min. at 350° F. Serves 4.

Scalloped Oysters and Corn. Thaw 1 can Oyster Stew. In buttered 1-qt. casserole, arrange in layers 1½ cups slightly crumbled saltines, 1 cup drained whole kernel corn, Oyster Stew. Dot top with butter. Bake 20 min. at 400° F. Serves 3 to 4.

OYSTER STEW

FROZEN by Campbell's

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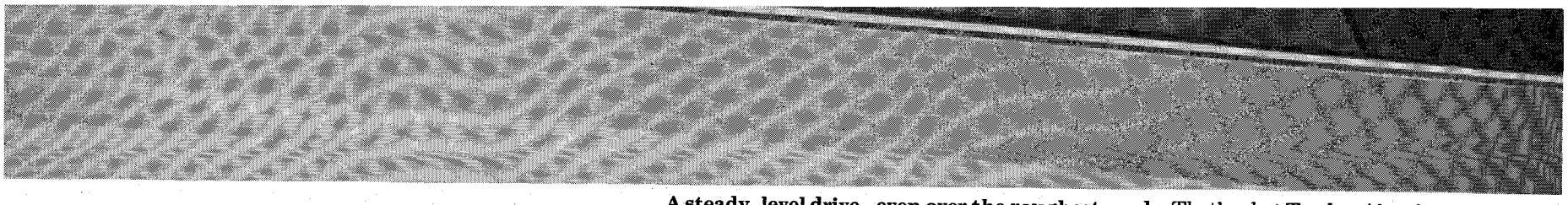

A steady, level drive—even over the roughest roads. That's what Torsion-Aire gives you in Cars of The *Forward* Look. This exclusive suspension system makes them America's finest driving cars—and at *no extra cost.* You get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation.

A DRIVE will bring out the difference great engineering makes

Drive one of the *Can Do* Cars of The *Forward* Look.

The quality cars from Chrysler Corporation.

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.

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"There will be more tomorrow night," Iron Hand said.

Comanche Captives

The Indians had cruel plans for their victim. . . .

By WILL COOK

"Leave the woman here," McCabe told Gary. "She's got no business with us."

Lt. Jim Gary ignored the warning. The Army had sent him with Guthrie McCabe to bring back white captives seized years before by the Comanches. Janice Tremain—who had been forced to become the wife of Stone Calf, brother of Chief Iron Hand—was such a captive; and Gary was determined to free her.

McCabe, too, found a prisoner, a white boy raised as a savage. He was thought to be the son of Wringle, one of the civilians camped at Sand Creek who asked the Army to rescue their kin. McCabe was finally able to win the boy after a difficult bargaining session with Iron Hand. Anticipating trouble because Gary insisted on abducting the woman, McCabe split with the lieutenant and took a different route back to civilization. And trouble did come. Gary was ambushed by Stone Calf and had to kill him. Now the wrath of Iron Hand would cut down any white man foolish enough to trespass again in Comanche country.

V

By cutting north and keeping up a steady march, Jim Gary hoped to intercept the Fort Elliott patrol, and his luck ran well, for he sighted it late in the afternoon of the third day, a thin column reaching across the flats, a dark line moving sluggishly with only the guidon to mark heads or tails of it.

Gary emptied his pistol into the air and listened to the report soak into the immense miles; then he saw the column increase its pace, change direction slightly, bearing down on him.

Capt. Winslow Scott was commanding, a razor-jawed man in his middle forties. He dismounted, leaving the detail in charge of the sergeant, then took off his hat and bowed when he saw Janice Tremain.

"In heaven's name, Gary, where did you find her?"

"Iron Hand's village. . . . Janice, may I introduce Captain Scott? . . . Janice Tremain, captain."

A look of awe and wonderment came into Scott's gaunt face. (Continued on Page 52)

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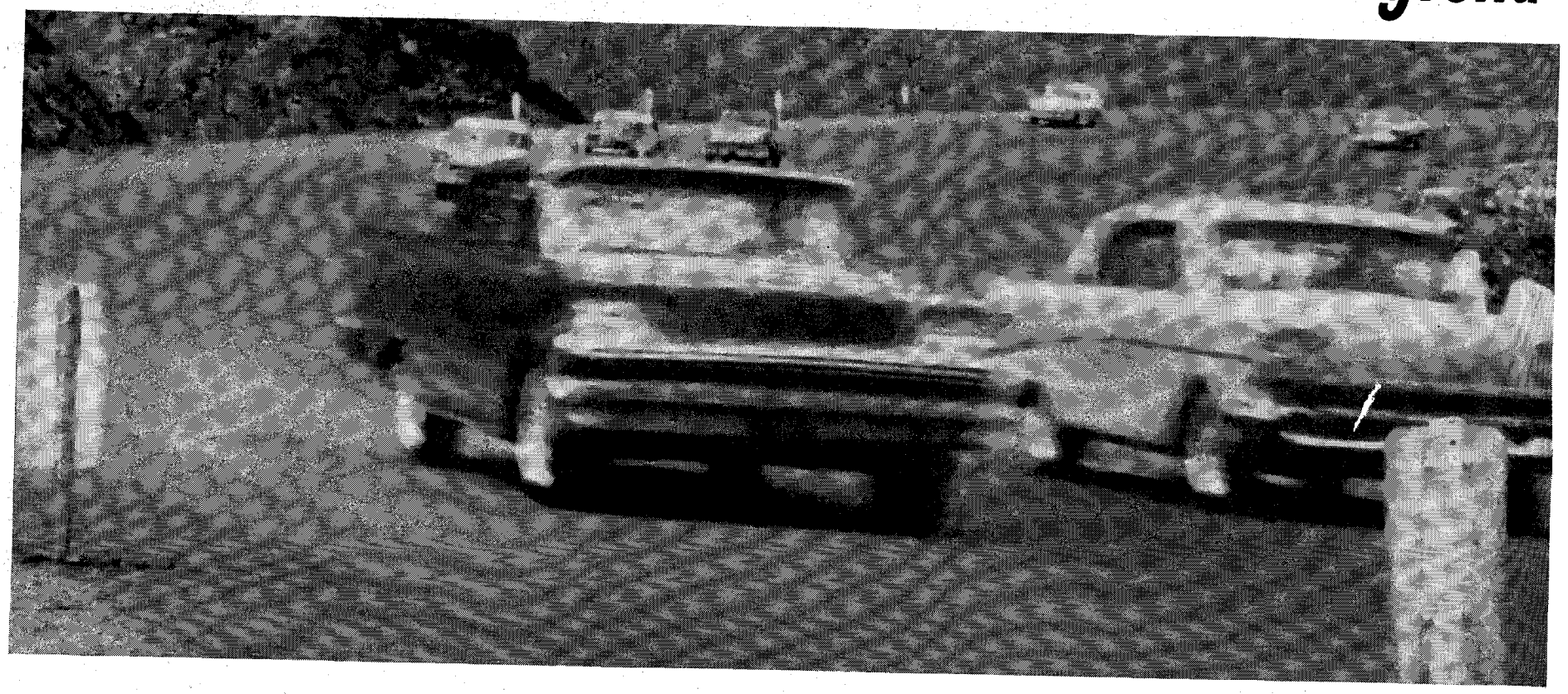
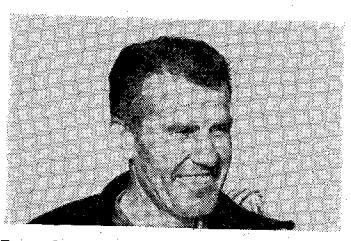
Firestone breaks world stock car record at Daytona



proving Firestones safest and longest-wearing at



Lee Petty, NASCAR 500-Mile Sweepstakes winner at Daytona, Florida, says, "When it comes to the big test, only Firestones are good enough."

†*National Association for Stock Cars.*

Firestone is FIRST in competitive tests that prove performance for you!

In February's record-shattering races at Daytona's new International Speedway, high-contour curves took the lid off the speed limit. It set a killing pace for some tires—but it couldn't stop Firestones. Winning drivers rode them to world records for every racing distance! Firestones carried the six top finishers in the NASCAR† 100-Mile Grand National where the winner's speed averaged 143.19 m.p.h. And only Firestones were good enough to finish on the top nine cars in the NASCAR 500-Mile Sweepstakes where the winner's average speed was 135.52 m.p.h.

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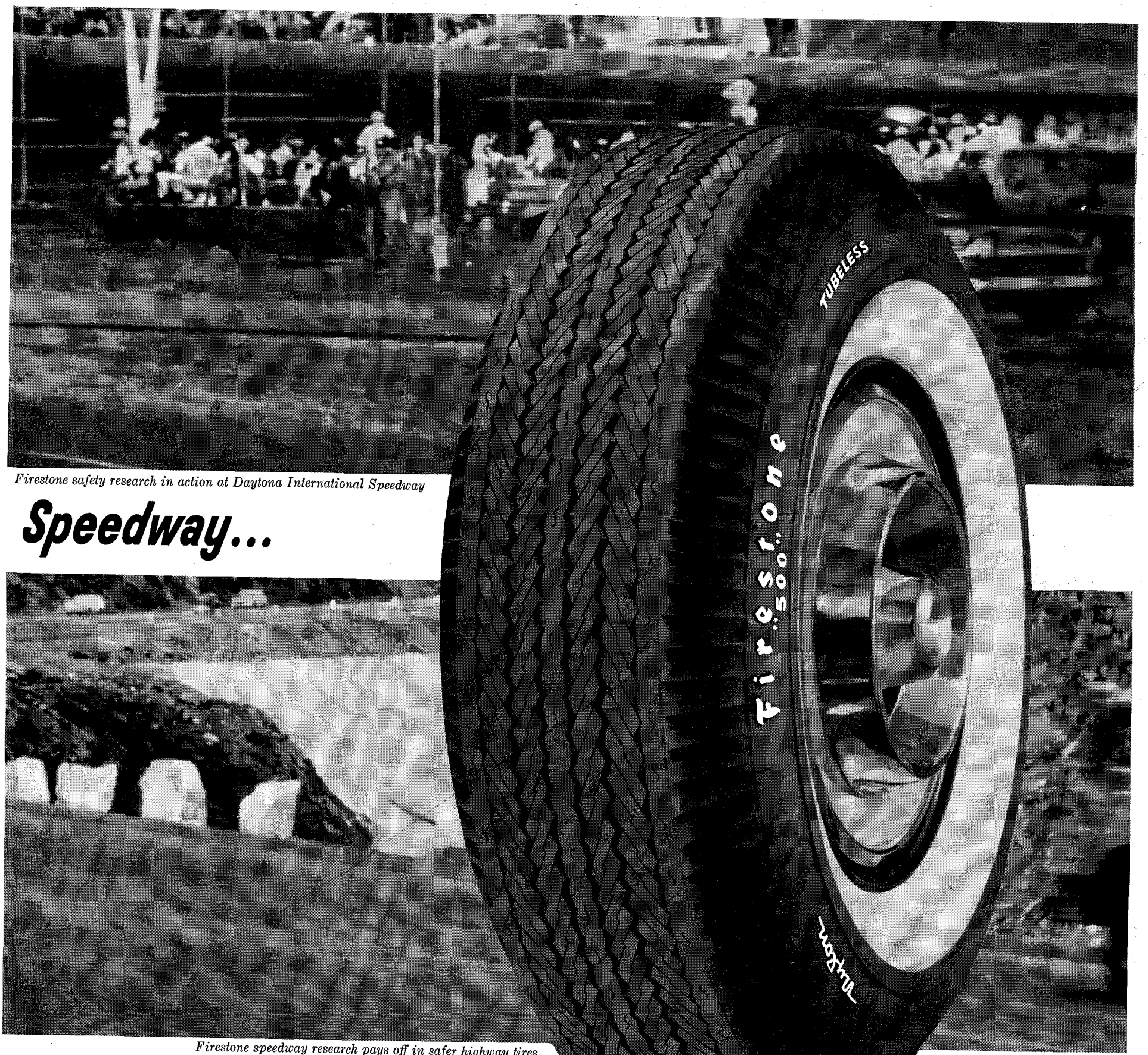

Firestone safety research in action at Daytona International Speedway

Speedway...

Firestone speedway research pays off in safer highway tires

turnpike speeds!

Most important of all—Firestones, *and only Firestones,* completed every blistering Daytona test without a single blowout. That's important news to remember the next time you buy tires for your new or present car. Such Firestone proof of performance on the speedway means safer tires for your highway and turnpike driving. Get the test-winning performance of Firestone Rubber-X,* the longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Order them on your new car, or buy now, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

*Firestone Rubber-X is compounded specifically for each type of car, truck, farm implement and construction equipment tire.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television

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Looking for the Promised Land

(Continued from Page 19)

fished a slip of paper out of his breast pocket and handed it to me. It was a payroll slip, and his name appeared under the name of a Northern California steel plant. I pretended not to notice the $260 figure on the slip, but my companion insisted on making his point.

"For only two weeks!" he said proudly. On him, the flush of success looked good.

He told me he was returning to his home near Arecibo after an absence of nearly three years. He had been living with a brother and sister-in-law near San Francisco. He did not like being away from his wife and children, but the patch of land he owned was a small one and it had been difficult to provide well for a family. Now he was to have a five-month vacation before returning to the steel mill. It would be nice to be home and to taste *piñón de amarillo* (meat-and-plantain casserole) again.

He reached into a sack under our seat and produced a fragrant, foil-wrapped package. Here, he explained, were the last of the deep-fried salmon steaks that had sustained him on his trip from California. We ate one apiece. Then he fell asleep, and I didn't speak to him again until we parted company at San Juan.

California has been good to many of this steelworker's compatriots—including such notables as actor José Ferrer of Hollywood, and ballplayer Orlando Cepeda, lately of San Francisco. Indeed there are clusters of Puerto Ricans in every corner of the United States today. But most Puerto Ricans still prefer New York City, and the movement west is slow. Less than twelve years ago, 95 per cent of the Puerto Ricans on the mainland lived in New York. Today New York has more Puerto Rican citizens than ever (more than 650,000), but its percentage of the mainland total has dropped to about 75.

According to an estimate of New York's Department of City Planning, 22 per cent of Manhattan's residents will be classified as Puerto Rican by 1970. One subway line has so many Spanish-speaking passengers that it has been termed "the San Juan cannonball."

Compared to history's great population shifts, the Puerto Rican migration to the mainland is not significant. But in America, in this age of immigration quotas, it is a notable phenomenon. The chronicle of the migration is a story of how a partially cooled melting pot is making room for what may be its last great influx from a "foreign" land.

Our history books record that at various stages in America's past, Jews were referred to collectively as "Bolshevists," and Chinese as "groveling worms." Newly arrived Slavic and Italian miners were met by armed mobs, and employment agencies displayed signs reading, "No Irish Need Apply." Now the Puerto Rican is at the bottom of the pecking order, and he is hurdling many of the same obstacles faced by newcomers who preceded him.

In one significant way, the migrant from San Juan is unlike the newcomer from Warsaw or Sicily or County Cork. Because he is an American citizen he is *expected* to speak English and know his way around, and we are impatient with him when he does not. Conversely, because he is an American, the Puerto Rican doesn't always look at a trip to our mainland as a momentous or irrevocable step, as most newcomers before him did. He can fly here anytime—for a week's pay—to harvest fruit for a season, to care for the children of a sick relative or simply to visit Uncle Felipe in Brooklyn. A visitor with such a short-term goal need not bother to acclimate himself.

The great waves of immigrants who preceded the Puerto Ricans came here in clusters and settled in national colonies where a man could live a lifetime without learning English. But the beginning of the Puerto Rican migration coincided with the era of the public-housing project, and the slums which were marked for destruction very often were the ones which housed the newcomers. Partly as a result of this uprooting process, and partly because slum housing is so spread out, Puerto Ricans now are living in every corner of New York City.

Aside from the fact that it has tended to bog down in New York, this migration is unique in many respects:

It is the mainland's first major influx from a tropical land.

It is a migration of young families. In 1957 there were 20,553 births among Puerto Rican families in New York—and only 1422 deaths.

It is bringing to the mainland a substantial number of non-English-speaking Negroes. About a tenth of the migrants are classified by census takers as Negro.

It is the first "commuting migration" from outside the continental United States. Every year tens of thousands of Puerto Ricans move back to their island.

It is also a migration that has stirred up hostilities. On a spring evening in 1957, a young Puerto Rican, just discharged from the Army, was kicked to death outside a Brooklyn tavern because bar patrons objected to his speaking to his brother in Spanish. And, in New Jersey, a Superior Court judge—since removed from his bench by Governor Meyner—remarked publicly that if you put Puerto Ricans into palaces, they'd turn them into pigsties.

The major influx of Puerto Ricans began after World War II. The island's workers were desperate then, for while the war had brought prosperity to U.S. wage earners, it created economic chaos in most of Puerto Rico. There was no heavy industry on the island in the early '40's, and U-boats made Caribbean shipping so hazardous that Puerto Rico had no market for her nonessential exports.

When the war ended, many Puerto Ricans, especially ex-G.I.'s, saw migration as the only solution to their economic dilemma. They did not migrate to escape Puerto Rico's fine climate; they left to find work. This fact was verified in 1954, a year of mild recession and few job opportunities, when net migration to New York dropped to one third the 69,000 figure of 1953. In the tight-money years of 1957–58, net migration once again dropped sharply.

As a result of the island's dynamic industrialization program, "Operation Bootstrap," the number of factories has increased more than a hundredfold since World War II. But Bootstrap has yet to provide jobs for everyone—and the population continues to grow, despite the tremendous emigration and a government-sponsored birth-control program. If the forty-nine states were as densely populated as Puerto Rico, they would contain almost all the people of the world.

The island's topsy-turvy wage scales also affect migration. In an efficient new Bootstrap plant at Salinas, Puerto Rico, I watched a young mother doing unskilled assembly work on ball-point pens. She was paid a dollar an hour. This money had to support her husband, who, because he could not find work, spent his days caring for the children. (Factory jobs have given independence to many Puerto Rican women—and, as a result, the island's divorce rate has soared.)

In a clothing factory at Mayagüez, a woman of fifty toiled at a sewing operation far more demanding than the pen-factory job, yet she averaged only fifty cents an hour. The reason for this disparity is that in Puerto Rico, a minimum-wage scale is established for each industry, according to the ability of that industry to pay.

The manager of the pen factory told me that few girls leave his plant to seek better jobs on the mainland. But the owner of the garment factory is hit hard by the exodus, for in New York a good sewing-machine operator can make ninety dollars a week. "Unfortunately," this manufacturer says, "our factory hinges on twenty-five key operators—and those are the ones who take off."

Although the lure of a better job market set the stage for migration, it was cut-rate air travel that provided the impetus. In the postwar boom, scheduled airlines slashed their fares, and dozens of nonscheduled carriers offered tickets for as little as thirty-five dollars. (Rock-bottom price today is forty-five dollars.)

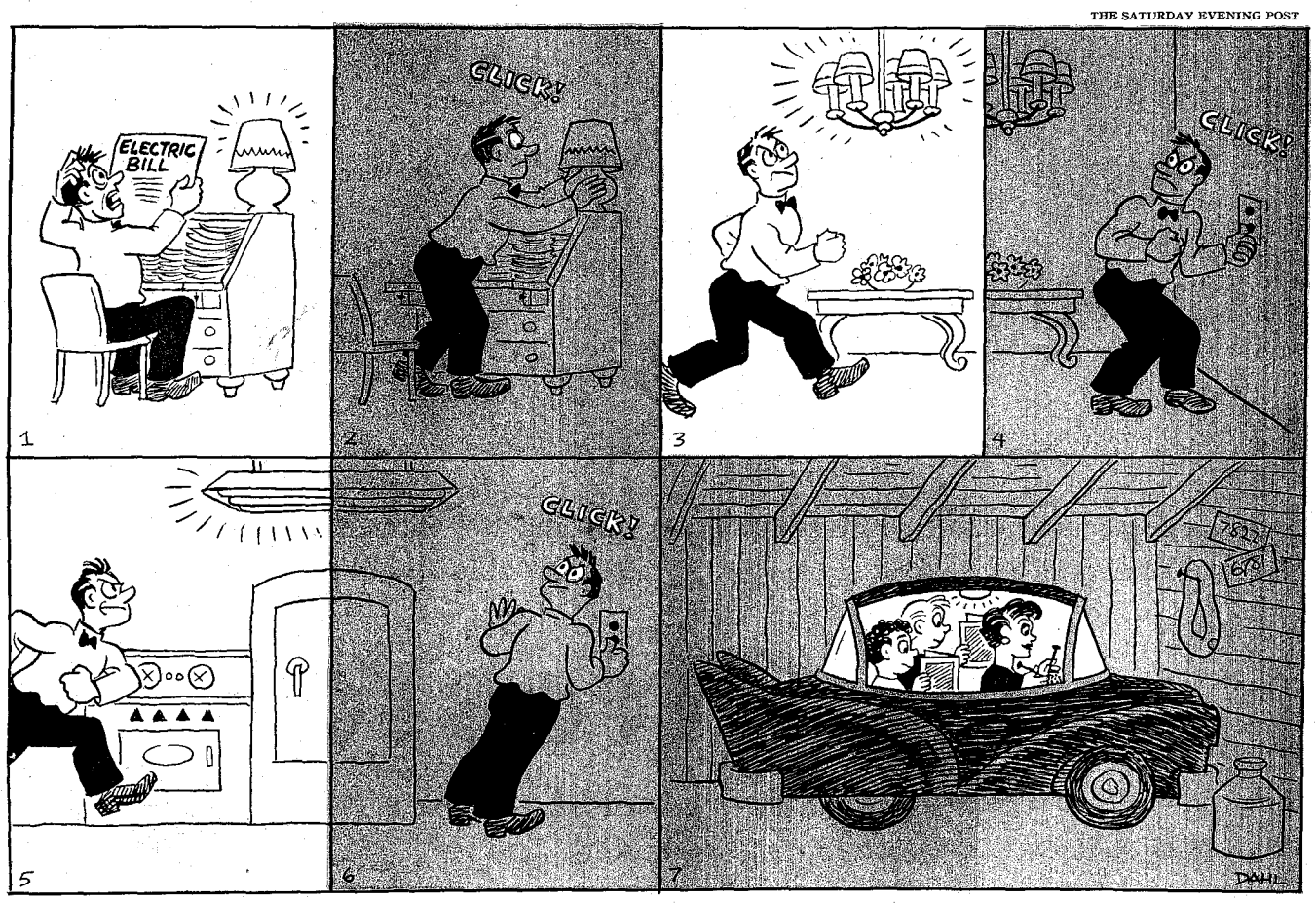
Puerto Rican communities now can be found in more than 100 towns and cities on the mainland. After New York, the ten U.S. cities with the greatest number of Puerto Rican residents are—in probable descending order—Chicago; Philadelphia; Newark, New Jersey; Bridgeport, Connecticut; Buffalo; Miami; Camden, New Jersey; Paterson, New Jersey; Hartford, Connecticut; and Rochester, New York. All have 4500 or more Puerto Rican residents.

Milwaukee offers a good example of how a Puerto Rican community may spring up in a city. In 1951 the Puerto Rican government responded to a request from a Milwaukee iron foundry for thirty-six workers. The happy letters sent by these men to their home *barrio* were full of praise for Milwaukee. Their rapture for their new home attracted many others, who in turn wrote enthusiastic letters. The Puerto Rican population of Milwaukee now exceeds 3000—mostly friends or kin of the original thirty-six.

An extensive orientation program on the island prepares many migrants for mainland climate and living conditions. "But," says one orientation worker, "we never can anticipate who is going or when they are going. We can't require anyone to come to us for advice." One migrant, when asked if he was going to the States, replied, "No. Cheecawgo."

A classic case of ill-planned migration occurred in 1954, when a worker left home one morning headed for the cane fields and failed to return home that night. More than a week later his frantic wife

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**



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received a letter and check from Illinois. Her husband had met a hiring boss—operating without government authorization—and had been whisked off the island so fast that he didn't have a chance to leave word he would be late for supper.

What sort of citizen is the Puerto Rican migrant?

The average migrant, like the errant sugar-cane worker, does not allow a mere clock to govern his life. (At one Spanish-speaking church in New York, the Sunday service begins "between eleven and twelve—sharp.") He is a warmhearted person who believes in an informal kind of adoption known as *compadrazgo*. ("If a neighbor dies and leaves a child, you take the youngster into your home, for do not all children come from God?") He prefers chicken with rice to turkey and cranberries. He is an avid *beisbol* fan, and he feels that the mustache is a very stylish adornment. The newly arrived Puerto Rican, whether he be a *jíbaro* from Puerto Rico's mountainous interior or a bank clerk from Ponce, never has seen a skyscraper or a subway—or snow. He never has been made to feel self-conscious about the color of his skin. While he probably was married in a church, he does not criticize consensual marriage, for there are not enough churches to serve everyone in Puerto Rico. He may attach little stigma to illegitimacy, provided the father accepts responsibility.

He has seen our Democratic donkey and G.O.P. elephant, but is more familiar with the square-jawed peasant in the *pava* hat—symbol of Gov. Luis Muñoz Marín's *Partido Popular Democrático*. He probably doesn't yearn for Puerto Rico's independence (though he may favor statehood), and he was ashamed and infuriated when a fanatic wing of the now-impotent Nationalist Party made black headlines by attempting to assassinate President Truman in 1950 and by shooting up the U.S. House of Representatives in 1954. (Thirty Puerto Ricans in Chicago responded by volunteering blood as a gesture of sympathy for the wounded congressmen.)

Carmen and Celso Ayala, of Long Island City, are in most respects typical of those who have migrated to New York. The Ayalas had only three rooms in Bayamón—for themselves and their nine children. Business was slow in the two-man barbershop where Celso worked, and Carmen's job in a clothing factory added only thirteen dollars a week to the family income. In 1953 Carmen visited New York. She returned home convinced that her family would find opportunity there. When a friend brought word of a "Barber Wanted" sign in a Brooklyn window, Celso agreed to pull up stakes. He wrote a letter to the Brooklyn shop and got the job.

The decision to move called for sacrifice. It meant that for a year Celso and Carmen and their eldest son, Gamaliel, would be building a nest egg in New York, while the eldest daughter, María, watched over the other children in Bayamón. To save money for eight plane tickets, father, mother and son had to share a single room in another family's apartment. Gradually, by purchasing tickets a couple at a time on a deferred-payment plan, the family was united again.

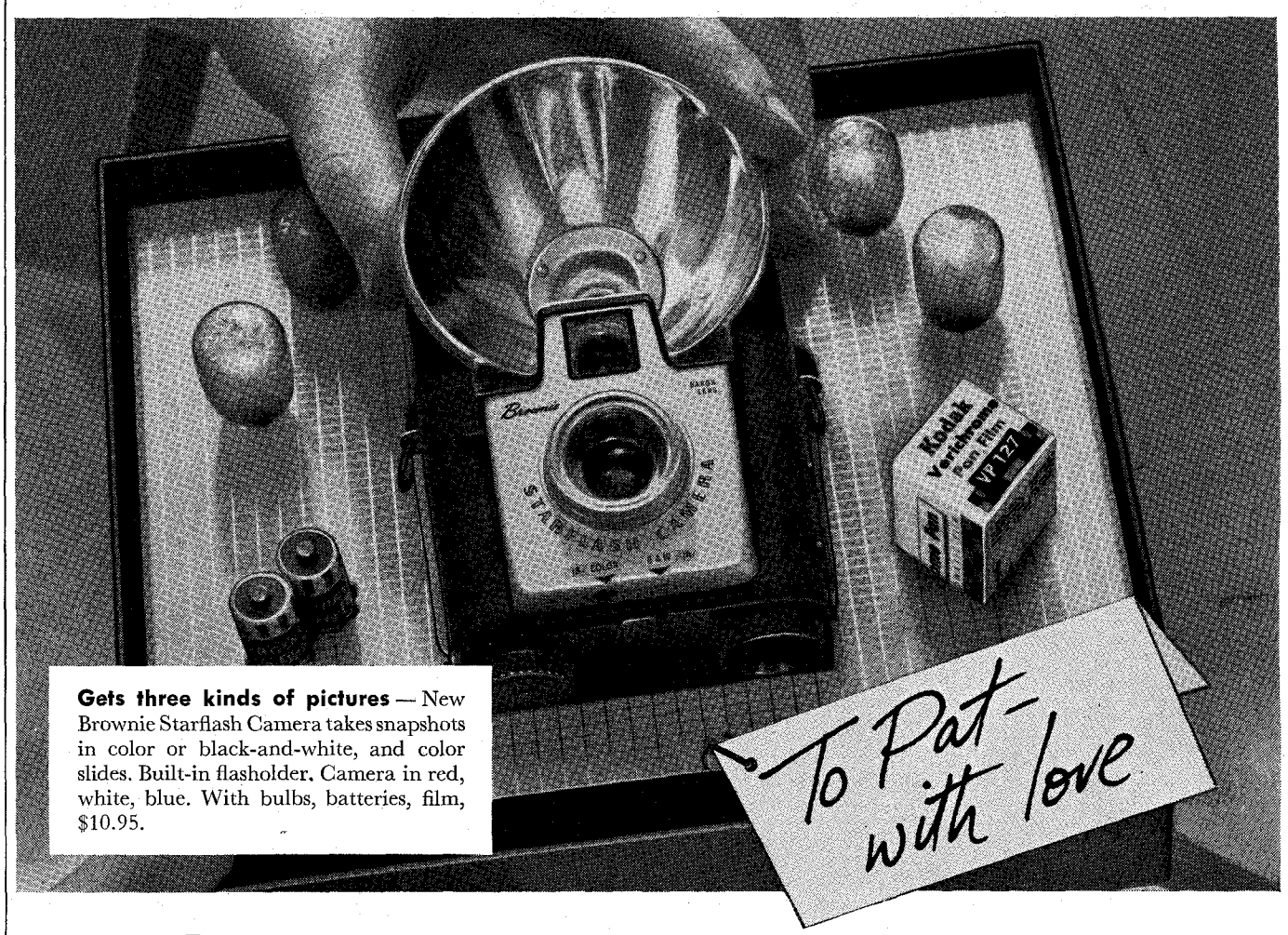
The Ayalas moved four times during their first two years in New York. Their income increased and they managed to save a little money. Then came a rare opportunity—a four-room, rent-controlled apartment at only $32.65 a month. There was a hitch, of course. The previous tenant would not vacate unless the Ayalas would shell out $500 for his "furniture" (one aged refrigerator, one lamp, one sofa). They scraped together the money and moved in. Soon they learned that they had been taken. Their building was scheduled to be torn down to make room for new apartments.

Today, barber Ayala has a fine, six-room apartment in a Long Island City public-housing project and he is glad he came to the mainland. He has two grandchildren now. He devotes much of his spare time to activities at *La Hermosa* (The Beautiful), a Spanish church in East Harlem. And a year ago he made his final installment payments on an expensive sewing machine and typewriter "so that my children will learn skills and have more opportunity."

"My father's big regret," Gamaliel told me, "is that he still cannot speak English well. He likes to meet and talk with people, and here, because of the language, he often feels isolated."

One of the most heartening aspects of this migration is the sense of responsibility Puerto Rico has displayed toward people with problems like those faced by the Ayalas. The Commonwealth Government is thought to be the first in history ever to set up offices in another land to assist people who are settling there. An eighty-five-man Migration Division is maintained in New York, and ten smaller offices are strung from Massachusetts to Illinois.

Migration workers assist migrants at the airport, issue identification cards as proof of citizenship, operate a job-placement service and acquaint the newcomer with community services. The work of this single Labor Department division cost the Puerto Rican Government $814,000 in fiscal year 1958—more than most (*Continued on Page 44*)



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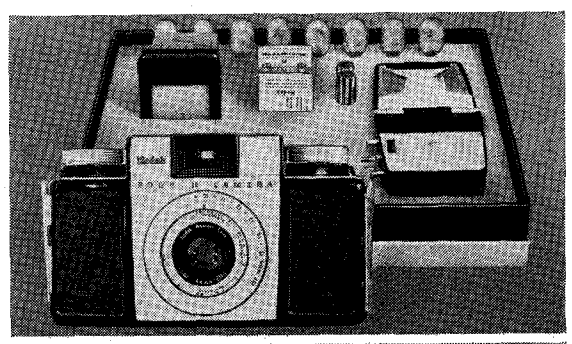

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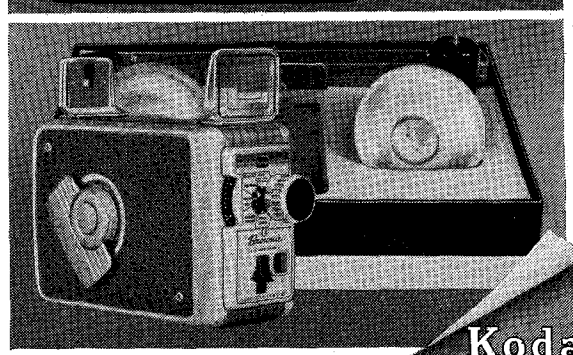

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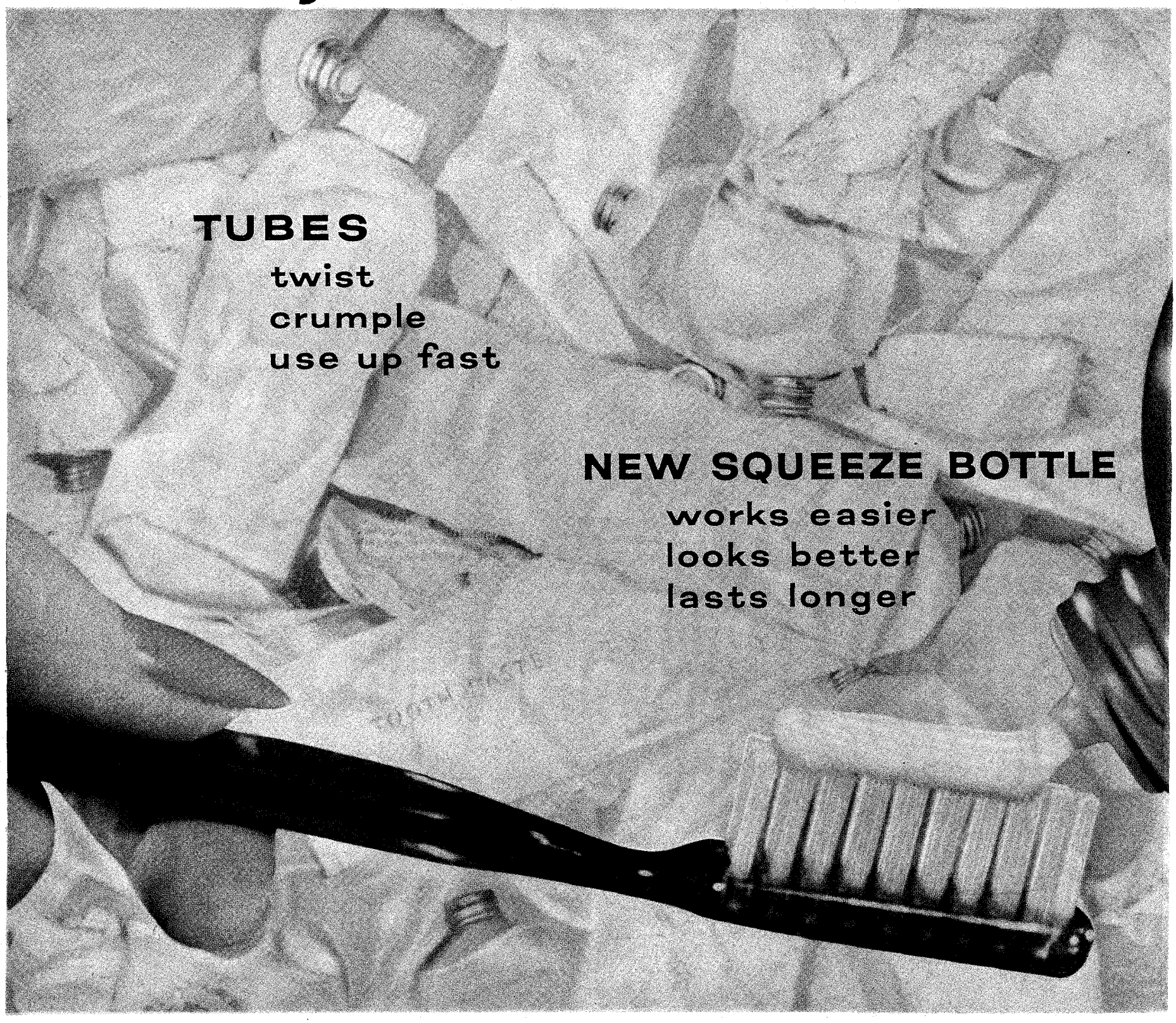

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- Laboratory tests prove it has twice the decay germ-killing power of any leading tooth paste.
- You'll like the new minty flavor of Ipana Plus, too.
- Try this new kind of dentifrice during this special sale... now only 99¢!

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a difference!

Bigger value than three 53¢ tubes

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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(*Continued from Page 41*) states spend on their entire labor departments.

"Our job," Clarence Senior, Migration Division chief, tells his staff, "is to work ourselves out of a job. We want the Puerto Rican communities on the mainland to get to the point where they will take on the responsibility of helping newcomers over the initial hurdles."

How long will the migration to the mainland continue? "The energy of growth in Puerto Rican industry has been channelized into increasing wages rather than increasing jobs," Governor Muñoz told this writer. "At a given time, the growth of the economy will be enough to take up the slack. We figure that time will be in 1975."

In the meantime, the process of adjustment to big-city living grinds on—and, in New York at least, this is not always pleasant. While investigating living conditions in the city, one housing expert found thirty migrants forced to share a single broken toilet, twenty-five Puerto Ricans living in a converted coal cellar.

An encouraging approach to the Puerto Ricans' housing problem was taken in Manhattan's Chelsea district, in a combined effort by three city departments and the Hudson Guild Neighborhood House. The project focused on seven ancient tenements which had been converted into a "hotel" known as The New California. Some 600 people, mostly Puerto Ricans, were housed there in less than 100 one- and two-room units.

An investigator found The New California to be one of the worst slums in the city: "Shower compartments were being used as refrigerators or clothes closets, refrigerator doors as swings, public halls as blackboards, stairs as toilets." When the landlord responded to a summons, he complained that tenants had broken the boiler, then attempted to heat the building with hallway bonfires. He insisted that he wanted to improve his "hotel"—if he could be guaranteed that tenants would try to keep it in good repair.

The New California Project—representing the Hudson Guild, the tenants, the landlord and the city—was established to meet the challenge. Sanitation was stressed, and one day the project suffered a minor setback which drove home a lesson in an unexpected way. The incident occurred during an English class on the patio behind the hotel, when an upstairs tenant carelessly chucked a bag of garbage out her window and into the laps of the assembled class. The result, according to an official report: "The idea began to penetrate that the incinerator was the place for the garbage." The New California never will be even a second-class hotel, but its residents now have a degree of *contento* and a greater measure of pride in their homes.

For the Puerto Rican male, the problem of finding a good job in New York often is as difficult as that of finding a decent, reasonably priced apartment. At eight o'clock on the average weekday morning, as many as 300 job seekers gather at the Migration Division office. There are openings for dishwashers and bus boys, and a man with a poor command of English can hope for little better. (The Waldorf-Astoria hotel alone has 400 Puerto Rican kitchen workers.)

Even if he is fortunate enough to find a factory job, a Puerto Rican may have to reckon with the "sweetheart contracts" so often negotiated for him by labor racketeers and unscrupulous employers. As a result, many job applicants at the Migration Division specify a preference for nonunion jobs. During a visit to New York last spring, Puerto Rican Sen. Hipólito Marcano said, "Many times I come across a Puerto Rican here in New York and he tells me he's a union member, but he doesn't know what union or what type of contract."

About one in eight of New York's Puerto Rican families are on public-assistance rolls because they can't earn enough to maintain a decent standard of living. Most of these families receive only supplementation of income, until their earning power improves. Still, the feeling persists among non-Puerto Ricans that "they come up here to get on relief."

Migrants whose language struggles make it difficult for them to find work may tune in a daily, half-hour TV program called *Aquí se Habla Inglés* (English Spoken Here). If a migrant is on relief, he may be *required* to attend English classes, held at such places as the Hudson Guild.

A man we will call Rafael Rivera typifies the plight of many migrants. He is forty-three years old, and illiterate. He is able and willing to work, but in his few months in New York he has stumbled and fallen every time he faced a job interviewer. Because of his inability to read Spanish, he had all but given up hope of learning English—until he was sent to the Hudson Guild. His progress there has been satisfactory. In another few weeks, he will speak enough English to land a job. But first he must learn to differentiate between "who," "why" and "where." A recent teacher-Rivera interchange went like this:

The instructor begins slowly. "Now, Mr. Rivera—*who* are you?"

There is a pause. Then, "I—am—here."

"No, Mr. Rivera. *Who* are you? What do you say when you're not sure of the question?"

"I say—please, say that question again."

"Fine. Now, *why* are you here?"

"I am—here—to learn—English."

"*How* are you?"

"I am—fine."

"*Where* are you?"

"I am—Rafael Rivera."

"No, Mr. Rivera. . . ."

Patiently the instructor begins the procedure again. Such patience pays off. The Welfare Department claims the Hudson Guild classes, by teaching Puerto Ricans to speak enough English to hold down jobs, saved the city $2,000,000 in public-assistance money in five years' time.

A more rudimentary type of education is being dispensed at the Good Neighbor Church and Community Center, to the Spanish-speaking teen-agers of *El Barrio* (also known as East Harlem, or Spanish Harlem). The director of the community center is a young Negro named Warren Henry, who seems not at all awed by the boys' gangs that plague the area. He invites them en masse, using as bait a fine basketball court.

"When I get a new team in here," says Henry, "they immediately complain about the refereeing, because they never had to abide by rules before." Subtly, the gang structure is broken down as Henry organizes all-star games with boys from different gangs playing on the same team. "Then Chico from the Dragnets finds that Peewee of the Targeteers is not such a bad guy after all." Henry says that in 254 games over a twelve-month period there were only four real fights—"which is a better record than Madison Square Garden had."

Some of Warren Henry's teen-agers join Good Neighbor young people's groups, where in worshiping and relaxing together they come to see that their individual problems are not quite so rare as they had imagined. At a typical meeting conducted by an assistant pastor, the kids decided to discuss "parents." The result was a sharp picture of the problems faced by second-generation Puerto Ricans in New York.

"You can't talk to them, they're so strict," complains an attractive, dark-skinned girl. "You can't reason with them that you're in America and that things are different here." (Puerto Ricans often refer to the mainland as "America.")

"That's right," another girl says accusingly. "The mothers feel if you go with a boy once, it's the boy you should marry."

"My mother married a Puerto Rican and it didn't turn out so well," says a fragile-looking girl. "So she warned us kids not to go out with Puerto Ricans because they're all jealous and irresponsible. But I started going with a nice Puerto Rican boy. I brought him up to see my mother, and now she accepts him."

One boy suggests that the biggest fear Puerto Rican parents have is the gangs. "I know boys in gangs who wish they were dead. They joined because they thought it was like lifting weights or something. Now they have to steal on Sundays—or they get shot."

The minister listens to the outpouring of pent-up emotions, never pointing an accusing finger, but sometimes giving direction to the discussion. "You know," he says finally, "the thing I love about East Harlem is that the younger generation is able to rise above this chaos. I think you should be proud of the fact that you have every right in the world to rebel—and don't."

Other churches are doing equally important work. The East Harlem Protestant Parish, for instance, is carrying out a grim crusade to rescue *El Barrio's* young people from heroin addiction.

Some 80 per cent of the Puerto Ricans profess to be "*muy Católico*" (very Catholic). Yet there are more than 200 Protestant Puerto Rican ministers in the city, and only one Puerto Rican priest. To fill the gap, there are Spanish-speaking, non-Puerto Rican priests in more than a third of New York's Catholic churches, and there are many more in other cities. In Glassboro, New Jersey, for instance, the Rev. Pasquale ("Father Pat") Di Buono operates a mobile chapel which serves migrant farm laborers in three counties.

Although the neighborhood churches are playing a vital role in helping the migrant to adjust, they are not working alone. There are many voices, some faint, some thundering, that foretell a better day for the mainland's Puerto Rican population.

Listen to George Flanagan, executive director of Brooklyn's Willoughby House Settlement: "Dealing with the Puerto Ricans is like a vine. It grows on you. The natural warmth of these people, as compared to our Anglo-Saxon cold, is sort of irresistible."

Listen to David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union: "We want to welcome them into our hearts and into our fold."

Look in on a Puerto Rican Sunday-school session in a poor section of the South Bronx. The members are voting to "adopt" a South Korean youngster by sending parcels, after hearing their pastor say, "We have clothing, food and homes. But there are children, millions of them, who get their food from garbage cans, who do not know joy, nor how to smile. Let us forget our needs now and think of these others. . . ."

For a real key to the aspirations and the promise of the Puerto Ricans, listen to an intense young social worker named Antonia Pantoja. "I don't laugh at the outlandish costumes of the new ones," says Toni. "I arrived in a cotton suit, in November, and I swear to you that I had just three cents in my pocket. I had a skirt with flowers on it, and a borrowed coat."

Toni Pantoja took a quick dip in the melting pot and emerged with a healthy respect for her old and new cultures. She has brushed against intolerance. ("It was quite a shock to discover you were supposed to be the lowest of the low. I used to cry every night.") But it has left her purposeful rather than bitter: "We want to touch the people who have the potential," she says, "to see them flower and open up. We want to give them the realization that you can be what you are without being ashamed of it. We want to help our people to stand up and say, 'I am a Puerto Rican!'"

In sharp contrast to Toni Pantoja's viewpoint is that of Joseph Burger, a bearish man who employs almost 500 Puerto Ricans in his Bronx office-furniture plant. Burger doesn't see "the Puerto Rican problem" as a repression of human dignity. "They come up here to eat," he says. "They want jobs. Stop worrying about integrating them. Stop patronizing them. If you talk to the do-gooders and the social workers about the Puerto Ricans, you're going to get suffocated with marshmallows."

In these days when two of our nation's most pressing problems are racial integration and our inability to hold friends in the underdeveloped nations of the world, the Puerto Rican has a unique contribution to make to the United States. He has what one church leader has called "a thoroughly Christian attitude toward the mixing of the races"—and he offers a bridge between the hemispheres. It was significant that Vice President Nixon stopped to see Governor Muñoz at San Juan before returning to Washington from his stormy "good-will" tour of Latin America.

Governor Muñoz says this of the Puerto Rican's contribution to the mainland: "When you meet a Puerto Rican in the streets of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, or in the farms of New Jersey, Connecticut or Minnesota, no matter how unadapted he still may seem to his new environment, think of him as a member of a human group that is trying to be useful to freedom; remember that there is a little more to him than meets the eye. Back in his Commonwealth he has a background of democracy, kindliness, a simple and sincere regard for his fellow beings—no matter of what race, color or station. This may be invisible at first, but it also migrates with him." THE END

Late Frost

By R. H. Grenville

Moved by who knows what
memory,
Last night Spring paused
and, looking back
Over the budding maple
boughs
And past the freshly
furrowed track
Prepared for wheat, was
instantly
Translated, where she chose
to halt,
Into a shape of glistening
white,
Like Lot's wife, turned to
bitter salt.

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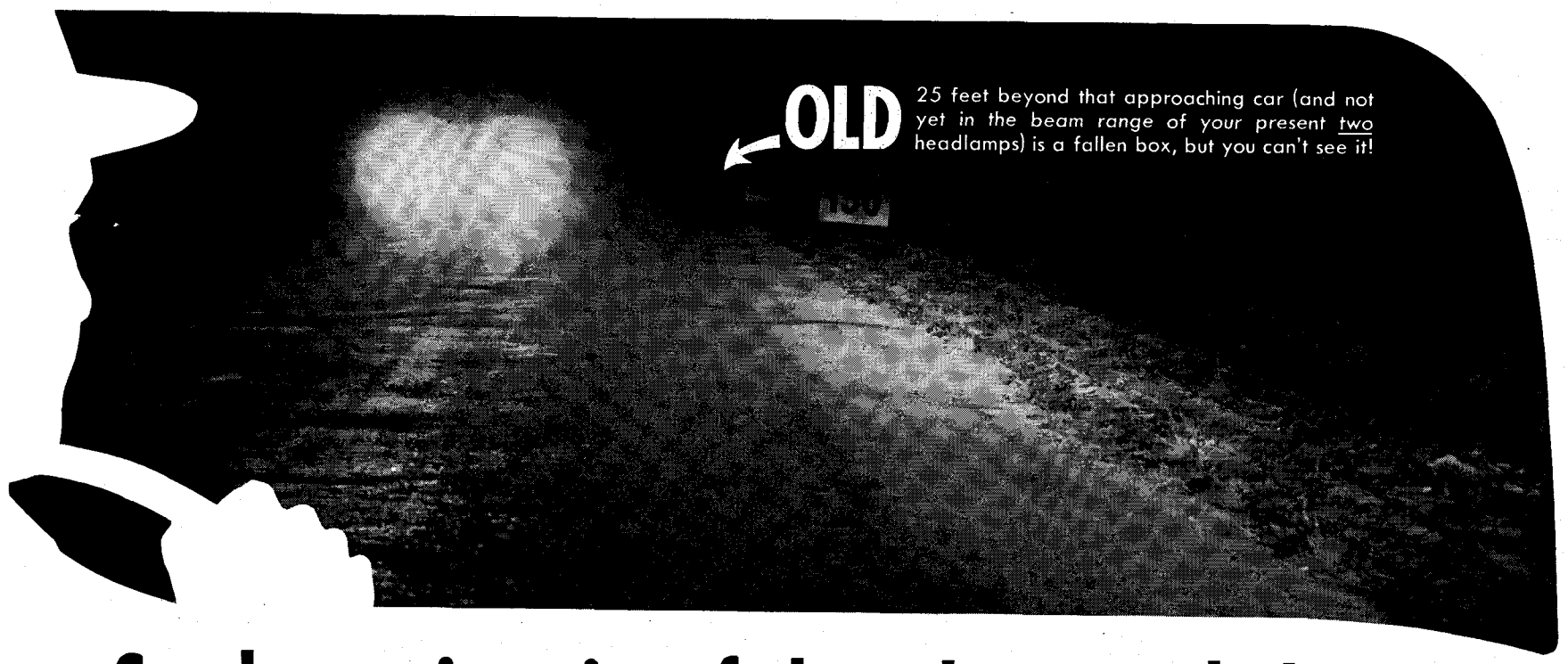
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25 feet beyond that approaching car (and not yet in the beam range of your present two headlamps) is a fallen box, but you can't see it!
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See better in spite of the other car's lights!

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There's the box 225 ft. ahead! This is how a pair of new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps helps you see better against oncoming cars' lights!
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The additional light enables you to see better beyond the oncoming car in spite of *its* lights—when both cars are from 75 to 200 feet apart. And it helps you recover your vision more quickly after the other car goes by.

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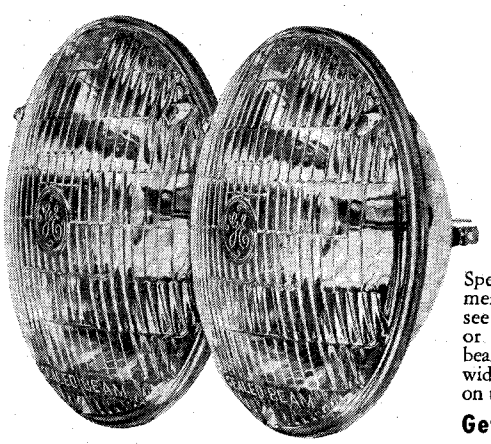

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
"TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST
2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .
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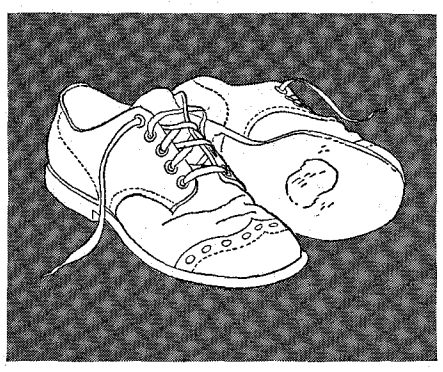
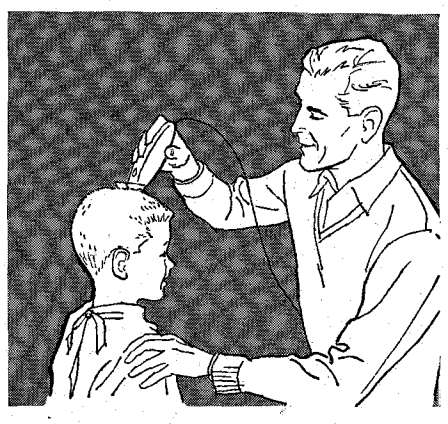
Now Home-Haircut Savings Can Pay For All Your Kids' Shoes



Seems like growing boys need two things almost every time you turn around—new shoes and haircuts. That used to mean paying out at *both* ends just to keep the boy in between looking neat. But now you can save enough *right off the top of his head* to pay for those rubbers, sneakers, dress-up shoes.



If you can comb hair, you can cut hair. You know what professional haircuts cost today: around $1.50. Send a boy every three weeks and that's approximately 17 haircuts per year; let's say just 15 to be on the conservative side. That totals up to $22.50 per year . . . and that's not even including tips!

But will a boy settle for a home haircut? Will he look just as neat and well-groomed as friends who go in for costly conventional haircuts? The answer:

Cut his hair with a Supreme Electric Haircutting Kit. You can't get neat, professional-looking results with anything less than a good precision instrument anyone can use. And that's exactly what a Supreme Electric Haircutter is. Its perfect balance in the hand, its sleek streamlined look inspire real confidence.

And Supreme Electric Haircutting Kits contain everything *else* you need to give your children haircuts only an expert can tell from the $1.50 kind. Four exclusive Supreme trimmer attachments actually let you "comb in" a perfect trim at the sides, the back of the neck . . . even give neat crew cuts easily. Truly, if you can comb hair, you can cut hair with a Supreme Electric Haircutting Kit.

Supreme Electric Home Haircutting Kits, with everything you need for professional results, are available at drug, department and hardware stores. *Kit shown below:* $14.95 (suggested retail price). Kit includes plastic storage tray that holds clipper, barber accessories, 4 trimmer attachments, instructions. Other models from $10.95.

SUPREME PRODUCTS CORP., CHICAGO, ILL. DIVISION OF A·S·R PRODUCTS CORP.

Medicine's Legal Nightmare

(Continued from Page 15)

which found a doctor guilty, and which awarded a judgment of as much as a thousand dollars."

Now only the most foolhardy physician would dare practice without insurance protecting him against judgments of $100,000, and certain specialists carry as much as $300,000 or even $500,000. The premiums for such policies have increased steadily during the past decade, sometimes jumping by as much as 100 per cent or more in one year, and now may cost a doctor $400 to $600 a year—and even higher for such high-risk specialties as certain types of surgery, radiology and anesthesiology. In addition, some insurance companies have claimed that their losses in this field have been too high, and they have abruptly stepped out of the medical-malpractice business.

"If this trend continues," said Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk, Jr., of the A.M.A., "the problem may reach the stage where the question will be not how much a physician has to pay for such insurance coverage but whether he can obtain it at any price."

Similar difficulties are now besetting the nation's hospitals, which are likewise prime targets for malpractice suits, as well as dentists, osteopaths and chiropractors.

No accurate figures are available to demonstrate the dollars-and-cents size of the malpractice problem. An estimate by Joseph Linder, of New York, probably the nation's top actuarial expert in the field, indicates that for physicians and hospitals alone the costs for malpractice claims—including court judgments, out-of-court settlements, investigation expenses and legal fees—now total at least $45,000,000 a year and may be as high as $50,000,000. Insurance companies have reacted to these losses by raising their premium rates to the doctors, who in turn have eventually passed the expense on to their patients.

But this first cost of the malpractice problem is relatively inconsequential. It represents much less than 1 per cent of the nation's medical bill. Far more important, to both doctors and their patients, has been the effect on the practice of medicine.

In some areas, physicians are calling for additional diagnostic tests even though there is no clear medical reason for these procedures. For instance, in the treatment of a patient who has bumped or bruised an arm or leg, even without the slightest sign of a broken bone, many doctors are now calling for complete X rays of the injured limb.

"This may add twenty or thirty dollars to the bill of every such patient," says Dr. James W. Watts, president of the District of Columbia Medical Society, "but in one case out of a thousand it may protect you from a malpractice suit."

In many other cases, doctors are insisting on medical consultation, even though there are no positive medical grounds for seeking additional advice. Here again the added cost—another twenty-five to fifty dollars—goes on the patient's bill. In still other cases doctors are demanding additional laboratory tests, additional hospitalization and even additional nursing care, all to cut down the chances of being sued for negligence.

Numerous authorities have also declared that the fear of lawsuits has forced many doctors into giving up many valuable though somewhat hazardous procedures, has slowed medical research and limited the use of some dangerous last-ditch methods even on dying patients. If this is true, it has been impossible to prove. Last year, in a survey covering medical centers in twenty-nine states and the District of Columbia, it was possible to find such a change in only one significant case—the use of spinal anesthesia. For reasons which are not altogether clear, the courts have apparently decided that this form of anesthesia is not merely relatively safe but absolutely safe; accordingly, if there is any accident, it follows that the doctor must have been negligent. Because of this attitude and the scores of husky malpractice judgments based on it, the use of spinal anesthesia has nearly vanished in some hospitals.

Some of these changes—the additional use of X rays, the additional use of consultants, and the limited use of spinal anesthesia—may or may not redound to the ultimate good of most patients, and they may or may not have come about without the threat of lawsuits. But there is one other effect which is clearly the result of the malpractice problem, and which is unquestionably harming medical care. This is the growing fear among tens of thousands of doctors that they may be sued and found guilty of negligence even though they committed no negligence.

Typical is the view of one California doctor, eminently qualified and skilled, highly experienced, uniformly respected by his patients and his colleagues, nationally honored for his achievements and rated one of the finest general practitioners in the country.

> One thing to be thankful for is that some people do their worst driving on golf courses.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

"I have never been sued," he told a group of newspapermen last winter, "but now I realize that I'm not immune. It could happen to me. Now, whenever a new patient comes into my office, I ask myself, 'Is this the fellow who's going to sue me?' and, God help me, I'm beginning to decide my treatments not on the basis of what's best for the patient, but on what will look best in court."

This attitude, increasingly apparent all over the United States, is based in considerable part on a misunderstanding of what malpractice is and what it is not.

Malpractice does not mean a doctor's failure to render the very best care to his patient. It does not mean an honest error in diagnosis. It does not mean a failure to cure or produce satisfactory relief. Instead, malpractice means simply the failure of a physician to apply average skill and take average precautions in rendering his professional services. If he provides this middle-ground variety of care, he cannot be legally blamed no matter whether his patient improves, worsens, lives or dies.

This is what the highest courts have ruled. What has happened in actual practice, however, has sometimes been startlingly different.

"There is now an alarming tendency," says R. Crawford Morris, a Cleveland expert on malpractice law, "for the courts to rule for the patient who is apparently injured, not because of any negligence on the part of the doctor, but because they feel sorry for the patient."

This ruling—sometimes called the "rule of sympathy"—seems to be a throwback

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to the Code of Hammurabi, written in Babylon almost 4000 years ago. Under the code, a surgeon who cured his patient should win ten shekels of silver, but if the patient died, the surgeon should lose both his hands at the wrist. If the surgeon flubbed an operation and killed the son of a nobleman, then the surgeon's son should be killed. This may or may not have prevented malpractice, but it unquestionably limited surgery.

In this country, the ground rules on malpractice law have been based on early decisions in the English courts. For example, an English surgeon named J. Mort was sued in the year 1374 on the charge that he had bungled the treatment of a patient's hand, which thereafter was "so impaired that it was maimed to his injury and damage." In this case, cited as the first recorded decision on the civil liability of a doctor in England, the surgeon escaped on a legal technicality. At the same time, the King's Bench laid down a vital rule.

"If the surgeon does so well as he can and employs all his diligence to the cure," the court stated, "it is not right that he should be held culpable."

This concept was widely followed in England and later in America. Here it was bulwarked by similar decisions, including one important ruling handed down in 1897 by William Howard Taft, then a Federal circuit judge and later President of the United States.

"A physician is not a warrantor of cures," Judge Taft said. "If a failure to cure were held to be evidence, however slight, of negligence on the part of the physician or surgeon causing the bad result, few would be courageous enough to practice the healing art, for they would have to assume financial responsibility for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to."

During the nineteenth century and the first two or three decades of the twentieth, while these seemingly reasonable rules were in force, there was essentially no such thing as a malpractice problem. There were more suits and higher judgments, but these appeared to be increasing generally in accordance with the rise in population and the higher cost of living. Furthermore, in private, most doctors indicated that those of their colleagues who were financially lambasted in malpractice suits were precisely the scoundrels who deserved such punishment.

Medical spokesmen generally agreed that some accidents would always occur so long as medicine was practiced by human beings on human beings. "Moreover," says Joseph Stetler, head of the A.M.A.'s legal department, "it has never been our purpose, nor will it ever become our purpose, to try to cover up for the doctor or prevent provision of adequate compensation in cases of this type."

In the 1930's, the situation began to change. California, then ranking only sixth in population, suddenly surpassed all other states in the number of malpractice suits. Similar jumps were soon noted in Ohio, Washington, Texas, Minnesota and the District of Columbia.

"Patients are demonstrating shocking avarice and loss of moral fiber," an attorney for a Midwestern medical society charged.

The problem continued to grow ominously until about 1942, abated slightly during the years of World War II, picked up again in 1946 and then skyrocketed. In Washington, D.C., for example, twenty malpractice actions were recorded in 1938, forty-seven in 1948, fifty-five in 1950, 128 in 1955, and 146 in 1956. In New York, the group malpractice-insurance plan covering more than 11,000 doctors reported losses of about $547,000 in 1946 and $1,713,000 in 1956. Interestingly, British physicians working under a national medical system reported equally startling changes, with losses of some £23,000 in 1950, and £159,000 in 1954.

What had caused this remarkable situation? Part of it could be clearly attributed to the advance in medicine itself.

"We're no longer in the era of those nice, safe, useless pink pills for pale people," says a St. Louis doctor. "Now we've got drugs that really work—potent agents like the sulfa drugs, the antibiotics, the steroid hormones. We've got amazing operations on the brain and the heart for diseases that once were uncurable. All these new weapons are more effective, but they're also more dangerous."

A Philadelphia physician adds, "With these modern treatments, our patients don't die. Maybe they don't recover completely, but they stay alive—at least long enough to go see a lawyer."

A second part of the problem could obviously be blamed on real negligence on the part of the doctor.

"Unfortunately," claims an official of the American College of Surgeons, "some doctors—either to save face or to make more money—will refuse to accept their limitations. They do not call for help when it is needed. They undertake procedures for which they are not trained."

A New Yorker put the matter somewhat more bluntly. "Legally," he said, "any doctor can do anything in medicine, and some doctors are damn fools enough to try it."

But these two obvious explanations could account for only a small part of the rise in malpractice claims. There were other facts which seemed totally baffling. First, in this new epidemic of malpractice claims, the highly trained specialist—the man presumably least likely to make mistakes—was actually sued at least as often as the general practitioner.

Second, in most cases of known negligence—when the doctor had made a serious mistake, and the patient was aware of it—no malpractice claim ever was instituted. "As a matter of fact," a Chicago surgeon confided recently, "when I've told my patients that I've made a mistake, they don't even get angry. They actually seem to feel sorry for me."

Third, careful appraisals of hundreds of malpractice claims indicated that in an appreciable proportion—the estimates range from 10 per cent in some areas to 90 per cent in others—there had been absolutely no technical negligence.

"These are nuisance suits," charged a California county-medical-society official. "They are medical bum raps. They prove that a doctor can practice technically perfect medicine and yet be sued—and sued successfully—for malpractice."

During the past few years it has been the growing number of these so-called nuisance suits—without any evident sign of technical malpractice—which first confused many medical men, then created acute annoyance and irritation and finally built up a storm of outrage. This anger was expressed in a barrage of free-swinging attacks against patients, lawyers and even some physicians.

"I tried to get my medical friends to slow down," says William Martin, legal counsel for the New York State Medical Society. "I tried to tell them that there was more than purely technical malpractice—that there was also psychological malpractice, the failure to treat patients with kindness and sympathy and understanding. I fear I was not very convincing at the time."

Another experienced attorney, Howard Hassard, legal counsel for the California Medical Association, likewise urged a more calm and reasonable approach.

"Any program that is unrealistic, unobjective or retaliatory against the public or any of its segments might just as well not be undertaken," he declared. "It simply will not work. Worse, it will probably backfire and aggravate the problem."

Such advice was generally not heeded. Some doctors vengefully called for a blacklist containing the name of every patient who had ever sued for malpractice. In many centers, they called for special legislation requiring a patient to forfeit a bond if he lost a malpractice suit. Some demanded that lawyers be "educated" so that they would refuse to represent patients, and others urged special laws making it unethical for a lawyer to bring suit against a physician. Many of these suggestions apparently came from physicians who were convinced that every malpractice attorney must be an ambulance chaser. Actually, few such lawyers had to go out and find clients; most were deluged with suit-minded patients and could accept only a small percentage of the available cases.

One of the most widely heard proposals was to issue only small malpractice-insurance policies. "If we carry a policy for only a thousand dollars or so," it was suggested, "no patient or his lawyer would be foolish enough to sue us for more." This belief was permanently dispelled when a doctor in Oakland, California, was sued for an allegedly botched plastic-surgery operation. The doctor carried a malpractice policy for only a few thousand dollars. The jury found him guilty of negligence and awarded his badly scarred patient a judgment of $115,000. The doctor lost his lifelong savings, his home, his car and even his practice.

Some doctors and some lawyers proposed that a new form of insurance be established to be taken out and paid for by the patients themselves, somewhat like air-travel insurance. Under such a program, which is now receiving serious consideration, any injured patient could receive appropriate compensation without being required to prove that a doctor had been negligent.

Within some medical circles it was suggested that heavy punishment be doled out to physicians who dared to criticize the work of their colleagues, especially within the hearing of patients.

"The precipitating cause of a majority of all malpractice actions is found in the unwise comments or criticism of physicians with regard to treatment given to patients by other physicians," it was claimed by the late Dr. Louis J. Regan, of Los Angeles, one of the first medical experts to study malpractice.

These damaging comments include such remarks as, "What butcher performed that operation?" or "How in the world could he have missed it?" or "It's a shame you didn't come to me first," or "You mean, your other doctor forgot to test you for diabetes?" or simply, "Wow! Where did you get that scar?"

One of the classic examples of this kind of criticism was reported by J. Joseph Herbert, chief legal counsel for the Michigan State Medical Society. It concerned a middle-aged woman who called on a prominent Detroit physician and asked him to examine an abdominal burn caused by a slip of an electric-cautery instrument.

"What doctor did that to you?" he asked. "You could sue and collect for a burn like that. Who was the physician?"

"Why, you were," said the woman.

The story came out in court, the doctor was found guilty of negligence, and the patient was awarded $4500.

As part of the general reaction to the whole malpractice situation, many if not most physicians felt they could cope with the problem in only two ways. One was to ignore it completely, presumably in the belief that if they didn't look at it, it would go away. The other was to cloak the entire problem in silence, decline to discuss any part of it with patients, lawyers, insurance men, reporters or anyone else, and refuse to testify against a fellow physician in court under any circumstances—a policy which soon became assailed as medicine's "conspiracy of silence."

If either of these two techniques had any helpful effect, this was not immediately apparent. Instead, the two approaches came close to making the doctors cut their collective professional throats.

"He was quietly filling out his income tax. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' note—Next week the author reports on legal and medical efforts to assure the aggrieved patient his day in court against the accused physician.

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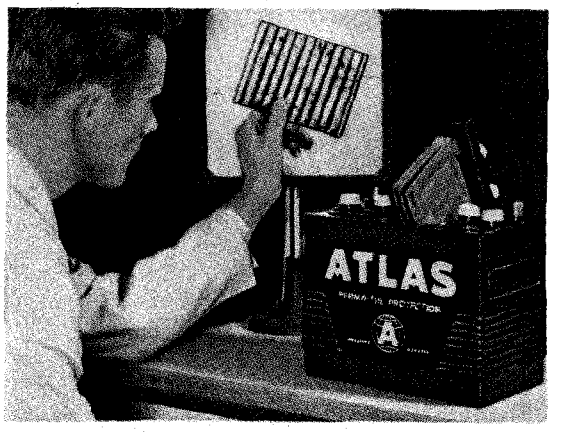

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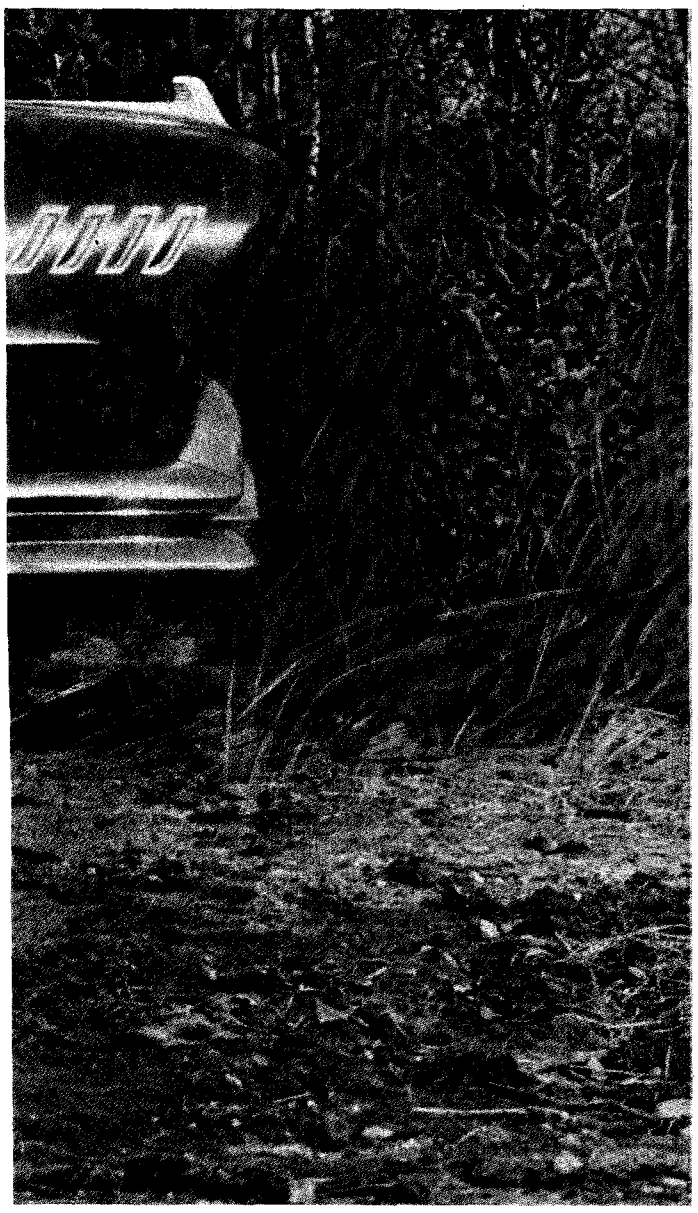

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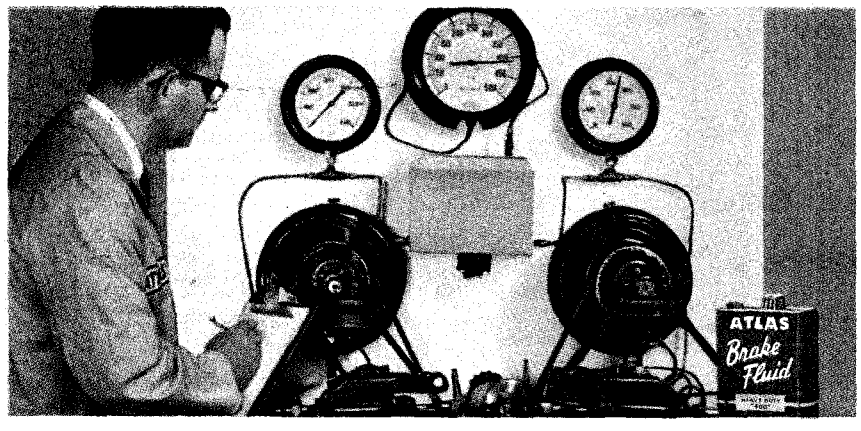

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Comanche Captives (Continued from Page 37)

"Not old Pistol Britches' daughter? Sergeant, on the double here." He put his arm around Janice's shoulder, a completely unnecessary gesture, for she could have outmarched him any day of the week. "Sergeant, have the detail dismount and light squad fires."

"Here, sir?"

"You heard the order. Take Miss Tremain with you and see that a shelter is erected to protect her from the sun."

"Really," Janice said, but Gary's touch closed the rest off.

"You're back in the Army now," Gary said. "Go with the sergeant. Everything will be all right."

"Of course it will," Scott said. "Get on with it, sergeant." He took Gary's arm. "The old man is on needles and pins; he hasn't received a report from you."

"I've been busy."

Scott smiled. "Indeed you have." Then his gaiety faded. "Has McCabe made any progress?"

"One boy was recovered."

"Just one?" Scott frowned. Like most men in command, he wanted everything done yesterday. "Tell McCabe to work a bit faster. These civilians are an impatient lot. We don't want them complaining of Army inefficiency to their congressmen. A thing like that could go down the line and land on some first lieutenant's neck."

"Well, mine's way out, sir."

"Yes, I know." He turned his head and looked at Janice Tremain, who was sitting beneath the newly erected shelter, a canvas stretched on four poles, the back side of it staked to the ground to block out the smashing sunlight. "She may save your bacon, Gary. Her father was well known in the Army. Does she have any relatives?"

"Some politician."

"Ah, yes, I recall now. I'll dispatch a man to go on ahead and send a wire. Naturally I'll mention your name."

"You don't have to," Gary said.

Scott frowned again. "Gary, you sound morose. Is there anything you want me to include in my report?"

"Tell them to ship me a box of cigars."

Scott laughed and gave Gary what was left in his case. He shook hands briefly. "I don't envy you this duty, but when there's no fighting to do, the Army has the last mess to clean up. Besides, you always have the next batch to look forward to."

"What's this?"

"The camp in the grove outside the fort is beginning to fill up again. Four wagons when I left and a report that more were on the way."

"Oh, no," Gary said and walked over to the shelter. "You're in good hands now, Janice. Good-by."

She stood up, and he noticed absently that she was nearly as tall as he was.

"I'd embarrass you if I kissed you, wouldn't I?" she said.

"Yes."

"I won't, then." She offered him her hand. "You've been most gallant, Jim, and I'm sure you've done the right thing as far as the Army is concerned. Will I see you again?"

"Perhaps, if you remain at Fort Elliott."

"You know I can't do that." She let her shoulders rise and fall. "You'll have to forgive me for not thanking you for bringing me from something to nothing. With Stone Calf I had a halfway home, but all that's gone now, so I can go back to no home at all. My father, my fiancé, even Stone Calf, all are gone. So I can't really thank you, can I?"

"No," he said.

"All those years, I dreamed of getting away, but now I no longer want it. Good-by, Jim." She turned away from him with the abruptness of a closed door; he stood rooted for a moment and then stomped angrily to his horse.

In passing, Scott said, "All the details are not clear in my mind, Gary. The circumstances under which you found her ought to be included in the report."

"She was gathering firewood. I asked her if she wanted to go back and she said yes."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir," Gary said. He mounted and turned out, moving in a southerly direction. Behind him, Scott yelled something, but Gary ignored it completely and kicked the horse into a run. He did not pause for nearly a mile; when he stopped and looked back, Scott had the detail mounted and moving toward Fort Elliott.

The last thing Jim Gary thought he would see on the prairie was three wagons moving north; he spotted them at dawn and rode toward them, unable to understand why they were there.

Silas Barnstalk had the lead wagon; he drew up as Gary wheeled his horse around. Barnstalk's wife, riding inside the wagon, looked out, saw who it was, then pulled her head in, no longer interested.

"What's the matter?" Gary asked.

"We've had enough," Barnstalk said. "That's what's the matter." Two men from the other wagons dismounted and came forward on foot. They looked at Gary, but said nothing, just stood there with their hands tucked into the bibs of their overalls.

"Did McCabe get back with the boy?"

"Boy?" Barnstalk laughed without humor. "A mountain cat would be more like it. Wringle's having one hell of a time. His woman's thrown up her hands and won't go near the kid. No, we seen that and that's enough! My Jess was three when we lost him. Be seventeen now. If that's what he's like, the Comanches are welcome to him." He motioned to the other men. "Lige and Sam feel the same way. I guess a man has to learn the hard way."

"Yes, it seems that way. When you get to Fort Elliott, try to tell that to the new folks living by the creek."

"Another batch, eh?" Barnstalk laughed. "Well, I won't be going to Elliott, lieutenant. Besides, a man has to find out things for himself. What's right for me is wrong for another."

"There's some truth there," Gary said, thinking of Janice Tremain. "Good luck to you."

"Same to you," Barnstalk said.

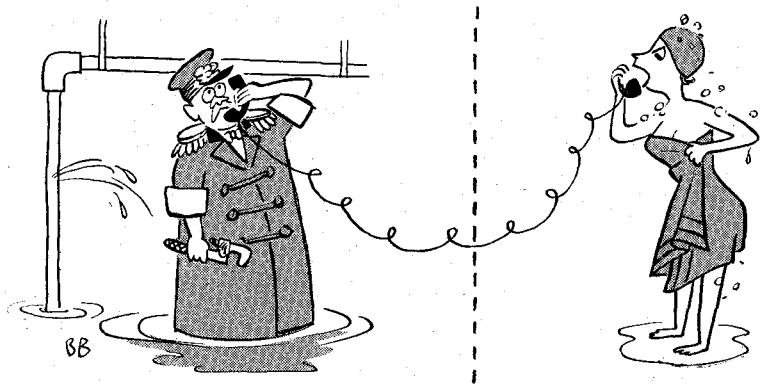
Gary mounted and waited while the wagons filed past him, and then he rode on toward Sand Creek. He wondered how many of the others would be following Barnstalk. A good many, he hoped.

Another night on the prairie, then he saw the grove before noon, and entered the Sand Creek camp while the sun was high. He thought the place oddly silent; people stood around in clannish groups, not working much, and talking less. He saw the boy near Wringle's wagon, sitting in the shade, staring at a spot of ground between his outstretched legs.

Gary went on to the Donovan camp and found Jane there. She was washing the midday pots and dropped them with a clatter when she saw him. Gary put his arm around her and walked with her to the fire.

"Haven't had a decent cup of coffee since I left," he said. "Where's McCabe?" His voice assumed a flatness when he said the man's name, and Jane's eyes took on a questioning expression.

"In our wagon." Gary forgot about the coffee and unflapped his pistol holster; Jane put out her arm and stopped him. "McCabe's flat on his back, Jim. His hand became infected." She took his arm. "Come on, sit down. You look like you



The Perfect Squelch

The shapely young lady in Apartment 11-B treated the building employees as if she were the dowager queen of a despotism. She was especially rude and demanding with the quiet old night doorman.

One Sunday while the maintenance man was out eating, a break in the basement water connections left the apartment house dry. The doorman was repairing it, unaided, when his telephone jangled. It was the queen in 11-B. Without permitting the doorman to get in a word of explanation, she went into a tirade. Finally she shouted, "Do something, you old blockhead! I was in the shower covered with soap when the water went off."

"If you'll get off the phone and go back to your shower," he said politely, "in about five minutes I'll rinse you off."

Zebley Dawson

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rode to hell, measured it and rode back." Her hands pushed at him, then handed him the coffee cup. "Let's talk, Jim. Then you can do what you think you have to do."

"Sure," he said. "Why get excited?" He tried the coffee and smiled. "Man, that's good. Real good."

"McCabe said you had a woman."

"I took her north and met the Fort Elliott patrol. She's Army."

"Oh. It's good to be somebody, isn't it?" She squatted down across from him and watched him. "You look good to me, even with the whiskers." She lifted the pot. "Better have a refill on that coffee before Pa and Liam get back."

"The camp seems unusually quiet," he said.

"It's Wringle's boy," Jane said. "Nothing has been right since McCabe brought him back."

"I met Barnstalk on the way in, Lige and Sam were with him."

"There'll be others going."

"And you?"

"Maybe. Pa and Liam are trying to buy some horses. They've been talking about returning to Fort Elliott and wintering there before going east."

"Winter's five months away," Gary said. The trend of the talk began to alarm him. "What about your brother?"

She shrugged. "I hope he's dead. I've seen enough, Jim. I think all of us have, but they don't want to admit it."

"Captain Scott told me another camp was building at Fort Elliott."

"People like us?" She shook her head. "The fools! The utter fools."

"Sure they are, but you can only teach fools one at a time." He got up and walked over to the back of the wagon and looked in. Guthrie McCabe was stretched out on a pallet of folded blankets, his hand a pillow of bandages.

"Heard you talking," McCabe said. "You caught me when I'm down, Jim."

"What I've got is good enough to keep until you can stand."

"Now you're sore. I see you made it. The woman in camp?"

"The Army's taking care of her."

"I'll bet she likes that," McCabe said. "Do me a favor and roll up the sides of the canvas top. It's like an oven in here."

"Kind of gives you a taste of what hell is like," Gary said, but he rolled the sides.

Jane was cooking some back fat and beans for him; he again settled by the fire. "He's been a better patient than I thought he'd be," she said.

"Why not? He can't help himself—yet." He looked around the camp. "Wish a fight would start. The quiet gets you, doesn't it?"

"Jim, why doesn't the boy run away?"

"I don't know." He took the plate from her and began to eat, but he had hardly cleaned up half of it when someone yelled in a long-drawn-out wail, and a sudden and mixed shouting came from the other end of the camp.

Gary dumped his plate and started to run even as a crowd gathered around the McCandless wagon. He used his elbows and fists and battered his way through, then stopped quickly, having come to the inside of the perimeter.

The boy was there, glaring at them, an animal ready to pounce at the first sign of antagonism. Mrs. McCandless was there, on the ground, her normally vacant eyes now made permanently so by death. Gary saw the stout stake, carefully sharpened, the butt protruding from her chest, and he knew that the boy had killed her, although it seemed completely senseless at the time.

Around him was utter silence, shocked silence. McCandless was there, looking at his wife, then at the boy. This seemed to be a signal, for they suddenly vaulted into action, roaring, yelling, driving forward, grabbing the boy, beating on him with their fists as though he were a demon representing all the accumulated hurt they had known in their lives.

Gary tried to stop them, but they mowed him down like a new reaper in a field of wheat; he rolled and thrashed to keep from being trampled beneath their feet. Someone produced a rope and threw it over the limb of a tree while others fastened the loop around the boy's neck. Eager hands hoisted him aloft and he jumped like a toy on a string, his eyes popping, tongue bitten through.

Gary could only stand there and watch and listen until the sawing parted the strands of the rope and the boy fell like a shot bird. Instantly the yelling ceased; it was like water pouring from a ruptured dam, at last finding a sane level, leaving only a trickle now in place of a torrent.

The boy was dead, and they lost interest in him, turning away, going back to their wagons without a word. Only one man remained, Wringle, who looked at the boy and silently cried; then in time he turned away to get a shovel to dig the grave.

Wringle saw Gary standing there, and said, "I wanted my boy back. That's all I wanted. A man must have a curse on him to have all this happen to him."

"I'll get some help for you."

"No, he's mine. I'll bury him. Let each bury his own."

Gary went back to Jane Donovan, sick, sorry, ready to give the order to pull out; couldn't they see by now how it was? He was surprised to find McCabe leaning against the wagon; he was very weak, and Jane was trying to help him back inside, but he stubbornly resisted her.

"They killed him?" McCabe asked.

Gary nodded. "Not the easy way either. Like animals."

"What else are we?" McCabe asked. "He killed her, huh?"

"Yes," Gary said. "How did you know?"

"A guess." McCabe said. "Just a guess." He became angry then. "If I'd suspected, don't you think I'd have warned McCandless?" He wiped a hand across his sweating face. "Indians fear anyone who's not right in the head. Evil spirits live there. Usually they kill off their own when they're that way. The boy did what he thought he had to do." He let Jane help him sit down. "When I heard the first yell, I had that feeling. Then I remembered how the boy looked at Mrs. McCandless the night I brought him into camp, but it was too late then." He saw Gary's torn clothes, the blood on his face from the cuts he had received during the struggle. "I can see you tried to stop them. You could have got yourself killed."

"But at least I tried."

"Yeah," McCabe said. "Well, we never learn anything, just keep on trying." He accepted the coffee Jane handed him, then sat with the cup in his hand. "Jim, be smart and call it off. Pack 'em up, kit and boodle, and take them back to the fort."

"You know I can't do that."

"What's to be gained by staying? Neither one of us is going to be popular with Iron Hand. Didn't Stone Calf chase you and the woman?"

"Yes."

McCabe frowned. "I'm afraid to ask the next question."

"Then I'll save you the trouble; he's dead."

McCabe groaned, but not from pain. "Lord help us! That's Iron Hand's brother." He drank his coffee and handed the cup to Jane. "Help me in the wagon. I want to lie down; I feel sick all over again."

"What the devil did you expect me to do?" Gary snapped.

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"Just what you did, only I hoped you wouldn't." He leaned on Jane's arm and crawled over the tail gate. She came back to the fire and stood there for a moment.

"Were my father and brother ——"

"Pulling on the rope," Gary said, not feeling disposed to be kind about it. "They went wild. Everyone went wild. All except Wringle. He's left with the burying."

"How could anyone ever live in such country?" she asked.

He raised his head and looked at her. "You just live and forget about the rest."

She waved her hand in the direction of McCandless' wagon. "How can you ever forget that? I think it ought to stay with you as long as you live!"

"Did you think for a minute that it won't?" Gary asked. He left her then, went to his horse and took off the saddlebags. At the creek he bathed, soaked to soften his whiskers, then lathered his face and shaved; he seemed to find comfort in this simple, familiar task.

McCabe was probably right; the best move would be to get out of the country before Iron Hand let his medicine man work him into the mood for war. Sooner or later someone would trail Stone Calf—his sons probably—and when they found what the buzzards had left, they'd be mixing paint and loading cartridges.

By going back to the fort Gary supposed that he could gain a temporary reprieve from Comanche wrath, but what would going back really solve? The civilians would still be howling to the politicians for their loved ones, and the Army would have the job of recovering them.

He'd have to come back anyway and do the hated job all over again, so he decided to stay and figure a way out of this. If he failed, it wouldn't matter because the Army would have a hard time court-martialing a dead man. And if he won, there wouldn't be a need for it.

Jim Gary read the brief funeral service over Mrs. McCandless, and everyone in the grove was there except Wringle, who had reading of his own to do. After the headboard had been set in place, McCandless shook Gary's hand and thanked him.

"She's at rest now. Poor woman, she's had a heavy load to carry these years." He looked past Gary, past the last fringe of wagons to the lone man and his own mound of earth. McCandless' eyes pulled into fleshy slits, and his expression grew thoughtful. "Don't seem right that a man should have to stand alone over his only son; there's something indecent about it." He stepped around Gary and walked slowly toward Wringle.

McCabe, who stood by Jane Donovan, said, "Help me over there."

She looked at him oddly, almost joyously, then gave her arm for support. He was not a well man, not strong, but he was determined and closed the distance without faltering.

Jim Gary looked at the others. "Anyone else? Or aren't you big enough?"

They knew what he meant, but not one budged, although the desire to do so was evident in their eyes. Finally he turned and walked over to Wringle and the mound of earth.

McCandless was looking at the crudely carved headboard. Then he said, "In a way, neither knew what they was doin', Wringle."

The other man nodded. He kept his head tipped forward as though studying the brass eyelets in his shoes. "Everything was against him from the very start, wasn't it?"

"I'm sorry," McCandless said. "Sorry for my woman and your boy, and plumb sorry I went crazy like I did." He put his hand briefly on Wringle's shoulder.

"I suppose you'll go back now, Mr. Wringle," Gary said.

After a moment Wringle said, "I guess not. I'm going to build right here. Right here on Sand Creek." This was, Gary guessed, more than an idle boast or a spur-of-the-moment statement; Wringle meant it. He put the shovel on his shoulder and went back to his camp.

McCandless said, "Nothing for me here now, but if Wringle can stay, so can I."

"Go back to where you came from," McCabe said flatly. "For once in your life, be smart."

"Who wants to be?" McCandless asked.

At evening time, several more families broke camp, made up their wagons, and announced their intention of leaving this forsaken country. Jim Gary did nothing to stop them.

He wanted to talk to McCabe about Iron Hand and the advisability of remaining at Sand Creek, so he went to Jane Donovan's wagon and found her alone. McCabe, she told him, was at the creek, bathing. He walked downstream to a thicket of rushes, guided the last twenty-five yards by splashing and off-key singing. McCabe jumped when Gary parted the rushes and sat down on the bank, then relaxed and went on with his bath.

"Thought it was a woman," he said smiling. "Somehow they find me irresistible."

"I find you irresistible too," Gary said. "You feeling better?"

"Jane's cooking did it." He canted his head and looked at Gary. "Still carrying a grudge?"

"It can wait. Right now I need some advice."

"Pinches like hell to ask for it, doesn't it?"

"Some, but I can live with it. What's Iron Hand going to do?"

"Froth at the mouth. Dance and sing songs and tell everyone how the white man lied and double-crossed him." McCabe got out of the water and dried himself with an old blanket. "And you did, Gary. I told you to leave the woman alone."

"This is all my fault?"

"You took the woman and killed Stone Calf." He slipped into his underwear and pants. "Of course, he'll blame me because I brought you into the camp as a friend. McCabe's name is mud now."

"The honor is richly deserved," Gary said.

McCabe laughed. "What's going on in your do-gooder mind now?"

"I've decided to go back to Iron Hand. I don't know how, but I've got to make him listen, to understand that I was forced to do what I did."

"He'll take the hide off you a layer and an inch at a time. Then, in a week or so, if you're still alive, he'll cook your brains out over a slow fire." He slipped into his shirt and buttoned it with one hand. Putting on his cartridge belt was more of a chore, but he managed it, even to tying down the bottom of the holster. "Jim, what makes you so stupid?"

"I work hard at it," Gary said, determined not to rise to McCabe's bait.

"Maybe I put it the wrong way. What makes you so darned set on saving these people? Let them get discouraged and go home." He wiped a hand across his mouth. "I've tried to help you, but you keep fighting me all the time. One of these days I'm just going to throw up my hands and ——"

"Help me?" Gary shouted this. "McCabe, you've bucked me every step of the way!"

"Show me where?"

The man's gall, his coolness, angered Gary unreasonably; he had to take three deep breaths before he could speak. "How about that trouble I had with the Twokerrys? You sat out there on the prairie

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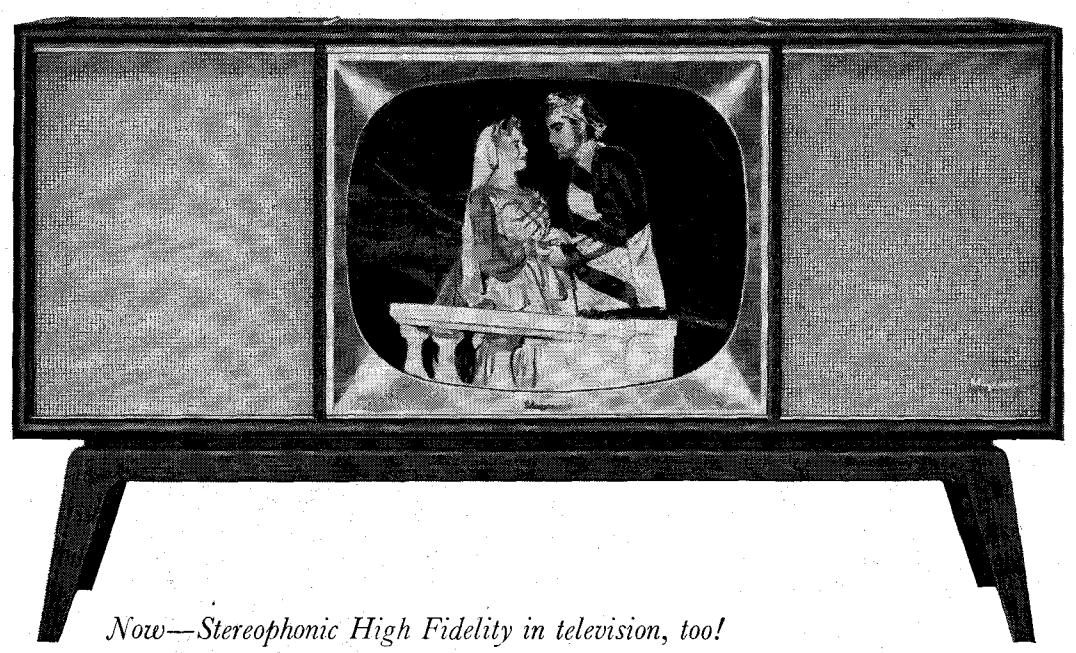

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and watched it instead of coming in and giving me a hand."

"You haven't heard a peep out of them since, have you?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Simply that you settled this yourself. Suppose I'd come in and backed you. Every time you'd give an order after that they'd look at me to see if I approved. I did you a favor, Jim."

"You've got a slick way of twisting things around," Gary said. "All right, we'll skip that and go to the main issue, your running out on me and Janice Tremain."

McCabe laughed. "You were riding double, Jim. Stone Calf knew that the boy and I rode single, so he was following the horse that made the deepest track." He watched a blank amazement come into Gary's expression, then went on to add, "So I took the boy on my horse. Bought you a little time that way too. I'll bet Stone Calf rode ten hours before he found out he was following the wrong man."

"I might have known you'd have some crazy twisted-up reason, Guthrie, but it won't work with me. Just get that hand healed up so you can fight. We're going to have it out, and the winner of this will only be able to crawl away."

"You're stubborn as well as stupid," McCabe said and stepped past him. His right side was hidden from Gary, and McCabe sneaked the draw on him, cracking the young man heavily on the head with the barrel of the gun. Gary wilted instantly, and blood oozed from the long split in his scalp.

McCabe wiped the barrel on his pants leg, then reholstered the pistol. He looked down at Gary and shook his head. "Hang it all, you're the hardest man to do anything for. You go into Iron Hand's village and you're dead, and you're too pure to die. There aren't enough like you as it is."

He left him lying in the rushes and walked back to the grove, thinking that it would be better if he just saddled up and rode out without saying anything to anyone. Still he couldn't do that; he'd have to speak to Jane Donovan; he felt compelled to say something, give her some reason.

She was washing clothes, boiling shirts in a kettle, when he came up to the fire. "Too hot to do that," he said.

... ...

Bracketeer

As much as I wish an end
to
The taxes on what I earn,
I would not care to descend
to
The point of no return.

Laurence Eisenlohr

... ...

"Hot or not, they get dirty. Where's Gary?"

"At the creek," McCabe said. "I came to say good-by."

She frowned and deserted the washing. "Why?"

He let his shoulders rise and fall. "Because I've had enough too. I'm getting out."

"No, that isn't what I meant. Why say good-by to me?"

"Because you're the first woman I haven't—well, worked for something. Or maybe because you hated me, yet treated me like you'd treat Jim Gary."

"I could have changed my mind about you, Guthrie."

"No reason to," he said. "Given a chance, I'd still lift the pennies off a dead man's eyes." He looked at her and found her regarding him carefully; he pulled his glance away. "No, I guess I wouldn't do that any more either. I'm just sorry about the whole thing. Because of you, and I guess Jim, it leaves a bad taste in my mouth." He reached out and took her hand. "Jane, I've never had a friend in my life who didn't want something from me. But you've been that to me and I like it."

"Don't be afraid of people any more. They won't hurt you."

"Yes they will. But it's worth it." He dropped her hand. "Look, when you see Jim again, tell him good-by. Tell him that I like him in spite of the things I've done and said to him."

"He's at the creek, you said. You can tell him yourself."

"No, no. Jim's sore at me, but he'll get over it in time." He laughed. "He's the closest thing to a friend I ever had, the foolish do-gooder." He looked at her, studied her as though fixing the image of her in his mind. "Jane, would you let me kiss you?"

"You could have taken a kiss," she said. "I'm sure you know how; you must have taken plenty."

"No, not this time. If it isn't given——"

"Of course it's given," she said and put her arms around him. He held her for a moment, as if she were a flower, full of delicacy and sweetness, and then released her.

"I'll remember that," he said. "Remember it for a long time." He turned away from her, then stopped and looked back. "Jane, why don't you marry Jim Gary? I mean, he's your kind of man, Jane. When you're both old you can look back at the mistakes he's made, but you won't feel a bit ashamed at any of them."

She opened her mouth to speak, but he wheeled and went to the picket line, there saddling his horse. He figured the tap he'd given Gary should keep him sick long enough for him to clear out; he had wasted enough time with Jane, but somehow he couldn't go without saying his piece. Probably she thought he was a liar. Why not? A man is judged by what he has been, and there wasn't much in McCabe's life that reflected pride or instilled confidence in others.

There wasn't much of a plan in McCabe's mind, except that he couldn't let Gary go to Iron Hand's village; they'd kill him before he could state his case. Still, McCabe knew that he himself would hardly be welcome; Indians did not single out men to blame for their troubles; they blamed them all, took out their hate on those handiest, usually some innocent traveler who died wondering what it was all about.

Nobody can accuse me of being innocent, McCabe thought. He'd lost that the day his father had kicked him off the wagon and shoved him into a cold world without a blanket. He felt sorry for Jim Gary because, no matter how this turned out, Gary's head would roll. That old colonel was due for retirement and had himself covered like a dirty shirt; Gary was positioned and primed to fall when the ax let go higher up the line. And this disturbed McCabe, for he found a great worth in Gary.

With this thought came McCabe's reason for being again on the prairie, for riding back to Iron Hand's village, which was the most foolish thing he had ever done in his life.

"I'm a no-good fool," McCabe said to the horse. "And now I want to do one thing that will make people remember me without getting mad."

Still he was a man who calculated his chances carefully; he fully believed that he could get away with this and return to Sand Creek alive, with his ears still fastened onto his head.

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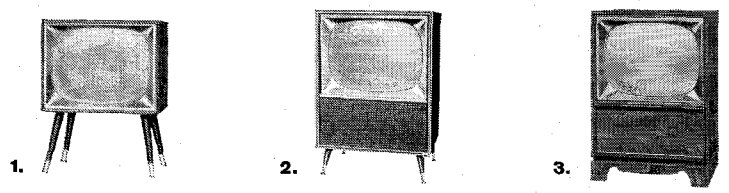

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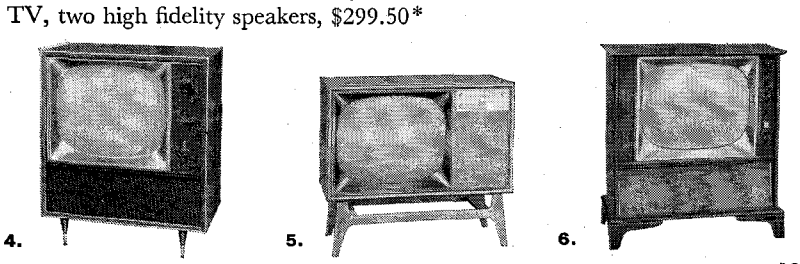

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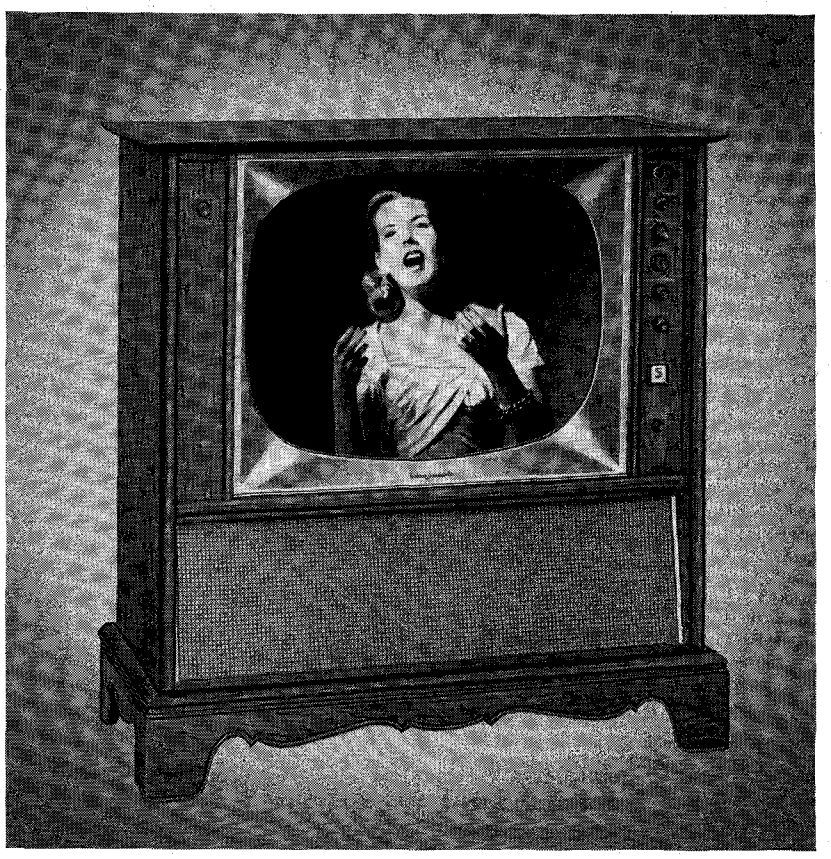

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He spent the night on the prairie, huddled in a split in the earth, sleeping with one ear cocked, his horse saddled and picketed close by.

He was riding hours before the sun came up. In the afternoon he came on Iron Hand's camp and rode boldly into it, through a quickly gathered avenue of hostility. He stopped before Iron Hand's lodge.

The Comanche came out, looked long at Guthrie McCabe, then raised his hand but a brief inch. Instantly the braves howled and converged on him, sweeping McCabe off the horse. They hoisted him aloft and carried him into Iron Hand's lodge.

Bertha Stokes, who was nine and unable to stay out of the creek, found Jim Gary moaning in the rushes; this frightened her, so she ran and brought her father, along with four other men in the camp. They carried Gary back to the camp; he was too sick to help himself, and as soon as Jane Donovan heard about it, she had him brought to her wagon. Her father and brother disapproved of this, but she put womanly pressure on them and they fell silent. They had learned from her mother how it would be if they pushed her too far; half-done beans, bitter coffee, and dirty shirts to wear; they permitted Gary to be placed in the wagon.

The cut was bathed and bandaged, and he slept through the night while Jane sat outside, quickly coming awake every time he stirred. By morning he was left with only a throbbing headache and a renewed anger at Guthrie McCabe. He left the wagon and had breakfast with the Donovans.

"I suppose he ducked out?" Gary said. "He's great at that."

"He's gone," Jane said. She spoke quietly and this drew Gary's attention.

"All right, tell me where."

"I'd have to guess," she said. "I think he went to see Iron Hand." She looked at her father and brother; they said nothing, just scooped food off their tin plates.

Gary looked at each of them, a frown building on his forehead. "No, he wouldn't do that. That would be a dumb thing to do, and McCabe only does the smart things, the things that are best for McCabe."

"I saw the direction he took," Liam Donovan said. "This time he wasn't heading toward Fort Elliott."

Gary's interest in breakfast vanished and he got up, walking back and forth, his lip caught between his teeth. "I was going to go. We talked about it before he slugged me with his gun."

"He didn't want you to die," Jane said. "Can't you see that?"

"I can see what it looks like, but it's not McCabe. He doesn't do things that way."

From the other side of the camp, someone yelled. "Ri—ders! Riders coming!"

Gary walked across the grounds and stood on the north side, where a group gathered. His field glasses were with his blankets, but by shielding his eyes with his hand he could make out a four-man detail, unmistakably Army.

"Stay here," he said and walked out to meet them; this would be Army business and he didn't want everyone listening to it.

Sergeant Goldman was in charge, a whiskered man with a large cud of tobacco in his cheek. He saluted before dismounting and handed the reins to the man on his right.

"Dispatch for you, sir," Goldman said, producing it. "I met Captain Scott five hours out of Elliott. He told me where to find you. Hurt your head, sir?"

"No," Gary said. "This keeps the sun off." He ripped open the envelope and read the message, then swore. "What the hell does this mean? Report back to Fort Elliott immediately? By heaven, I've got trouble enough here without ——" He cut the rest off and blew out his breath.

"I wouldn't know that, sir. I talked with Scott, and he's sent a rider ahead to telegraph that Tremain woman's uncle, or something. You know how those politicians are, sir. Likely he sent a wire to Colonel Frazer, and now you get your orders."

"But I'm needed here!"

Sergeant Goldman shrugged. "I guess a politician is more important."

"Sergeant, I just can't go!"

"Lieutenant, you'll get court-martialed if you don't." He turned to the detail. "Dismount. . . . We'll start back in a half hour if that suits you, lieutenant."

"Yes. Hell, yes. Let's go if we have to." He turned and walked back to the creek where the civilians waited, the question in their faces. He suddenly saw that they did not trust the Army. They depended on it because they had to, but they did not trust military policy. And he hardly blamed them.

"Find Wringle and send him to the Donovan wagon," Gary said and passed on through.

"What's up?" a man asked.

"You'll find out in time. Just get Wringle for me and don't be all day about it." He hurried back to the Donovan camp; they stood there, waiting for him. "Liam, would you roll my gear and saddle a horse for me?"

"Sure," he said and left the fire.

"What did the Army want?" Sean Donovan asked. "Some change in plans? We ain't being ordered out, are we?"

"No, but I've been ordered back to Elliott," Gary said. "Not for long, though. I ought to be back in ten days." He was not sure of this, but it sounded good, made them feel better. Wringle came over, a new worry in his eyes. Gary said, "I'm leaving you in charge here until I come back. Keep them in camp until McCabe gets back."

"Maybe he won't be coming back," Wringle said. "I hear he rode out toward Iron Hand's country. Wasn't that woman you rescued married to his brother or something?"

"News gets around," Gary said curtly, hoping that would end the prying talk.

"How come you're ordered back?" Wringle asked. "Oh, the soldiers talked. Didn't expect them to keep quiet, did you?"

"I guess not," Gary said. "Wringle, if I gave you an order, would you obey it?"

"I guess I would."

"Then get this straight: If I'm not back in two weeks, pack up the camp and come back to Fort Elliott." He went on before anyone could stop him. "I know that's not the way it was supposed to be, but I'm trying to do what's right for you people. McCabe's gone, and I don't know if he'll come back or not. Our friendship with Iron Hand was thin to begin with, and now it's shot down the creek because of the woman I took. The responsibility for this is mine, so you have nothing to worry about. The way I figure it, Iron Hand is just as likely to make a raid on you as not. He sure knows what we're here for. I just don't want anyone killed."

"There's many in this grove that haven't given up hope of recovering their kin," Wringle said. "Going back to the fort won't set well, Gary."

"Good heavens, man, we'll do everything we can to recover the prisoners!" He wiped a hand across his mouth. "Maybe we'll just have to make a new start, that's all."

"All this starting is discouraging," Wringle stated. "All right. Two weeks. If you're not back then, we'll pack up and pull out." He turned and walked away to tell the others.

Liam Donovan had the horse saddled and Gary's gear lashed on.

"I'll walk with you," Jane said.

He wanted a moment alone with her, but he was to have only that, for Sergeant Goldman was impatient to leave, and the civilians kept gathering around, looking on.

"Some of the orders you get in the Army are real stupid," Gary said. "I hate saying good-by, Jane, especially when I don't know what's over the next hill for any of us. But I'll try to get back."

"Don't, if it means doing anything against regulations." She smiled at him. "You're a very sincere man, Jim, and because of that, somewhat foolish. Remember that we're not worth it. If we were, we could do for ourselves." She bent forward and kissed him lightly. "Was she pretty, the woman you rescued?"

"Yes," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Lieutenant, we ought to be going!" Goldman called out.

"Yes, yes! In a moment!"

"Jim, I hope you don't come back," Jane said. "Then we'll leave, too, and we'll never get started again. Believe me, most of us want to give it up, but none of us are honest enough to admit it. We made a mistake, and it's snowballed into one huge mess. I want to go back to Fort Elliott, to give it up. My brother's dead. Let's bury him and get it over with."

"Lieutenant!"

"All right, sergeant! Good-by, Jane. I'll see you."

He ran to his horse and stepped into the saddle; Goldman was already turning the detail; they rode north immediately and when Gary looked back, Jane Donovan was standing alone, her arm upraised like some small statue. He waved to her and then did not look back again.

Guthrie McCabe spent a most unpleasant evening, tied to four solidly driven stakes while the children amused themselves until bedtime by lighting small twigs and placing them on his bare stomach.

Iron Hand and his favorite braves watched this, but McCabe robbed them of genuine enjoyment by failing to cry out even once, although he had to bite his lips until they bled. Finally, at Iron Hand's signal, the children were shooed away and McCabe was cut free of the stakes.

"There will be more tomorrow night," Iron Hand said.

"I can hardly wait," McCabe said.

He had momentarily forgotten Iron Hand's knowledge of English and complete lack of sense of humor; McCabe was seized by the hair and beaten soundly with a coupstick.

"Iron Hand does not think McCabe is a friend. There is no humor in McCabe. Soon, when we are through, he will stop laughing. His eyes will not see the things to laugh at, and he will have no tongue to make sounds. McCabe lies and cheats and brings false friends into Iron Hand's village."

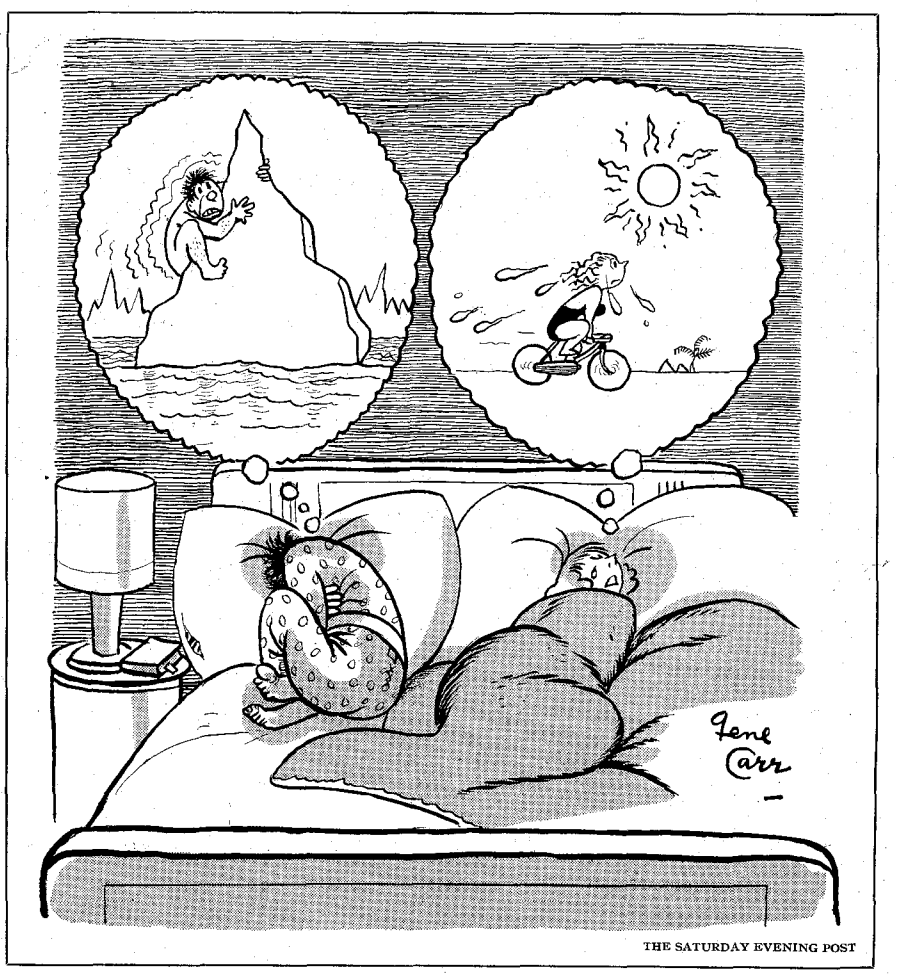
"And Iron Hand is an old woman who will not let me speak," McCabe said. "Iron Hand is thick in the head. He should sing his death song and die, for he is not a leader."

The insult was meant to cut deep, and it did; Iron Hand half rose and raised his hand to strike; then he settled back, his eyes a bright glitter in the firelight. "Why does McCabe return? Does he think Iron Hand will know rest until Stone Calf's killer is dead?"

"Stone Calf was a little boy fit for hunting rabbits, else he would not have allowed himself to be killed by a white man." McCabe laughed. "Stone Calf should have hunted sparrows with a net."

This was worth a kick in the face, and McCabe's head whacked the dirt. Then he sat up again. "Tell me where Stone Calf's sons were?" McCabe asked. "Did they hide in the rushes when their father rode out to bring back what was never his to take?" McCabe shook his head. "I come alone, Iron Hand, but soon many white men will come, and there are not enough men in your tribe to stop them. Soon all Comanches will join Stone Calf, for Comanches are thieves who steal women and children."

"Enough!" Iron Hand shouted; he was on his feet, stiff with anger. "There will be no quick (*Continued on Page 60*)



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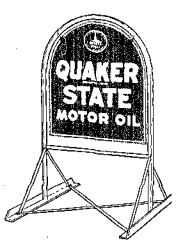

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(*Continued from Page 56*) death for McCabe, the enemy of all Comanches. You will be guarded well, day and night, and you will do a squaw's work until your arms ache and your fingers fall to the ground. Naked you will walk among us, and the children will hurl stones at you and pelt you with sticks, and the women will turn their faces from you. You will rise before all others and sleep only after others have gone to rest. Each time you falter you will be beaten, and your food will be the slops left over from the dogs. I have spoken, McCabe. Your days will be long and many-numbered, and each day a new death worse than the one before."

"You're a generous son of a dog," McCabe said, getting to his feet. He bent low at the waist, bowing, and Iron Hand was fascinated by this, thinking it was some part of the white man's ritual. At the proper moment, McCabe uncorked himself, balled his fist and caught Iron Hand flush on the mouth. The blow sent the Comanche back, knocking down three men behind him; they all ended asprawl. Iron Hand was hastily raised to his feet. His lips were a ruin and seven front teeth were broken; he spat them on the ground.

"Tie him! Beat him!"

The Comanches knew how to do that to perfection. No rawhide for them, just slender willow branches incapable of drawing blood with a single blow, but after two hours, after a thousand blows, McCabe's back was a bleeding mass. He was cut down unconscious and left to lie where he fell. Later that night, while the camp slept, a mangy dog came over to share his warmth.

To waken him in the morning, water was poured over his face and he was driven to his feet like a lazy horse. He had wood to fetch for a dozen fires, and everyone wanted his services at once. He made many trips for water, and in a daze finished out the day, but they kept him working late into the night.

The children were a constant cancer, hitting him, running after him, pelting him with fresh horse manure. He was a man naked in body and, after the fifth day of this, naked in soul.

To live, that was his one thought. To survive and suffer in utter silence, for he was not allowed to speak to anyone; he tried and was beaten for his trouble. The children soon tired of pestering him; there is little pleasure in tormenting someone who cannot fight back. He found some relief there, but his work was heavy and constant, and he ate off the ground from the scraps thrown to the dogs; he even fought them for the bones with meat still clinging to them.

He thought of Gary often, and of Jane; this helped him to keep going. Then he stopped thinking of them altogether. There was no escape for him, he knew, for he was watched constantly by braves who never relaxed their vigil.

Occasionally he saw Iron Hand with his bland face and toothless smile, but Iron Hand merely glanced at him and went on his way, leaving McCabe with the feeling that he did not exist at all.

The camp moved unexpectedly on the tenth day, and McCabe carried his load the same as the horses. They walked for two days, then stopped by a creek; McCabe judged that they were another thirty miles south now, thirty miles farther to go if he could break away.

He began to make plans, working carefully so as to establish a routine. Nothing lulled a man like routine; he hoped the guards would grow lax, even for a few minutes. But they did not. The guards were changed every day, and Iron Hand seemed to know McCabe's thoughts; his work was changed, breaking the routine, destroying his hopes, his plans.

The thought came slowly to McCabe, as bitter thoughts do, but it was there—the realization that he would never get away. He would die here.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Country Treatment

(Continued from Page 28)

and comfort him. "Uncle Fred and Lolly? Nothing. They're busy. They don't need to swap conversation to make the time pass. Good-by, darling. Aren't you going to wish me luck with the play?"

Afterward she remembered that haunting look of his as she turned and made her way out of the busy station.

A few hours later he was standing in a big, loungy living room. "Ella just doesn't understand, Mrs. Willowes. When I said I was scared of trees, I meant it. Whenever I'm around one I feel like it's out to get me."

The aunt clicked her tongue. "You poor man. Aren't there any trees where you come from?"

"No, ma'am," said Johnny. "Just fire hydrants. I—I don't want this to sound wrong, Mrs. Willowes. But could you tell me what I'm doing here?"

She laughed. "Surely. You've come for a week of rest."

"But I don't need a week of rest. Rest has a bad effect on me. What'll I do while I'm resting?"

"Oh, go for walks," said the aunt. "It's very pretty hereabouts. Work up an appetite. Read a book. See a sunrise in the morning—there are lots of things to do. Mr. Willowes is the assistant road engineer for the county. You might go with him someday on one of his inspection tours. He looks for hog wallows."

"I don't like animals either."

She was amused. "Hog wallows aren't animals; they're big holes in the road."

At this point a boy entered. "Gran'ma sent two dozens," he announced.

"This is Oliver," said the aunt. "Meet Mr. Pryor, Oliver. Mr. Pryor is a musician. He's engaged to marry my niece, the one that's in television."

"We don't have a television," Oliver stated.

"Oliver's parents are dead," Mrs. Willowes explained. "He lives with his grandmother down the road. She raises chickens. Oliver's a very intelligent boy. You'll like him."

"You ever fish?" asked Oliver.

Johnny shook his head. "Where I come from there was no need of it. If you wanted a fish you went in a store and bought one."

"Where did you come from, Mr. Pryor?" asked Oliver gravely.

"Oh, a crowded city neighborhood."

"Well, I got to go now."

When Oliver had gone the aunt said, "I'll show you to your room. Fred—Mr. Willowes—usually gets home by six. When he does, he wants his dinner not more than three minutes later."

Alone in the room, Johnny gazed through the window at the scene beyond. The Willowes house stood back on a prominence from the road. There were meadows and the hollow of a pond, with here and there wooded clumps of green; past the road the land dipped, and below ran the thread of a creek through tangled brushwood. He felt trapped by the unaccustomed quiet, and wondered how long he could bear it here.

Later, while Uncle Fred was piling potatoes on his plate, Johnny explained why, if they wouldn't think it strange, he'd rather just have coffee and a buttered roll. It was his habit to eat breakfast around noon. At four, after a practice session, he added, he took a very light lunch because the tones in the upper register never came pure from a full stomach. Usually his first real meal was at two A.M. or so.

"Well," said Uncle Fred, a bronzed man who bulged at the shoulders, "don't think you have to adopt our schedule. I'm off by seven in the morning. Meanwhile I'm a member of the school board—our son's away at Dartmouth, incidentally—and some of my nights are taken up. So you may not see too much of me. Sleep, wander around, do whatever you like; it's your vacation. You can take the station wagon into the village, or walk it in an hour or so."

"Is there a place where you can dance or listen to music?"

"You'd have to drive all the way over to Kingsbridge to find a night spot. But don't look so glum." Mr. Willowes smiled. "It's quiet, but not a graveyard."

"As a matter of fact," said Aunt Lolly, "do look at the graveyard, just this side of the village. Some of the poems on the headstones are fascinating. They go back beyond the Civil War."

Later they played gin and Johnny won a dollar-forty, which irritated him. After all, who needed it? The whole thing seemed wrong, discordant.

Yawning began at eleven, and when he went to his room, his mind tense and active, an eerie silence fell over the house. Outside, the night was black, and a chorus of crazy insects were shouting their heads off. He tried to work on the score of his Subway Blues, but ——

When morning came he felt haggard, the way he used to when two playing dates got jammed together. Aunt Lolly was pouring batter on a griddle. He disliked pancakes, but it turned out all right because she also fried some eggs and bacon. And the coffee was marvelous.

"Don't tell me you grow your own coffee."

She laughed. "We don't grow much of anything. We just love the land. How did you sleep?"

"Fine." He looked around somewhat helplessly. "Now—now what do I do, Mrs. Willowes?"

"Start calling me Aunt Lolly, for one thing. For another, Oliver is outside, waiting."

"What's he waiting for?"

"To take you around."

"Around where?"

"Oh, I don't know. To his haunts. He has all sorts of friends—giants, frogs, trees, logs—I can't keep track of them."

Oliver, in clean blue pants, was sitting on a rock outside the door. "How's your grandmother?" Johnny inquired.

"Cleaning the hen coops. I got let off so's I could take you around. Miz Willowes and my gran'ma is pretty good friends, so —— Well, we could start with the pond."

Apparently there was no getting out of it. The distance was short, perhaps two city blocks. The ground at the pond's edge sent up a marshy odor. "Look out right here," Oliver warned him. "There is a log that don't like people."

"How do you know?"

Oliver tentatively placed a sneakered foot on the edge of a rotted log. It suddenly spun in the slime, almost upsetting him. "See that?"

"Then why do you come here?"

"Oh, there's Jonesy. That's a bullfrog. He's O.K." Oliver glanced around. "Hello, everything!" he called. Placing his hand against a tall sycamore, he said, "Hello, ole tree. This is Mr. Pryor. He wants to feel you. Go ahead," he told Johnny, "feel him. He don't mind."

Overhead the branches of the sycamore seemed about to envelop him. He felt shivers running up and down his spine, and a choking tightness in the throat.

"What's the matter, Mr. Pryor?"

"N-nothing. Let's get out of here."

Oliver raised the man's hand and pressed it against the mottled bark. "See? He likes it. Just wait, and in a minute he'll start to get warm. This here is a friendly tree."

"There are friendly trees and unfriendly trees?"

"Sure. There is good logs and bad logs. Rocks is easy to tell. Bad rocks are smooth and make you slip. Good rocks are nice and rough. Them is O.K. to step on. Go ahead, step on one. They don't mind. They like it."

Johnny, still shivering, edged from beneath the sycamore.

"Hey, out there!" cried Oliver. "Where are you, Jonesy?"

The frog was hard to see at first, but at last Oliver spotted him sitting on a lily pad. "Hey, Jonesy. This is Mr. Pryor. He makes noises too. Only on a music horn." However, Jonesy was in no social mood. The large frog slipped from the pad and disappeared below the water.

"Don't mind Jonesy," Oliver apologized. "He hates to be awokened in the day. He's much more friendlier at night, because that's how frogs are. They are night people."

"So am I," declared Johnny. "I'm friendlier at night too. I didn't know there were animals like that."

"Frogs are not animals."

"Well, whatever they are."

"They're people," asserted Oliver. "Everybody's people. Rocks are people. Trees are people. Birds are nice people, except blue jays. I guess nobody ever learned blue jays to be nice."

Walking along, Johnny said, "You've got to understand, I am dumb about all this because I lived my whole childhood in the city. After that I was learning to play the horn."

When evening came he sat in his room and gazed through the window at the view beyond. A lopsided moon was running through banks of silver-edged clouds, and he could see the old sycamore in the distance. He wanted to play, to blow something, make what he saw into music, answer the chorus of crickets and frogs with his horn. Without the instrument he was tongue-tied; words never seemed to express what he wanted to say. Taking the horn under his arm, Johnny walked out toward the marshy hollow.

He found an apparently friendly log at pond's edge, and sat there listening to a voice that dominated all this tenor chirping. "Jug-o-ruh." Long pause. "Jug-o-ruh." Pause. "Jug-o-ruh." That must be Jonesy, he decided. Lifting the trumpet, he riffled tentatively across the scale, freeing the stops. "Jug-o-ruh!" went Jonesy. All right, Johnny thought, and blew a

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gritty C, A-flat, C, in imitation of the frog. Jonesy answered in the same throaty tone. Johnny blew again. The frog answered.

The musician was intrigued. He wondered if Jonesy could be taught to come up a tone higher, so he blew C-sharp, A, C-sharp. Jonesy, however, remained on his own precise pitch. "How about it, Jonesy? Come on up." He tried every trick at his command—leaps, glisses, shakes, overblowing, but at the end of twenty minutes Jonesy's call had not varied a hair's breadth.

Crazy.

The following day he went looking for Oliver, this time carrying his horn. A little excitement had built up in him. "Tell me about frogs," he said.

"What about frogs?"

"How they call with their mouths."

Oliver shook his head. "They don't open their mouths."

"What do you mean?"

"I can't help it," said Oliver. "That's how frogs are. They keep their nose and mouth closed tight, and make all that noise in their chest." He held his nose. "Jer-umph. Like that. Why?"

Johnny raised the mouthpiece of the trumpet to his lips. With an incredible display of triple-tonguing and breath control he produced an eerie imitation of the chorus of night insects at the pond, and then a perfect "Jug-o-ruh."

"Hey! That's Jonesy's call!" Oliver stood astounded. This was truly magic. "You can do that?"

Johnny nodded. "I may be the best there is in my kind of music."

"Play," said Oliver.

Johnny cupped his hand over the bell of the horn and the music sounded soft, liquid, like words. He went all the way back, back to The Coal Wagon Blues.

Oliver swallowed. "Now do Jonesy again."

He did Jonesy.

"It's different," said Oliver.

"Yes. Let's sit down. Not under the tree—over here." He still felt queasy about trees. "I never made these sounds. The way I play comes from remembering things—the hot city nights, the rumble of trains, kids screaming. Understand?"

"No," said Oliver.

"On our block, rocks were for throwing. There weren't any frogs. There was a policeman, and we spent our days torturing him. We liked to beat on ash cans. There were the sounds of peddlers and old ladies chattering. It all gets jumbled in the memory and comes out kind of melancholy—you know, sad. Too hard to talk about. So you put it into music. Do you understand now?"

"No," said Oliver. "But you play something beautiful."

When Johnny failed to continue, Oliver said, "Would you like me to show you Mr. Franklin?"

"Who's Mr. Franklin?"

"A giant."

"A real one?"

"I guess if a giant talks, that makes him real. He's down by the creek just across from Jackson's Ford near the Potter farm. Come on." Oliver took him by the hand, as Johnny's footing was not too sure on this rugged terrain. "There he is," declared Oliver, pointing upward. Johnny recognized Mr. Franklin immediately. His legs and middle were formed by the bridge that crossed the creek, his trunk and chest consisted of an immense overhanging willow. "Hello," called Oliver.

"Hello," replied the giant.

"Your name's Franklin," shouted Oliver.

". . . name's Franklin," admitted the giant.

"It's just an echo," observed Johnny.

"That's the way this giant talks," explained Oliver. "In echoes."

"Speaking of frogs," said Johnny, "do you think I could get Jonesy to change his call? Go a note higher ——" He played "Jug-o-ruh," then raised the pitch. "Like that."

"Frogs is pretty stubborn people. Why do you want him to change?"

"Just to see if he will. Dogs do tricks. Seals are trained. Why not a frog?"

"Go ahead and try," said Oliver.

"Will you come with me?"

"Sure."

They sat at the pond's edge all the next evening. Finally Aunt Lolly wandered down. Oliver had a flashlight covered with a red cloth. Close by, among the cattails, sat Jonesy.

"No luck so far," Johnny told her. "As Oliver says, frogs are stubborn people. But so are musicians. This frog is only human. He has to give in sometime." Johnny blew the call sharp. Back came the frog on his own unvarying pitch. "Well, tomorrow's another night."

Lolly didn't wait for the following night. She phoned Ella and caught her at the rehearsal studio. "You'd better climb on a train and get up here right away, Ella."

"What's the matter?"

"It's not good," said Lolly. "He sits and plays his cornet at a frog for hours at a time."

"I don't think I'm hearing very well, Aunt Lolly. We must have a poor connection."

"You're hearing all right."

"You said frog?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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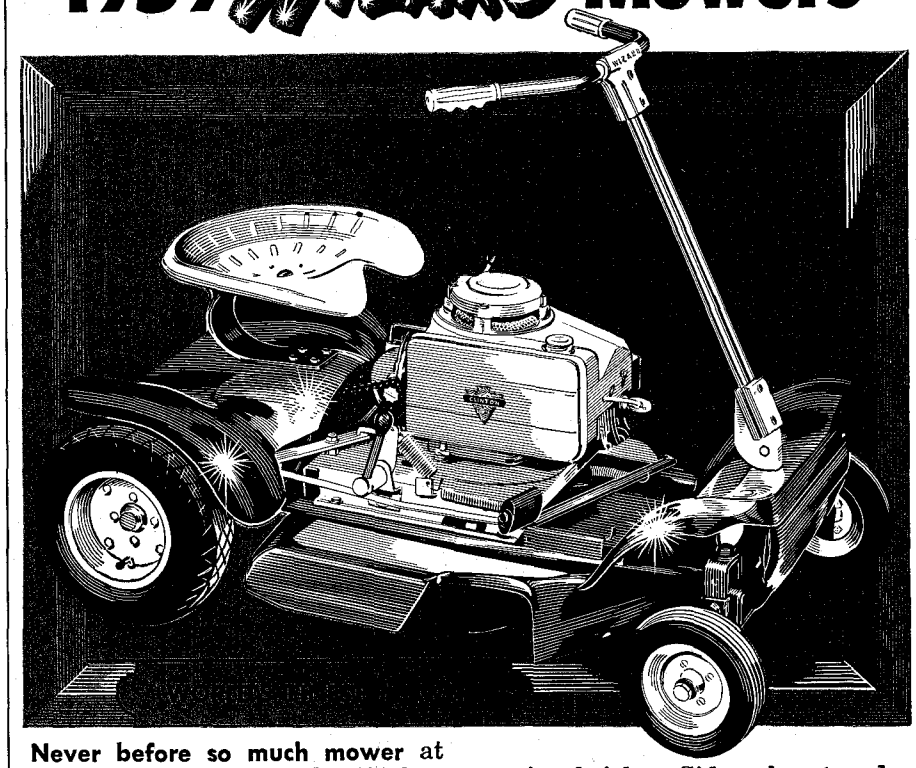

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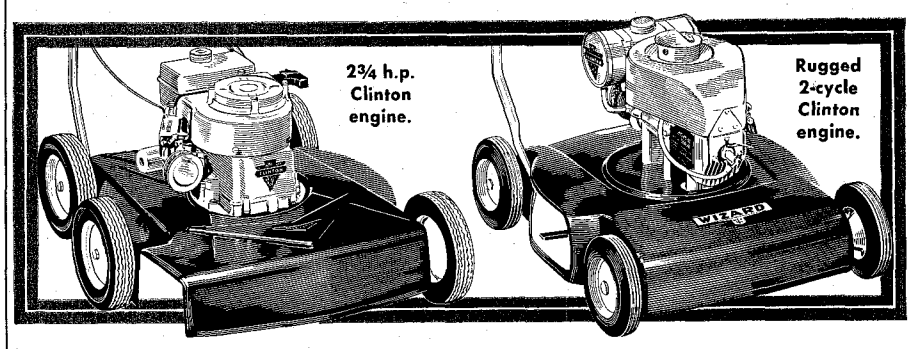

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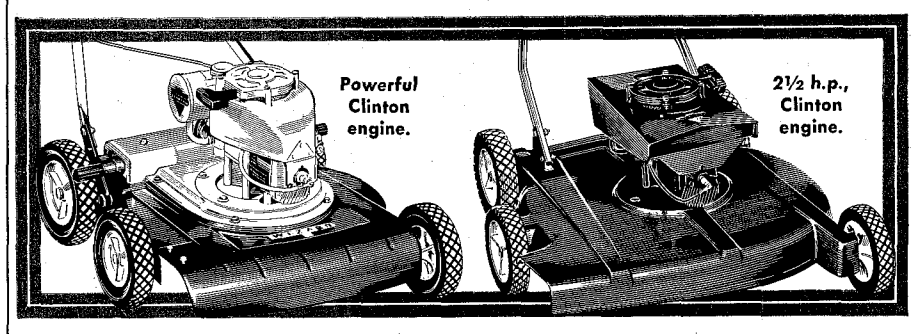

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"He won't eat," declared Lolly. "He never sleeps. He just goes around with a boy named Oliver and says he's been talking to giants." Lolly hesitated. "The way I understood it, Ella, he didn't want to come here. He was very nervous and jittery. Said he was afraid of trees. Well, maybe I'm wrong. But it could be the start of a breakdown. Anyway, I thought you ought to know."

"All right, Aunt Lolly. I'll see if they'll let me off."

He was sitting alone on the same log at dusk when she arrived. "What's the matter, Johnny?" She kissed him. "Aunt Lolly thinks something's wrong."

"Wrong?" He shrugged. "She brings Oliver over here to take me around. So he takes me around. She says he'll show me things—frogs, giants and so forth. O.K., he shows me frogs, giants and so forth. Logical?"

"I didn't come all the way up here to joke, Johnny."

"Who's joking? You see, there's a frog named Jonesy out there. A big, fat, stubborn bullfrog." Johnny raised his trumpet. "He goes 'Jug-o-ruh,' on the C. I go 'Jug-o-ruh' on the C-sharp, half a tone higher. But it's no dice. He comes right back on C. I figure I'm smarter and tougher than any frog alive. I'll make him come up if it takes me till Doomsday."

"I just knew you were overworked, Johnny. Now I'm sure of it." She said, "Maybe we ought to have a doctor."

He looked up, and there was an odd expression on his features. "How do we always figure we can run to the nearest doctor and expect a pill to take care of everything that goes wrong in life?"

"I don't understand you, Johnny."

Jonesy suddenly went, "Jug-o-ruh!"

"Hear that? Right on pitch. Well, he's got to give in sometime. He'll get no peace or rest from me until he does. It's Jonesy that's in for a nervous breakdown. He's the one who's going to need that doctor, not me."

"I know. You're torturing me because I made you come up here, because I was so bossy. But I only meant ——"

Johnny went over to her. "This is the most exciting thing that's happened to me in a long time, Ella."

"Blowing your horn at frogs?"

"Listen." He lifted the trumpet to his mouth. Softly, in effortless, sweet tones, he blew an obbligato of dancing notes among which hovered the faint, sprightly melody of Tea for Two. "Nice?"

She admitted it. "Just the same ——"

The fading twilight had turned the sky to hazy lavender. "Come over here, Ella. No, not by the tree."

"Johnny! Please! They can see us from the house. Johnny, don't. Johnny ——"

After, he said, "Nice?"

She admitted there was nothing wrong with his kisses either. "Just the same—come back with me, Johnny. Come back tonight. I have to be at the studio by eight in the morning."

He shook his head. "Got to finish with Jonesy first."

Later she said to Lolly and Fred, "I've never seen him like this. When I mentioned a doctor, he just shrugged it off. I can't quit the play now, I'd be ruined. But look out for him, won't you? I'll phone every day. And I'll be back on Sunday to take him home."

On Friday he went walking again with Oliver.

"Where are we going?"

The boy said, "I want to show you a tin can I kick."

"Now you're in my element," said Johnny. "Many's the can I've kicked around in my day. What's so special about this one?"

They finally came upon the can. "It says Mock Turtle on the label," said Oliver. "Well, around here we got Leatherbacks. We got Green Turtles, and Loggerheads and Boxes. But what's a Mock?"

"When I was a kid," said Johnny, "people used to say that Chinese chop suey was made out of snakes. We finally figured it would take more snakes than there were in the world to make that much chop suey. By the same token, it would probably take more turtles than there are to make turtle soup. So Mock is probably what you would call imaginary."

"Then why don't they call it Imaginary Turtle Soup?"

"I wouldn't know. What are you planning to be when you grow up, Oliver?"

"I might be a strong man. One of them strong men in circuses that has on long underwear and lifts weights. I'm not decided yet." He looked up. "You still think you'll get Jonesy to change his call?"

"I can try. At least I'm buying a little time."

Oliver was puzzled. "Why do you have to buy it?"

"That's just an expression." A yellow bird fluttered up from the greenery. "I meant time to be young in. I'm dying of starvation, Oliver. Let's go back to Aunt Lolly's and see if she'll feed a couple of hungry children."

That evening, after working on Jonesy with no more success than before, he returned to his room to find open on the table a well-worn address book. In a blank space, as though the ink were recently blotted, he read, "Dr. Harlow Brown, Director of Neurology, Kingsbridge Medical Center, 445 Arbor Dr., Kingsbridge." "O.K.," he said aloud. "I get the hint."

In the morning he said, "Lolly, if it isn't tied up, I wonder if you'd let me take the station wagon."

"Why, surely. Of course, Johnny."

"I thought I'd run over to Kingsbridge."

"Why, surely. Of course."

"Just to look around, maybe pick up a couple of things."

"Of course, Johnny. I—I understand."

He was gone most of the day. Meanwhile Lolly took occasion to speak to Oliver. "What do you think of Mr. Pryor, Oliver?"

"He plays beautiful."

"Yes, I know. I meant—doesn't it seem a little strange, playing at a frog?"

Oliver considered this. "Where he comes from there wasn't any frogs. So I guess he got interested."

Lolly sighed. "Well, here's a cooky. Don't swallow it whole."

"No, ma'am."

On Sunday, Johnny went down again with Oliver to the pond. He was carrying a package under his arm. "This is what I went to Kingsbridge for."

Out on the water Jonesy was dozing on his favorite lily pad. Johnny opened the package. "For you," he told Oliver.

The boy stared blankly at the shiny cornet. "It's simply beautiful!"

Johnny agreed. "It is kind of beautiful."

"Only trouble is, I can't play it."

"Well, that's why practice was invented. But I had a different thought in mind. I can't stay at Aunt Lolly's forever. So when I leave, I'd like you to come down and keep working on Jonesy. Blow at him, and listen close. And promise me one thing, Oliver."

"What?"

"If he ever changes that call, you run like mad up to the house and telephone me. Reverse the charges, tell the operator it's an emergency. Will you do that?"

"Sure," said Oliver. "Only I don't figure he ever will."

"Why not?"

"Because that song the frog makes is their love call. It would be like askin' me to leave off lovin' my gran'ma."

"And here I've been blowing my head off —— Why didn't you tell me this before?"

Oliver shrugged. "You never asked."

When Ella arrived that evening he was packed and ready to go. "This is for you." He handed a box to Lolly.

In it was an expensive leather address book elaborately bound with gold which automatically sent up the correct card at the press of a button.

"You shouldn't have done it," said Uncle Fred.

"It was only meant to express —— Well, I thought if you were looking in a hurry for a doctor or something." The glance he and Lolly exchanged ended in a broad smile.

Riding down on the train, Ella snuggled close. "You feel so good, so warm. I'm kind of happy all over."

"I'm kind of happy all over, myself."

"But you gave me a bad week, Johnny. During rehearsals the director kept saying, 'Ella, you're moving out of camera range. If you don't quit sidling off you won't be in this play,' while all the time I was thinking of you sitting by that pond blowing your horn at a frog."

"Maybe the frog was an excuse."

"What do you mean?"

"I guess I was sort of looking for my lost childhood, the one you said I never had." The rhythm of the wheels on the tracks was an accompaniment to his words. "All of a sudden I could talk to giants and believe in miracles. Oliver showed me big chariots in the sky, and taught me that rocks are people. In fact, everybody is people, according to Oliver. There are good logs and bad logs." He paused. "I found out something else, Ella. It's not such a pleasant subject."

"Tell me anyway."

"This—this thing about trees."

"Go on."

He said, "To feel alive, maybe you do have to die a little. Get rid of some unhappy part of you. One night I was standing there in the moonlight looking up at that big sycamore. It made my throat feel tight. Suddenly time seemed to unwind, and I was a little kid again. I began remembering something."

"Yes, Johnny?"

"I couldn't have been more than three years old. On the block where we lived the branches of a shaggy tree came right up to my bedroom window. At night they would make terrible black shadows. They were like grasping hands, and when they moved in the wind I thought they wanted to reach in and choke me."

After a moment he went on. "But now all that's gone. I feel as light and free as a cloud." Johnny was smiling. "The truth is, there are ways of telling if a tree is friendly."

"How?"

"You put your hand against the bark and hold it there, and after a while, if it starts to get warm—why, that's a friendly tree."

"But won't anything feel warm if you hold your hand against it?"

He pressed his fingers gently to her cheek. "Sure. That's the miracle of it."

On Tuesday of the following week she came in during a practice session at the club where he was starting a new engagement.

Carl Wilson, the trombonist, walked over. "He's out making a call. He'll be back in a minute."

"How are things going, Carl?"

"O.K. Benny Hartman was in."

"Benny! What happened?" The butterflies were fluttering in her stomach. "Is he—is he going to make the recording?"

"Funny thing." said Wilson. "Johnny didn't even do his Subway Blues. Benny came in. You know that round, squinty face of his. He just sat down and nodded at Johnny. 'Go ahead,' he said. Then came this stuff."

"What stuff, Carl?"

"Eerie. Like it was night. Dark. And every cricket and frog in the world come to life. Sound of water, and the wind rustling in the trees. A frog would call, and you could almost see him. When I looked over at Benny's face, the squint was gone. 'Never heard anything like it. Never,' he said."

"Is that all?" she asked.

"No. Benny said, 'Can you make a score for a quintet?' 'Sure,' said Johnny. 'Then we'll do it,' Benny told him. 'Incidentally, what do you call it?' Johnny thought a minute. 'Love Song,' he said." Wilson turned. "Here is your horn player now."

Instead of the expected kiss, he raised her hand and placed it against his chest. "Remember. If it starts to feel warm, that means I'm friendly."

She laughed. "Johnny! The boys are looking."

"That's all right," he said. "Like everyone else, musicians are people too."

THE END

"Bachelor, no dependents, earned $18,000. Yum, yum, yum."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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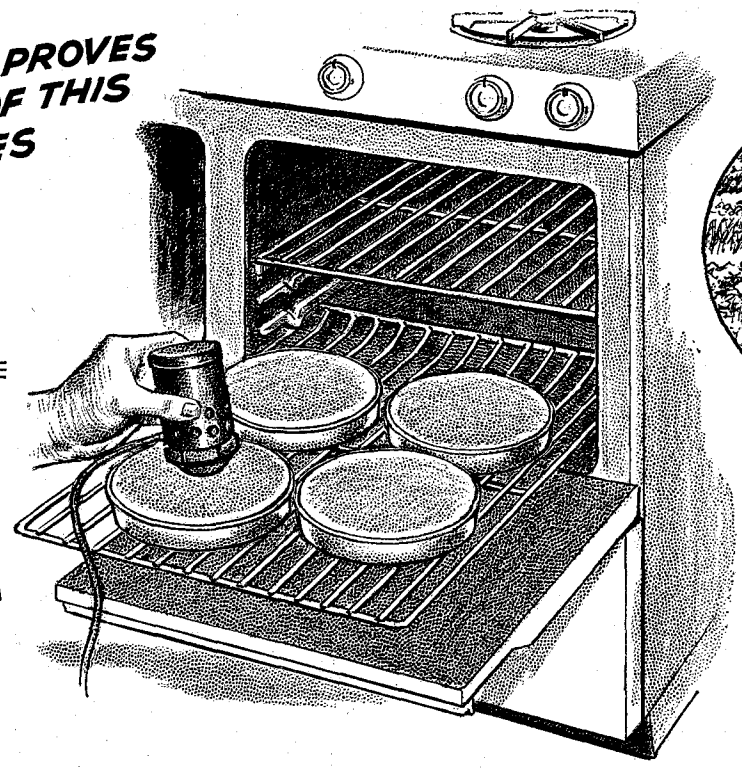
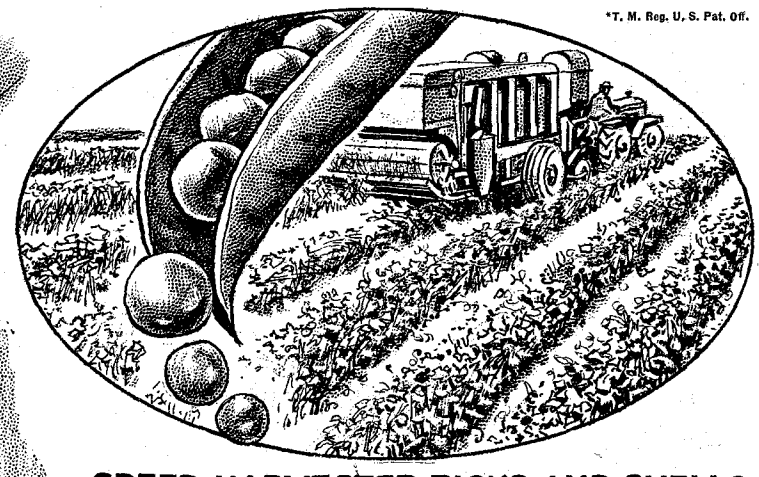


*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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The Day He Went Away

(Continued from Page 20)

had passed six-thirty and were starting the homeward stretch to the hour. Ellen lighted a cigarette, saying to herself that he would be here by the time she finished it.

A couple of undergraduates were listlessly playing darts. She knew everyone in the little pub by sight and to talk to casually. One of the students called over to the airmen, "Care for a game?"

They nodded and got up, bringing their glasses of beer with them. On the way over, one of them stopped by her stool and said hesitantly, "Would you like to take the chalks, Ellen?"

She delved in her memory for this boy's name, and then it came to her from a brief, laughing introduction at a mess party some weeks ago. She said, "Thank you, Bill. I'd be glad to."

He said, "I saw Mike in the mess. I think he said he'd be in later," and she smiled her thanks.

She wiped the blackboard clean of its old figures, while they chattered, arranging their game. "Best of three games." . . . "Three hundred and one up." . . . "Loser buys a round." . . . "Double to start."

They began to throw, the darts winging, thudding into the board. She wrote the scores, seeking for relief in the tiny feats of mental arithmetic. The game took hold of them, they became anxious, keen to win.

She said matter-of-factly, "Double top needed."

Bill took careful aim and threw. "Oh, darn it," he said.

"You want double ten now," she intoned.

"You know I can never get double ten," Bill's partner complained.

The clock stared across at her with its blank, indifferent face. The game was won and another started. The hands of the clock moved on, twenty to seven . . . quarter to . . . ten minutes to.

Perhaps he wasn't going to come. Perhaps it was his way of wrenching apart, insuring that there would be no fuss, no embarrassment. *Oh, Mike,* she said silently, *if only you'll come, if only I see you once again, there won't be any fuss. I won't betray myself.*

She never had, not even in their most sunlit hours. Did he know; could he tell?

She had always known how temporary this was, how much a thing of the moment. His squadron was to be there only a few weeks. He would come, stay awhile and go. From the first moment she met him, she knew that, and she never expected anything more, for things like that didn't really happen. You could dream wistfully, you could build fantasies, but they didn't really happen. Not to ordinary people like Ellen Connor.

A prince on a white charger, she thought wryly. Probably every girl had one tucked away in her imagination, and Mike was hers. And in the end they rode off, only in these days it was a giant aircraft instead of a horse.

Bill said, "Wake up, Ellen. Sixty-one scored."

She started. "Sorry." She subtracted the number, and said, "Double nine to get."

Once, she thought it might be different. They went to Grantchester. It was a quiet, lazy day. They strolled peacefully along, had tea, sat on the grass, watched the river and talked quietly about anything and everything. It was then that she really got to know him, and she felt so close to him that she thought her heart would burst. And in the end he sighed gently—and took her home.

It was after that that Rupert Brooke's curious, nostalgic poem came startlingly to life for her:

"I only know that you may lie
Day long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . ."

She would remember everything about him, but most of all she would remember Grantchester. When he finally came into the pub she could have cried with sheer relief, and then her throat abruptly tightened. He was in uniform, and he never wore uniform off duty.

He grinned at her, bringing with him as he always did, a sense of openness, of kindness. She said, "Hello, Mike."

He walked across and stood, watching the dart players, one hand lightly on her arm. "I'm sorry I'm late," he said. "I had some trouble getting away."

The game finished, and Bill and his partner won. Mike said to Ellen, "You've got the chalks. I suppose we'll have to thrash them now."

She tried to concentrate on throwing the darts in the right place, but it was difficult to keep her mind on it. The nearness of him, his sheer physical presence, the fact that he was there affected her like a heady wine.

And what was he doing in uniform? She loved the look of him in it, this big flight lieutenant with the pilot's wings. She was proud of him. Yet, in a way, she feared this uniform, almost hated it, for it was a symbol of that which was to take him away.

They lost two games straight off, and someone else took their place. She went with Mike to the bar, and they sat on stools, facing each other. He said, "It's not our night for darts."

"I'm afraid I wasn't very good."

"With you," he said, "it's either treble twenty or the light shade. Tonight it was the light shade."

She smiled. Twice, as she was aiming hopefully for the highest score, the dart had slipped from her fingers, struck the shade shielding the lamp above the board and gone spinning to the floor. For the moment it was all right; he was here. For how many moments? She said, touching his sleeve gently, "What's happened to old faithful?"

He was casual about his dress when he wasn't in uniform. He usually wore a tweed sports coat with leather elbow patches.

Mike said, "It's packed." He stared into his glass of beer. "We take off early in the morning." He gestured toward his uniform. "I'm on duty tonight. I have to be back at the station at nine o'clock."

"Nine!"

Her eyes went frantically to the clock. Already it was past half-past-seven.

"I'm afraid so. I'm sorry. It won't be much of an evening for you."

"It doesn't matter."

How incompetent, she thought despairingly, were words and voices. She knew what she meant. She meant that anything would be all right as long as she was with him, could have his presence. She said, "How long will you be overseas?"

"It's difficult to say. A year or two anyway."

It didn't really matter how long. Tomorrow he would be gone. She couldn't really help her next words, though as she said them she had the sensation of sliding down a steep slope into a pit. She said, "Will you write to me?"

"Yes. I'll write." But he didn't look at her.

It was the wrong thing to say, she thought miserably. *It was like trying to put a silk halter on him.* "When you've got time," she said, trying to be light, trying to repair the damage. "When you're not too busy."

And that sounded even worse.

Mike upended his glass and swallowed the remnants of his beer. "I thought we might go for a bit of a drive," he said. "If you like."

"That would be nice."

There it is again, she thought; *the idiot cliché.* But after all, she couldn't say, "Anything would be heavenly as long as you're there." Not to Mike, who liked her company well enough, it seemed, but——

He opened the car door for her. She said, "What's happening to the car?"

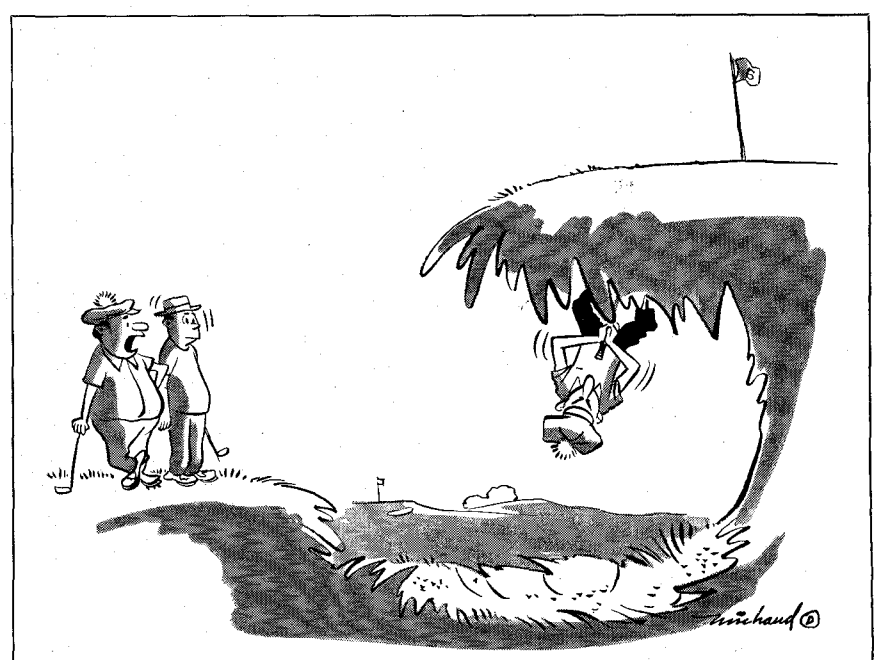
"I've sold it to a fellow on another squadron. He's letting me use it tonight."

There was a certain completeness, a finality, about his leaving that struck her with near physical force. Everything was packed, and what he couldn't pack would be sold. There would be nothing left; not Mike nor anything that belonged to him.

He drove smoothly and skillfully, part legacy perhaps from his flying. She said, "Are we going anywhere in particular?"

He didn't turn his head to look at her. "I thought we might go to Grantchester," he said casually.

Sudden, unwanted tears pricked her eyes, and she wanted to scream, "No, not



"Now that's what I call a bad lie!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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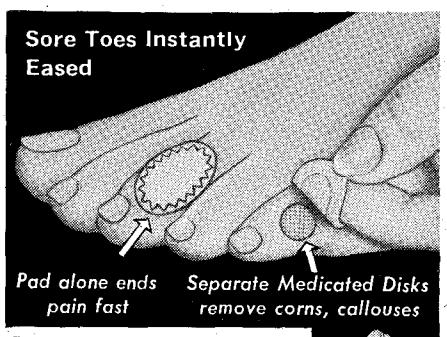
Corns Never Hurt!



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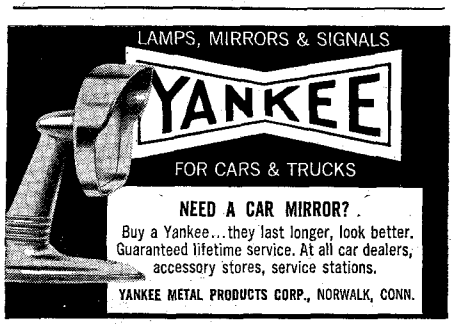

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there. Anywhere but there. Anywhere." Grantchester was the perfect, serene day, the day when they had been longest together, closest together. She didn't want to see it again, only cherish it in her memory. Least of all did she want to see it tonight. This was no gay farewell nor even an evening that would be food for future nostalgia. Forever, this would be the sad day, the end day, the day she saw Mike for the last time.

She turned her head away from him and stared out of the window. She wanted to cry and grieve over her loss, and with abrupt savageness she wished him gone. If he had gone yesterday, it would be over, finished. As it was, she still had to face that awful moment when she looked at him and knew that she was looking at him for the last time.

He said, "Is that all right with you?"

"Is what all right?"

"Grantchester."

"I'm sorry, Mike. I was thinking about something else. Yes, that's fine."

Grantchester evidently meant nothing to him. There was no point in being upset about that; she must just accept it. And she must have a little pride too. Pride was the only thing that was going to save her, enable her to see this next hour through without her brave front crumpling and collapsing.

The sun was hidden now behind a low bank of cloud on the horizon. The first hint of dusk tinted the air. Soon, too soon, the night would come. The calm fields were taking on a touch of gray, the sky dulling almost imperceptibly.

Without willing it, her eyes sought the clock on the dashboard, and a flurry of panic set her trembling inside. Ten to eight. And he had to be back at the station by nine o'clock. They had at most another forty-five minutes together.

She looked swiftly at Mike, afraid that he had noticed something, but he was staring straight ahead, watching the road. He hadn't spoken for some time, and it occurred to her that perhaps this wasn't particularly easy for him. She suddenly felt sorry for him. Poor man, he was probably wondering how to make this good-by a tactful one. She would have to see that it went smoothly and keep it on the level of friendship—good friends, even fond friends, but he had asked for nothing more. The rest wasn't his doing. It wasn't his fault, except that he was Mike and he was there.

Oddly strengthened by the thought of having to help him, she leaned her head back. The saddest thing perhaps was that there had been so little time. Five weeks. It wasn't very long. *Surely*, she thought longingly, *anyone has a right to more than five weeks*. But she hadn't. It was a fixed period, and she had known it right from the beginning.

The first time she ever saw him, just five weeks ago, he was standing in the street, looking about him rather helplessly, a tall man in a tweed sports jacket with leather elbow patches.

As she came up to him, he said apologetically, "Could you tell me where the foreign-film cinema is, please?"

"Yes. It's just round the corner. You turn —— Oh, well," she said, thinking that it would look rather foolish to direct him and then trail along behind him, "I'm going there. I'll show you."

"Are you really? Thank you." He fell into step beside her. "I had full directions," he admitted, "but then I had to find somewhere to park the car, and I lost my bearings."

"It is rather tucked away."

Arriving together, they bought their tickets and sat in adjoining seats. He didn't press his company, but he was polite in a gentle, open way that she soon found out was his normal manner.

Afterward, when they emerged, he stood on the pavement in the middle of the throng and said, "Is there anywhere that one can get a decent sandwich here?"

"There's a pub round the corner. It's only small, but it's very good."

"Will you come with me?"

"Well, I really ——"

"I'd be very grateful if you would."

She didn't really need much urging. She smiled and said, "Thank you."

Already she was aware of a difference between this man and any other she had known. She was possessed of a great curiosity about him, an urge to find out more—to find out, in fact, everything that could be known.

The number of people in the little pub made it seem crowded. They were mostly undergraduates, with one or two younger dons, and a handful of airmen. A heated discussion of the film was going on. They edged their way through to the bar, and Mike found her a stool. He bought sandwiches, and she had a sherry. He said, "Did you like it?"

"La Strada? I thought it was wonderful."

The story of the simple girl and her hopeless devotion to the brutal itinerant showman had moved Ellen deeply.

Mike said quietly, "I'm not sure you ought to have said that."

"Why? I—oh, dear." She saw now a bearded undergraduate in a duffel coat at her elbow, staring at her fiercely.

The undergraduate said, "Mere sentimentality masquerading as realism."

"But surely ——" She was soon drawn into the argument.

At last she put her fingers to her temples and shook her head. "You're much too brilliant for me," she said, laughing. "But that doesn't prove anything, does it? La Strada was true. That's the real point. That just is how a woman feels when she's in love. It doesn't matter whether the man cares for her or not. It makes no difference."

A wicked grin appeared above the undergrad's beard. "If you are now speaking from experience," he said mockingly, "I must bow to your superior knowledge."

Ellen felt her cheeks grow hot. Mike rescued her. He said to the undergrad, "You're too busy with your dissecting knife to see that what you're cutting up is a thing of beauty."

Ellen smiled at him gratefully. He gave her a tiny wink and allowed the ensuing storm to pass over his head, nodding placidly from time to time.

When the crowd had thinned a little, Mike said, "Is it always like this?"

"They're not always as aggressive as he was."

"At least they care. That's something."

They talked on, and Ellen found that he was in the R.A.F. She said, "Are you stationed here?"

"Briefly. Five weeks. Then the whole squadron is going to the Far East."

"Do you want to go?"

"It's not wise to be in the air force if you don't want to go places. Yes, I'm looking forward to it. I had a spell in Germany and a quick trip to America, but I've never been east."

She said, with a premonition of sadness that she couldn't account for, "Five weeks isn't very long."

"No. We shall get quite a lot of free time, though." For the first time in the few hours that she had known him he looked a little uneasy. He said, "I'd like to ask you something, but I don't want you to think that I'm being, well ——"

An odd moment perhaps, but it was then that she first wanted to hug him. She said, "What is it?"

"There's a cocktail party in the officers' mess on Saturday. I wondered if you would come. I don't know anyone here, you see, and ——"

She supposed that she ought at least to pretend to consider it, allow him to persuade her, but she was far too happy at the thought of seeing him again so soon.

She said, "I'd love to come."

An expression of relief spread across his face. "That's fine."

"Time, please," the barman called. "Time, gentlemen, please."

Outside they stood a few moments in the quiet night. He said, "I haven't been to Cambridge before. I like it already."

"You ought to go to Grantchester," she said. It was three weeks later that they went. Grantchester.

"Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees."

Mike's voice said, "Here we are. Grantchester."

Ellen opened her eyes with a start. It was a fleeting instant before she realized that it wasn't then, it wasn't that time in Grantchester. It was now. She looked at her enemy, the clock, shut her eyes again and leaned her head back. She said, "We ought to get back again. You'll be late."

"I suppose so." But he switched the engine off. Silence invaded the car. Nothing stirred.

Mike's deep voice said, "Cigarette?"

She shook her head without opening her eyes and heard the snap of his lighter, the intake of his breath.

He said, "It's difficult to think that this time tomorrow I shall be two thousand miles away."

Was he then, she wondered, a little sorry to be going? How pleasant it must be to have that sort of mild sorrow, mingled with the excitement and expectation of new lands, new people, a new world to see.

"Some of the chaps on the squadron are married," Mike said. She opened her eyes and looked at him, but he was gazing abstractedly toward the river. What was he talking about? Mike said, "They're the ones I feel sorry for."

Then she knew.

"It must be very difficult," Mike said. "We were on our last station for a year. Just time to get settled into married quarters. Then we came here. They've been dashing back and forth at weekends trying to get things arranged. Tomorrow we're off. The lucky ones will get married quarters out there. They'll only be separated for a few months. The rest ——" He shrugged. "The wives can only stay in the house here so long. After that they have to move out. It doesn't seem much of a life, chasing each other round the world, apart sometimes for a year at a time."

Oh, Mike, she wanted to cry in agony, *you don't have to do this. You don't have to explain anything. I never expected anything. You don't have to make excuses.*

"I mean," he said, turning to look at her, "that's not the sort of life a woman wants, is it?"

A tiny pinprick of anger seared into her. This was a side of Mike she hadn't seen. It was unworthy of him. "I don't suppose," she said tartly, "that anyone forced these wives to marry airmen, did they?"

"No, but did they know what it was like? Just now they seem so unhappy."

"Of course they're unhappy," she cried. "What's that got to do with it? Do you think a woman falls in love with a safe job? It's the man, and if he's a pilot, then that's what she wants too."

"Is that the way you'd feel?"

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"Yes, it is. I ——" She shook her head tiredly. "It's time to go."

He put his finger on the starter button, but he didn't press it. "Could you live that way," he said, "for me?"

She looked at him. He was half turned toward her, his hand still extended, his face anxious, worried. He said, "I know we haven't known each other very long, but ——"

Her face must have told him, for he moved toward her, and she nearly collapsed into his arms. They were strong, yet gentle, holding her tightly. She couldn't get close enough to him. The past dissolved. The future was nothing. There was only the present, the feel of his uniform, the crispness of his hair, the slight roughness of his cheek, the warmth of his mouth.

She twisted round and sat, her head leaning on his shoulder, both his hands in hers. They were silent for a while, and then she said, "Do you know that poem about Grantchester?"

"Tell me."

"'Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . .'"

Mike said, "I think you missed a bit. Doesn't it end,

"'Oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?'"

"You know it!" Ellen said accusingly.

Mike chuckled into her hair. "You're not the only one that reads Rupert Brooke. I read it again the day after we came here for the first time."

She sighed contentedly. If she had any doubts, they were squashed. Mike was hers. She looked at the clock, no enemy now, but just a machine. She would see Mike again in a year or so. And what was a year, with a lifetime in front of them?

She said, "Time to go, darling. You mustn't be late."

He said, "All right," and kissed her again.

Don't Stop Criticizing Us Teachers (Continued from Page 25)

tanks a few voracious cannibal fish, and that paid off. True, some of the catch was eaten by the cannibals, but the survivors became vigorous, healthy and very palatable. The critics are our cannibal fish.

Secondly, teachers should remember that there are at least three prongs in the educational fork. One is fulfillment of the pupil; another is stimulation of him to desire knowledge; the third is criticism of his own present practice, with the object of improving it. When we cry out against criticism, we cry out against roughly one third of what we ourselves do as teachers.

And finally, criticism, at least at present, has certainly stirred up public interest in the schools. For generations we've tried all kinds of tricks to get the public to take us seriously, but for all the good it has done we might as well have shouted in the face of a hurricane. Now the public is really awakened; it is taking us seriously. And I think that this intense interest holds far more promise than danger. I do not think that the people will change the direction of their school system from what it always has been—an honest attempt to fulfill the American dream of equal respect for each human being and to teach each so that he may grow to the limit of his abilities. They will not shift from that aim to one of selecting only a few for instruction as rulers, while delegating the rest of us to be the Proles of Orwell's 1984.

So, instead of striking back instinctively, we school people would, it seems to me, be more intelligent to listen attentively to the present criticisms. Generally speaking, these run about as follows: Teachers, the critics say, are forced automatically to promote everybody; consequently the bright students know they don't have to learn and they become lazy. In addition, the three R's are taught so poorly that students today don't read, don't spell, don't figure nearly so well as their parents and grandparents did. This results, we are told, from the fact that we are trying to do too much and, as a result, spread ourselves too thin. The Council for Basic Education lists in its bulletin as the Trivia of the Month: "A Long Island high school offers a course in Cooking for Boys, and in addition provides a course that instructs them in Etiquette, Table Service, Nutrition, Use of Silverware, and How to Order from a Restaurant Menu and on a Date."

The same list includes: "The following are only among a few of the many courses that a student can elect in a Rhode Island high school: Interior Decorating, Economics and You, Managing the Family Income, Family Relations, Oil Painting, College Art." Of course, including Economics and You reflects some bias in the council; most thoughtful citizens realize that a majority of the people must know at least the fundamentals of economics if the country is not to be ruined by crackpot schemes. At any rate, critics argue that this sort of thing has debased the meaning of a high-school diploma.

Beyond these strictly instructional matters, some critics don't like the way we manage the students. We are told that discipline in schools is so lax that we are raising a crowd of juvenile delinquents. We are also told that school discipline is so rigid and superficial that we are making dangerous rebels out of adolescents.

Such criticisms always have been leveled at schoolteachers and they always will be; and, at least to some degree, they always should be, because with some children the schools will fail. Some children have a remarkable resistance to education, and no matter how hard the teacher tries, these pupils refuse to be taught.

Fortunately, at least until adolescence arrives, it is natural for the human being to be curious and energetic, which means that he is ready to learn. Hence, elementary teachers in the main have the force of human nature on their side. However, the picture changes in high school, with adolescence. Not only do the average and the dull like noise, rock 'n' roll, and mustard on hot dogs; so do the young "eggheads." Indeed, the psychiatrist is properly a little worried about the adolescent child of high IQ who is interested only in mathematics or science or foreign language or Beethoven or Chaucer.

But as long as some students simply won't learn, we will fall short of the ideal of fulfilling the potential of every child. This doctrine of fulfillment is generally accepted by American teachers as the purpose of education in this country. This is quite different from, for example, the concept of education in Russia, where it is primarily a weapon. We know that schooling in our country does build men who are able to defend themselves and the country, but the basic purpose is not to make warriors; the basic purpose is so to treat each child while he is being reared that when he is grown he will perform on his own best level.

I presume it goes without saying that the performance should be in the direction of those things which our society considers good, and that there should be none of the children whom Clifton Fadiman has called "lost" because they do not know what they are nor who they are, because they have never been adequately taught to understand the culture that has produced them. Ideally, it is possible for every child to be a success if success is interpreted as honorable performance at or very near his inborn limits.

Criticisms and complaints because school folk don't adequately teach every child sadden us, but they don't anger us. We know that here we are vulnerable. There are two institutions in this country where waste is not tolerated. One is the church, and the other is the school. The church knows that it will not save everyone, and because each soul is precious it does not regard itself completely successful. The school knows that it will not reach everyone, and because this country is founded on the idea that every human being is separately and sacredly important, it can never count itself truly successful.

Other enterprises are permitted a waste pile. The public accepts the inevitability of some "lemons" from even the meticulously precise automobile industry. The man who gets one doesn't like it, but common sense tells us there will be a few. The schools and the church, however, who deal with human beings, must honestly attempt to reach everyone. They won't, and because they won't they will be criticized.

The fact that critics often go beyond this in their attacks on the schools should not tempt teachers either to forget this failure or to dismiss other criticisms as groundless. Every criticism should be weighed and analyzed.

Nowadays the college student who stares into space is likely to get an engineering scholarship.

S. I. MYERS

Probably the first step should be to inquire about the motives of the critic. The temptation is great to impugn these. As I said, criticism hurts, and impulsively we use the familiar propagandist technique of calling names and pulling red herrings across the trail. But sometimes we land in completely indefensible positions when we answer criticism by attacking motives. For instance, one of my friends used to say, "The magazines are publishing criticisms of the schools because they want to snuff out universal education." Really, that's a little silly. Does anyone, not insane, want to commit suicide? That's just what the magazines would do if they snuffed out universal education. How could a mass-circulation magazine stay in business if the masses couldn't read? Martin Luther was wise when he wrote, "Put the best possible construction on all of man's words and deeds."

It would be naïve, though, to refuse to look honestly for motive. The critic can quite possibly have a shabby ax to grind and, not daring to grind it openly, may do so indirectly by discrediting the person or institution he distrusts and sometimes hates. For example, another friend of mine, now dead, once said, "The world has grown so complex that we must stop the foolish practice of settling great issues by simply counting heads." But he did not dare to attack directly the American ideas of freedom, equality and free voting; so he attacked the schools, the means America uses to build reading skills and thinking skills in all of the people so that they will vote intelligently. He called for harsh academic work for everybody, fitted or not, and a ruthless "flunking out" of all but the bright. He wanted the schools to become screening institutions like those of Russia and Europe. This kind of school develops an elite, an aristocracy trained to rule, and that is what he wanted for us. When he criticized the schools, it was entirely proper to inquire into his motive. The motive explained the criticism.

Robert Shayon evidently ran into that kind of man when he prepared his article for the September 13, 1958, issue of the Saturday Review. When he asked a school critic what would become of those whose talents are not found in the capacity to use words and language easily—the nonverbal achievers—in the kind of school this critic wanted, the critic smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Let them dig ditches."

Beyond the matter of motive, it is also only common sense to ask a critic if he has the facts, if his facts cover a large enough number of cases to carry real weight, if his research is—like that of a well-run opinion poll—so selective and representative that his findings tell a true and balanced story. If so, attention had better be paid to what he says.

Another important yardstick is the critic's perspective—the point of view from which he is looking when he criticizes. Possibly he is a businessman who has just hired one stenographer out of 100 high-school graduates and has found that the one he hired can't spell, and so he says no one can. Or perhaps he is a college professor who finds himself teaching callow uninterested youth and doesn't like it, so all his days he scolds, "The young people aren't serious any more. They want to play and they won't study." This man's colleagues know that he made exactly the same criticism twenty years ago, and that some old men on the faculty made the same statements about the critic's generation when it was in school.

On the other hand, if a man's perspective is such as to give him a balanced view, the chances are that his criticisms are sound and should be heeded. A key question at this point is: What would happen if we accepted his criticisms and put his suggestions into operation? And here it is important to remember that American schools are for American children—for building American citizenship to develop the famous "American know-how" in all honorable fields. Some of the cries, if heeded, would force the schools into a mold which would develop citizens for some sort of a collectivist economy and a state ruled by an elite. The abandoned

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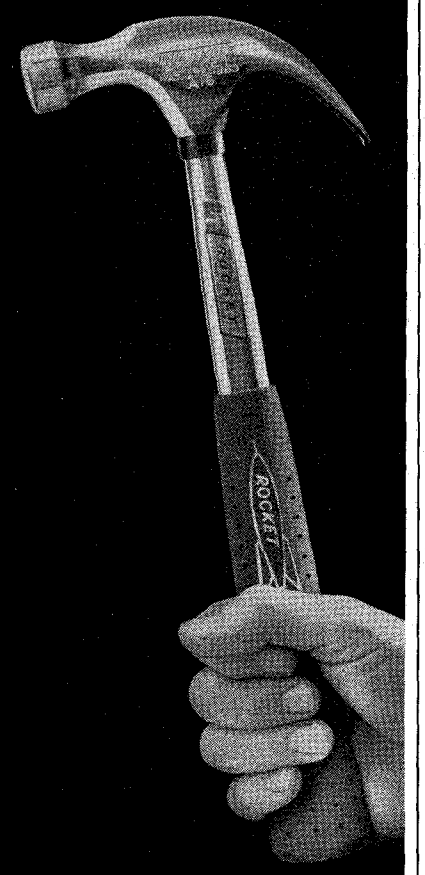

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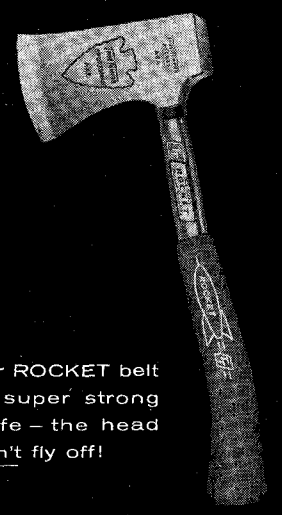

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aristocracies of England and France and Germany and the Scandinavian countries were once elitist, and so the pattern of schools in those countries was cultivation of an elite and neglect of the rest.

What would happen to the children and to the cherished American doctrine—that we are all governors—if the critic's proposals were applied? If the result would be the production of citizens who wouldn't fit American specifications and become productive adults, the criticisms should be rejected. If they would result in better schools to make better Americans, the criticisms must be cherished.

Finally, it is proper to inquire if certain criticisms are just plain nagging. There are, after all, two impulses to improvement—one is the harsh goad of criticism; the other is the benign pull of encouragement—and of the two, encouragement is in the long run the most useful. People will get going if they're kicked into action, that's true; they will do what they need to do to avoid another kick. But people also will get into action when they are appreciated and encouraged, and when their deeper impulses, their true motives, their basic purposes of life are touched, they will work creatively and energetically.

Communities which beat their schools over the head do not possess strong, creative educational systems. But communities which appreciate their schools, discover their good points, and through warm praise encourage the teachers to greater efforts, possess powerful, dynamic systems which greatly benefit the fortunate children who live there.

Many of the criticisms leveled at American schools are very real, but also are very minor; often they spring from the example of poorly behaved children who refuse to learn. Some criticisms are purely prejudiced. Some are personal, perhaps resulting from bitter childhood school experiences and a wish to "get even" with the teacher. Others are sound and worthy of close study. All of them result in focusing attention upon the schools, promoting interest in them.

This interest has already prompted one extremely constructive development; teachers and administrators, who have often in the past treated each other as enemies, have started to get together. Last June at Bowling Green University in Bowling Green, Ohio, under the call of the National Education Association's Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards, about 1200 schoolteachers, superintendents and college professors of foreign languages, the classics, science, math and education, met for a week. After a rather frosty start, the scholars and the educators sat down as friends and talked things over. Everyone was housed in dormitories, and every morning academician and nonacademician stood together before adjacent washbowls and brushed their teeth in company. They frothed at the mouth, but it was only toothpaste. The keynote was a statement of Dr. Roy Harold Pearce, professor of English at Ohio State University. He urged, "Boys, lay those brickbats down. Educators and humanists must learn to talk to each other with words, not slogans and brickbats."

This past winter many states have had follow-ups of the Bowling Green conference. Meanwhile, although it's true that the schools can and must improve, and although the critics are therefore doing us a service, actually the job the schools are doing now is pretty magnificent.

Dr. James Conant, formerly president of Harvard University, under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation, thoroughly studied the American high school and delivered an excellent and reassuring criticism. He based his conclusions upon personal visits to more than fifty high schools in eighteen states, in all regions, and upon firsthand studies of about 100 high schools in twenty states prepared by a small but able staff. He stated, "I am convinced that a satisfactory course of study for the bright boy or girl can be offered in the public high school which is of a general or comprehensive type. I am further convinced that the students in the comprehensive school derive certain advantages from their school years which are denied to their contemporaries in special schools."

Schools big enough to offer diversified curriculums, homogeneous grouping of students and effective guidance can, Doctor Conant insists, teach all their students to be useful citizens for this country—including those who will enter upon vocations soon after leaving high school. He told me at a luncheon that he has faith in the American high school, that it is doing a fine job, and that he is convinced the recommendations he makes can be carried out. He said, "It can be done. I have seen it done."

The Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc., Report in 1958, The Pursuit of Excellence, is also a wise criticism made after careful and balanced study. Its aim is right. It says arguments have been advanced which assume ". . . that a society can choose to educate a few people exceedingly well *or* to educate a great number of people somewhat less well, but that it cannot do both. But a modern society such as ours cannot choose to do one *or* the other. It has no choice but to do both. Our kind of society calls for the maximum development of individual potentialities *at all levels*." The report points out that our schools are overcrowded, understaffed and ill equipped, but it does not rant and rave. It points a way to strengthening a good but tremendously overloaded system.

Dr. Donald L. Thistlethwaite, associate director of research of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, asked the 555 merit-scholarship winners of 1957 how they would evaluate their high-school preparations. He received 535 replies, a phenomenal return on a questionnaire, and reported as follows:

"On the whole this group of talented students displayed remarkable satisfaction with their high-school instruction.

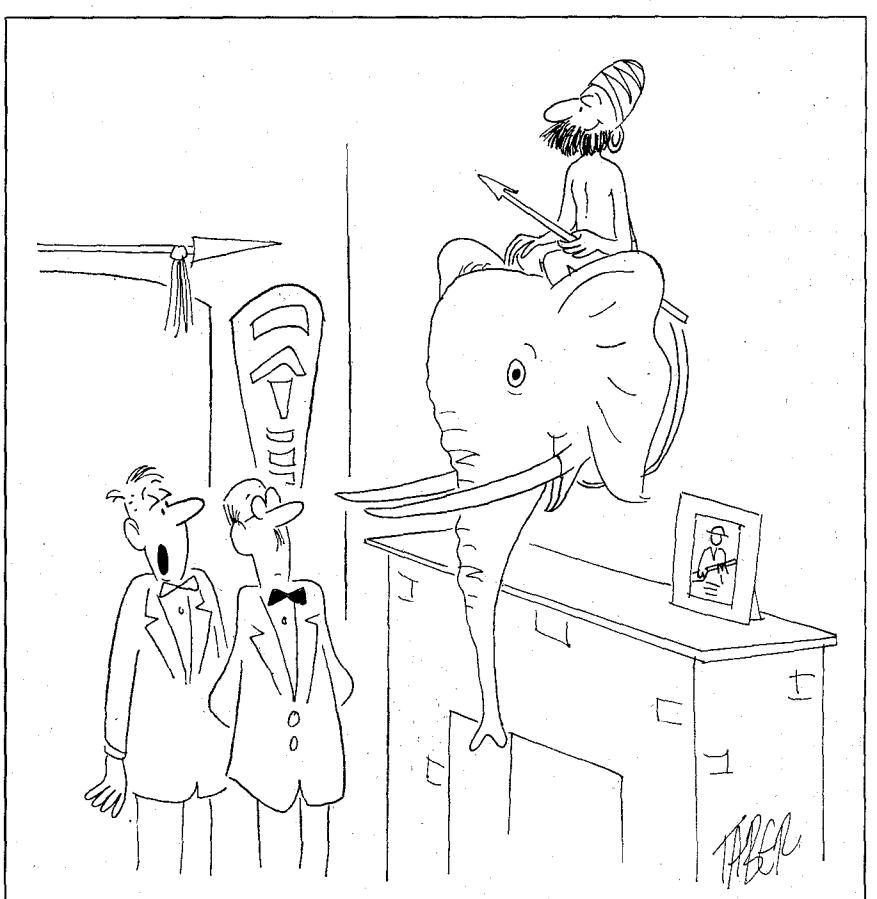
"If, after savoring the more challenging fare of American colleges and universities, our talented students have few criticisms, surely our secondary school cannot be gravely deficient in educating the gifted."

The point is well worth remembering, because, in the wake of Soviet scientific achievements, some people have been tempted to abandon the American dream of education for all the people as no longer either possible or safe in this age of jet planes, atomic power and highly competitive technology.

Yet school people have always known that education is perhaps the one indispensable defense of the nation. Obviously a free country can't last past one generation unless the people are made literate and thoughtful. But, in addition to this, school people have also recognized that only through education are the skills of science, industry and politics developed. Consequently they know that the schools are not only an indispensable bulwark of our freedoms but also a weapon of the first rank when it comes to battling other nations for existence and supremacy.

The defense value was admirably expressed by Admiral Rickover when he urged a congressional committee that, if it were necessary to take money from the armed forces to support the schools so that they might function adequately, it should go ahead and take that money.

Ironically, it was probably just this sudden realization by the American people that the schools are our most important defenses that prompted the rash of criticisms that followed Sputnik I into space. Yet fear is never a reliable spur to constructive action. And I feel sure that basically the American public recognizes the common-sense value of the American dream of full respect to each person as a child of the nation, of the powers of sovereignty granted to all the people rather than to a gifted few. I am sure the public knows that Lincoln was right when he said, "You can trust the common people to wabble right."



"They were inseparable."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The people instinctively know that everybody, bright as well as dull, has passion and prejudice which influence his thinking. They know that when all people are polled, the prejudice tends to cancel out, and common sense is left. They know that is why democracy, while not the most efficient, is the best of governments.

And that is why I am sure that thinking Americans will accept criticisms aimed at making their kind of schools stronger, but will reject those which would destroy their character.

The Yankees' Mr. Fireball (Continued from Page 30)

in organized baseball. His only hit last season was a two-strike bunt. As a fielder he was originally so inept that at the end of his first season in the minors he was sent to an eye specialist to find out whether he could see well enough to protect himself. The examining doctor, in all seriousness, advised him to quit before he was seriously injured.

Even as a pitcher Duren's equipment is limited. After ten years he has given up all hope of ever learning how to throw a respectable curve, and it has only been within the past three years that he has acquired a slider and a sinker. Ryne Duren does only one thing well. He throws a baseball just about as fast as it is humanly possible to throw it. This specialized talent did much to turn the 1958 American League race into a New York runaway, and Ryne figures importantly in the Yankees' pennant designs for 1959.

Duren and his fast ball were being talked about in baseball circles long before the average fan ever heard of him. He was a sort of Paul Bunyan of the minor leagues—weak-eyed, strong-armed and totally unpredictable. Ballplayers would sit around the dugouts and swap their Duren yarns much as the loggers of old swapped tall tales around campfires.

The legend that Ryne once hit a man who was kneeling innocently in the on-deck circle is false, but almost all the other stories about his wildness are true. He did break a couple of batters' arms with thrown balls, and he did throw a pitch which, through some freak of shadowing, neither the batter, catcher nor umpire saw. While they all stood there motionless, the ball somehow sailed through to the backstop.

Always bothered by the way his glasses clouded up on hot, humid days, Duren once took them off, shoved them into his back pocket—and almost got killed when his next pitch was lined out past his ear. Another time, coming off the mound after a bad inning, he disgustedly flung his spectacles into the grass in front of the dugout. When the next inning started, he had to crawl around for a full minute groping for them, while the players on both teams stood around and roared.

Far from resenting these stories, Ryne not only laughs at them but even tells some on himself. He seems almost grateful that such tales helped him get a reputation—if only as a character—while he was beating his way slowly through the minors.

When he finally arrived last year, though, Ryne was rather disappointed at his own reaction. He explains, "After knocking around all those years, I didn't get the thrill I'd have got if I'd made it at twenty-two. Professional pride, yes. The chance to finally make some money, yes"—he has now jumped to the $15,000 salary class. "The personal exhilaration I'd looked forward to, no. If I were writing my own story last year I'd have titled it, Twenty-Nine-Year-Old Rookie, My Eye! I felt no more like a rookie than Mickey Mantle."

Actually Ryne Duren—who turned thirty in February—is two and a half years older than Mantle. He got up to the American League a couple of times before last season, pitching a total of forty-four and two thirds innings in brief stays with Baltimore and Kansas City, but couldn't stick. What kept him in the minors for the better part of nine years was, quite obviously, his inability to control that overpowering fast ball. This was due in part—but only in part—to his inability to see the plate as more than a vague white blur.

Year in and year out a succession of managers kept telling him, "Just throw the ball down the middle, kid, and with your stuff they'll never touch you." It was not until his eighth professional season, when he found himself in Vancouver under Manager Lefty O'Doul, that a more sophisticated approach to the problem was suggested to him. It was O'Doul's theory that you could not throw the ball down the middle with any consistency unless you could also throw the ball any place else you wanted to.

To give Ryne the feel of the strike zone, O'Doul had him practice moving the ball from one corner of the plate to the other. He even had him deliberately throw to spots away from the strike zone.

Within the space of a few weeks, Ryne found he could put the ball pretty much where he wanted. The next season, during his brief tenure with the Kansas City Athletics, he finally found out what was wrong with his vision. His right eye is 20/70 and his left eye is only 20/200. Through the years a succession of specialists had examined Duren's eyes and been baffled by their inability to correct them fully with glasses. The Kansas City specialist, Dr. John Billingsley, discovered Ryne's principal trouble was that his left eye saw above the normal line of vision and his right eye saw below it. Doctor Billingsley fitted him with a pair of glasses which, at long last, allowed Ryne to see the plate in outline.

Doctor Billingsley also discovered that Ryne's eyes were inordinately sensitive to light. To correct that, he devised a grab bag of specially tinted prescription glasses. In addition to his street glasses, Ryne now brings to the ball park a pair of green-tinted glasses to filter bright sunlight; rose-tinted glasses to be worn under the arc lights; yellow-tinted glasses to bring out the whiteness on dim and hazy days, and brown-tinted glasses for relaxing out in the bull pen.

When the 195-pound, six-foot-two-inch Duren stands on the pitcher's mound in those thick, tinted glasses, with a murky yellow sweatband wrapped around his forehead and a nearsighted scowl on his features, he cuts a most menacing figure. This is an impression he has no great desire to dispel. However, although there is little doubt that Ryne Duren exploits his old reputation for wildness for whatever psychological edge it can bring, he grows livid at accusations that he deliberately throws at the hitters.

"The players themselves should shut up about it," he says. "Someday, someplace, while they're yelling, 'Stick it in his ear' and 'Knock him down,' some poor pitcher is going to make a mistake and be called a murderer."

As a fast-ball pitcher, Ryne feels that the inside pitch is one of his professional tools. "The (*Continued on Page 71*)

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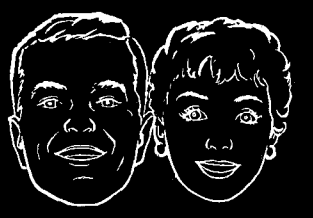

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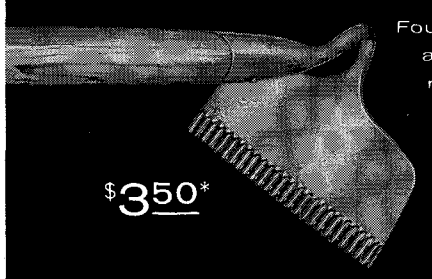

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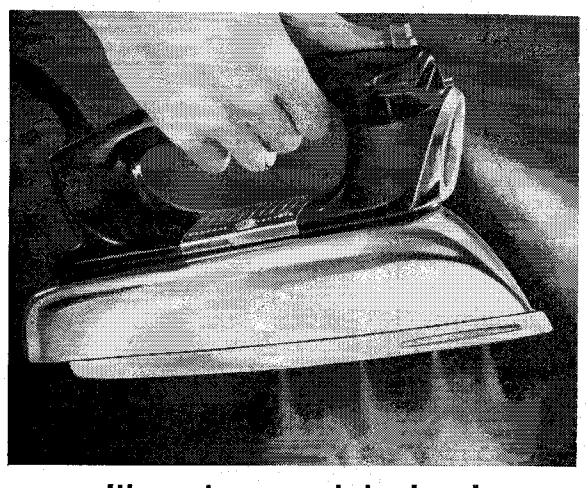

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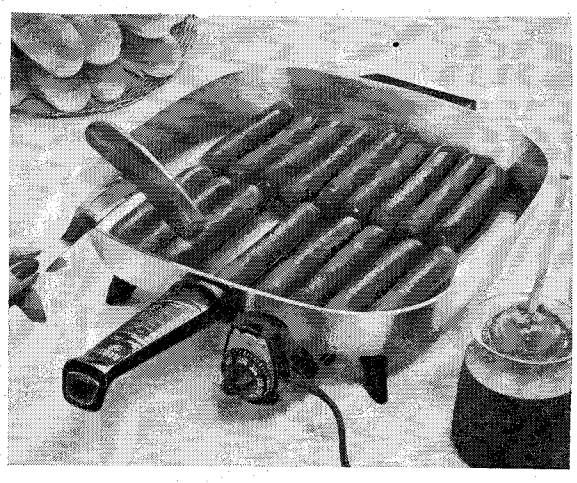

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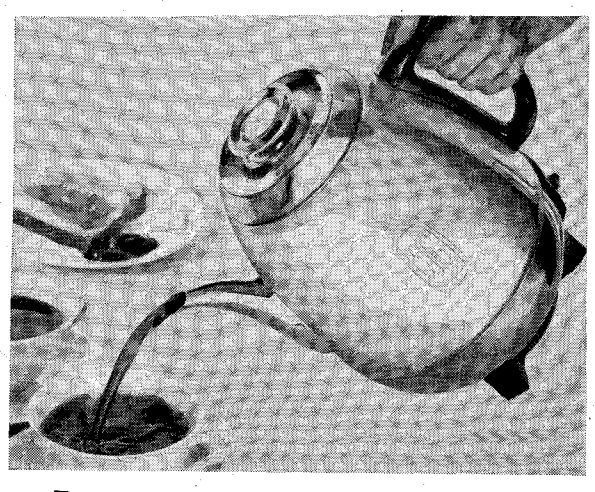

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(*Continued from Page 69*) pitcher has no right to throw with the intent of hitting the batter," he says. "But," he adds quickly, "the batter has no right to expect the pitcher to take anything away from his stuff to make sure he won't hit him. I feel pretty bad when I hit anybody, but if I really worried about it, I'd be finished."

Ryne himself was involved in the most heated beanball controversy of the past season—not as the pitcher, strangely enough, but as the victim. He proved conclusively that if he lives by the sword, he is willing to die by the sword too.

With the Detroit bench screaming one day that Ryne had deliberately thrown at Al Kaline, Tiger pitcher Paul Foytack, also a somewhat wild fast-baller, hit Duren on the side of the head with his two-strike pitch. Ryne fell in his tracks, his helmet and glasses flying off in opposite directions. Although he did not lose consciousness, he found himself, for one terrible moment, unable to move his arms or legs.

The Yankees angrily accused poor Foytack of hitting Ryne on orders from the Detroit bench. When he was finally allowed to see Duren at the hospital forty-eight hours later, Foytack, terribly upset, started to assure Ryne that he had not hit him intentionally.

Said Duren, "I know you didn't. Now listen to me, Paul. Don't let this bother you one bit. Any time you have to pitch high and tight, you go ahead and do it."

Foytack was actually a better pitcher thereafter than he had been previously. For Duren, it was downhill until the World Series. Up to the point when he got beaned, which was in late July, Ryne had appeared in more than one third of the Yankee victories. Coming on late in the game, he would simply fire his fast ball past the hitters. In one stretch between May tenth and June twelfth—the stretch in which the Yankees pulled away from the field—they won ten of the eleven games in which he appeared. Over-all, Duren had won five games, lost three and saved sixteen, striking out sixty-three batters in fifty-four innings.

He pitched only twenty-two more innings the rest of the season, adding one win, one loss and three "saves" to his record. What reduced his effectiveness was not the skulling by Foytack, but the collapse of his left leg while he was delivering a pitch shortly after his return. When Ryne next got back into action, the leg was wrapped tightly in elastic foam rubber from the top of the ankle to mid-thigh. While he was adjusting his pitching motion to his new, somewhat stiffened stride, his hard-won control left him. Duren's one big break was that Casey Stengel kept using him in the same tough spots anyway.

When the World Series started, Ryne again was ready. After becoming the losing pitcher in the opener, he turned in two shutout innings in the third game to lock up the Yankees' first victory. In the sixth game he not only was the winning pitcher but also was able to carry his stuff past three innings for the first time all year. When Bob Turley stepped in to get the last out in the tenth, Ryne had fired the third strike past eight batters in less than five innings.

One of the fondest memories of the 1958 Series will always be the TV camera zooming down on Duren in that tenth inning. Ryne was protesting the call on what he thought had been a third strike. Just as his body filled the entire screen, he pulled at his neck in what seemed unmistakably to be the "choke" sign—the ballplayer's ultimate insult.

Strangely, few of the people at the ball park—and none of the six umpires—saw it at all. Unhappily for Ryne, Commissioner Ford Frick, recovering at home from an appendectomy, was watching on television. After the Series he fined Duren $250.

Ryne accepted this judgment philosophically, just as he did the desirability of a postseason operation on his left knee. Actually the knee had been bothering him for a couple of years. The constant pounding as he came down off that big stride had knocked a couple of bone chips loose. This irritated the ligaments so badly that Duren took cortisone shots regularly all season.

During the Series, Ryne consulted Warren Spahn, the Milwaukee ace, who had bone chips taken out of his own knee in 1955. Spahn told Duren that the leg felt better now in his late thirties than it had when he was in his late twenties.

A few weeks later a similar operation was performed on Duren. A piece of cartilage was taken out of the side of his knee, another piece was taken from the inside and a spur was trimmed off the kneecap. Within a month he was walking freely and without pain. He feels that the operation should make him better than ever this year. In training camp last month the knee seemed to be coming along fine.

Ryne Duren is the fourth of eight children of the postmaster of Cazenovia, Wisconsin (pop. 403). "The town," he says, "consists of four saloons, three filling stations, a post office and a doctor."

When he got out of high school he married the doctor's daughter, Beverly Collins. They say almost together, "Neither of us can remember the time when we didn't know each other."

Ryne's first ambition was to be a pilot, a dream he had to give up early because of his poor eyesight. His interest in the field of aeronautics is still strong.

In high-school baseball he was so fast—and so wild—that his coach was afraid to let him pitch. It was only after he graduated that he began to attract attention. He pitched as many as thirty consecutive no-hit innings in amateur ball and struck out as many as twenty-four men in a game.

"My sister," Duren says, with his sure instinct for the colorful comment, "was the official scorer, and my father sometimes umpired."

Having already enrolled in business school, Ryne had no real desire to go into professional baseball unless he could get a lump sum of cash. Ed Dancicak, Midwestern scout for the St. Louis Browns, was the only man willing to overlook those glasses and recommend that Ryne be given a modest bonus.

"My wife still remembers the first pitch we saw Duren throw," Dancicak says, "because I leaped to my feet and practically knocked her out of her seat. I hadn't seen a kid throw like that in years."

After some hesitation, Ryne accepted $1500 in cash—a tremendous sum for the Browns to give anybody in those years—plus $150 a month. The Browns were signing some pretty fair young pitchers around that time. Among those in their farm system were Bob Turley and Don Larsen. Ironically, Duren, Turley and Larsen were to account for all four Yankee victories against Milwaukee in the World Series last fall. To round out the shifting cast of characters, Dancicak watched the games as a Milwaukee scout.

Ryne Duren began at rock bottom with Wausau in the Class D Wisconsin State League. He went on to pitch in nine different minor-league cities, plus four seasons of winter ball—in Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Colombia. For a while he always seemed to end up in San Antonio. He had four different stretches there, and it eventually became his home.

His disappointments were tremendous. In 1953, when—he believes—Duren was faster than he has ever been in his life, he pitched a terrible San Antonio club out of the cellar on the last day of the season and prepared to move up to St. Louis. Unfortunately, Bill Veeck, already aware that he was going to have to sell out the franchise to Baltimore interests before another season started, decided at the last minute not to waste any money bringing up the usual crop of new faces.

Duren was with Baltimore very briefly in 1954. In 1956, as part of a deal which was not completed until the season was over, the Orioles traded him to Kansas City. This was after Ryne had at last begun to find himself under Lefty O'Doul at Vancouver in the Pacific Coast League.

The year had not started very hopefully. Ryne's arm had been troubling him the previous season. When he reported to O'Doul, it was dead. He no longer had his good fast ball, and despite improved control, he got battered during the first eight weeks as never before. When Duren's record fell to one-and-six, O'Doul had to remove him from the starting rotation.

Meanwhile, Ryne's wife and his son, Steve—then six—had been visiting the Duren family in Cazenovia during spring training. Just as they were about to join Ryne in Vancouver, Steve came down

NEXT WEEK

BRIGHT YOUNG BOSS OF PRINCETON

The Problems of President Goheen

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 25:

HOW WAR BEGAN

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A POST PICTURE STORY IN COLOR:

FRENCH OUTPOST IN AMERICA

LOS ANGELES COLISEUM

The Dodgers' Reluctant Landlord

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with polio. Completely discouraged and heartsick, Ryne Duren, a dead-armed twenty-seven-year-old who had once shown great promise, was prepared to quit and go home.

Then the picture began to change. Early in June, Beverly called to tell Ryne that the polio had turned out to be nonparalytic and that Steve was well on the way to recovery. A few days later Ryne got another chance to start a game, and his arm miraculously came back to life.

Ryne was breezing along in the eighth inning when sloppy fielding let in a couple of runs. The next inning, even sloppier fielding put him in trouble again, and he had to talk O'Doul into leaving him in the game. Immediately two more errors let in two more runs. His lead was cut to 7–6, and O'Doul was walking back to take him out.

The Pacific Coast League rule was that a manager was only entitled to come out to talk to a pitcher once. If the manager came out a second time, he either had to lift the pitcher or remove himself from the field of play.

"Looks like somebody got to the boys, doesn't it?" O'Doul said.

"I don't know anything about that," Ryne told him grimly. "But I sure don't have anything to do with it. I'm not going out of here."

"Well," O'Doul said, scratching his ear, "maybe I just came out to sympathize a little, at that. I guess I'll go back to the clubhouse, and you can tell me how it all turns out."

Ryne got out of the inning and won his game. Over the rest of the season he was able to bring his record up to eleven-eleven with a team that was always deep in the cellar.

Although he started the next season with Kansas City, in a couple of months he was back in the minors—this time at Denver, as the property of the Yankees, who picked him up in a seven-man deal with the A's.

It was one more disappointment for Duren, who has had to weather more than his share of frustrations. He is inherently a cheerful man, almost a jovial one. However, he was never a fellow who could bring his troubles into the open. On the contrary, he would always kid about them. The tension he kept bottled up under that lighthearted exterior escaped in two quite similar ways.

One was talking in his sleep. For instance, after he had lost a 1–0 game on a late-inning home run, he bolted upright in bed and began to scream, "My God, it's out of here! It's out of here!"

The other outlet was the complete collapse of all inhibitions when he took too much hard liquor. Normally, he does not drink anything more than beer. Far from being a playboy, he is an outdoor man who likes nothing better than to sit in a duck blind on a cold, foggy morning. It is only when he has reason to celebrate that he goes overboard.

The fantastically overblown episode of Duren's "fight" with Ralph Houk during the Yankee pennant celebration last fall was not the first such incident under those circumstances. To understand what really happened, it is necessary to know something about the relationship between Duren and Houk.

When New York got Duren from Kansas City, as throw-in in what was essentially a Billy Martin-Harry Simpson trade, they immediately put him under Ralph Houk at Denver. Houk gave Ryne complete freedom in getting himself ready for his first start, even to naming the day he would pitch. Ryne went out and pitched himself a seven-inning no-hitter.

After that, he and Houk could do no wrong together. Duren went on to ring up a thirteen-and-two record for the season. Houk, whose team had been in seventh place when Duren arrived, didn't quite have time to take the pennant, but he did go on to win the American Association play-offs and defeat Buffalo, the International League champions, in the Little World Series.

Houk kept looking at his ace starter and seeing the shade of Joe Page, a fastballer who had been one of the great Yankee relief pitchers. Toward the end of the year, Houk worked Ryne into a few relief jobs between starts. In the final game of the first play-off series, against Minneapolis, he brought him in from the bull pen to protect a 2–1 lead. Ryne just swept through his two innings, setting four of the six men down on strikes and throwing out one of the others himself.

On the plane that night, Houk told him, "In my opinion, you throw as hard or harder than Page, and your control is just as good. He made a lot of money as a relief pitcher. You've shown me you can do it too."

Ryne was willing enough to try. The trick was to convince Casey Stengel. Houk got the opportunity the very next spring, when he was called up to the Yankees as a coach.

Looking back, Stengel willingly concedes that Houk had to do a job of selling. "I thought he was crazy," Casey says. "How you going to make a relief pitcher out of a wild man? Finally I said, 'All right, I'll try him in spring training.' And he looked good, and I tried him again, and he looked good again. I kept saying, 'I wonder if he can continue?' And he never pitched a bad inning."

The day Ryne saved his first regular-season game for the Yankees last year, Houk had suggested that they get onto the field before batting practice for about half an hour of intensive fielding practice. When Ryne was called into the game late that afternoon, the tying run was on third, the winning run was on first and there was only one out. The first batter hit a hard shot back at him—the same kind of ball Houk had been hitting at him all morning. Ryne fielded it neatly and turned it into a game-ending double play.

Anyway, simply to say that Duren had reason to be grateful to Houk is still not presenting the entire picture. Houk's great asset as a manager or coach is that young men find him a very impressive figure—a rough, tough man who won a World War II battlefield commission with the Rangers, probably the toughest outfit the Army had. At Denver, Houk's players always referred to him as "The Major," with the fullest respect that title can connote.

Of all the players at Denver, no one respected him more than Duren. As far as Ryne was concerned, Houk was absolutely beyond criticism. If anybody as much as questioned a minor piece of Houk strategy—as all players will—Ryne would come leaping to his defense.

When Denver won the Little World Series in Buffalo, their victory celebration was already under way as they boarded the bus to the airport. Ryne paraded up and down the aisle, a can of beer held aloft in his hands. All of a sudden he stopped in mid-aisle and poured the full can of beer over a big white cowboy hat, which, unfortunately, was resting upon the head of a tough little left-handed pitcher named Ed Donnelly. It is probably not completely coincidental that the man Duren poured the beer upon was the only player on the club who had fought with Houk during the year.

Donnelly leaped up and belted Ryne on the nose with a hard left hook. Pandemonium broke loose on the bus. When everybody got sorted out again, Houk was sitting on top of Duren to hold him down, and Duren was screaming undying vengeance at Donnelly. By the time they got to the airport, however, Duren was sobering up, and he and Donnelly had laughed the whole thing off.

The battle of the Wabash Cannonball last September had a remarkably similar background. When the Yankees clinched the pennant in Kansas City, there was a mild celebration at the hotel, featuring champagne. Ryne again was a leading celebrant, as he was certainly entitled to be in this year of long-awaited triumph. On the train he was handed a bottle of vodka, a drink he had never tried before and has no plans for trying again. Ryne maintains that he does not really remember drinking the vodka and has only a hazy memory of what happened thereafter.

What happened was this: Houk was sitting peacefully in the private buffet car the Yankees had hired for the occasion, chewing on an unlit cigar. Ryne went up to him with what was quite probably the intention of showing his appreciation for all Houk had done for him. What he said was, "Ralph, I hear you're supposed to be a pretty tough man."

If Houk had answered, "You're a pretty rough man out there on the mound yourself, Rynie, old boy," he probably would have come pretty close to saying what Duren wanted to hear.

Houk, of course, was under the disadvantage of being a sober man and one who remembered, with a shudder, that incident on the bus out of Buffalo. At any rate, Houk said, "Now, Ryne, let's not go fooling around, huh?"

"I hear you've never lost a fight," Ryne said, holding to his course. "I hear you're a real tough guy."

Houk chewed down on the cigar. "Now better get away, Ryne," he said. "I don't like this."

"You know what I think I'll do," Ryne said. "I think I'll push that cigar right in your face."

He didn't really splatter it across Houk's mouth. He just bent it a little.

Houk shoved Duren away with the back of his hand, his World Series ring scratching Ryne on the cheek. Duren, feeling either insulted or assaulted, took a wild swing at him before a bunch of players, leaping in quickly, dragged him away. After much difficulty they got him to bed.

In close parallel to the Buffalo affair, Ryne was shouting all the while that this was an outrageous way to treat a man who had done so much for the club. The next morning Ryne had breakfast with Houk, and everything was as before.

The reporters who had been in the car did not write a word about the episode, since they tended to view it as little more than routine locker-room scuffling. Two days later, a New York Post writer, who had not been present, got the details and phoned them in to his office. As rewritten at the desk, the story hit the streets as one of the bloodiest battles since Okinawa.

Both Duren and Houk treated the whole thing as a joke. At the end of the season, while they were gracing the head table at a dinner in Bridgeport, Connecticut, Houk closed out his talk with a Texas joke.

When Ryne arose, he glared over at Ralph and said, "You know, I'm a Texan now, and I resented that. And I hope you realize you're smoking a cigar." Everybody in the place roared, Houk included.

When asked recently what possessed him to try to push a cigar into the face of one of his best friends, Duren said, with typically dry, self-mocking humor, "You know, it just seemed like the friendly thing to do at the time."

More seriously, he went on, "I feel bad for Houk. I know he wants to manage, and I hope that story never hurts him. It didn't bother me, though. After all, we're in the entertainment business. We're performers. It can't hurt a performer to get a reputation as a character. The only thing that can hurt a performer is not to produce. Nobody," concluded Ryne Duren, a rookie last year at twenty-nine, "should know that better than me."

THE END

"Oh, he's fine, mother! He's standing right here, waiting for his chance to talk to you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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D Day (Continued from Page 32)

wide sandy beach and bodies lying there, too, and a tank burning, men clinging to its shelter like a cluster of bees. Here and there the beach was erupting in sprays of sand and debris where shells fell, while small flicks of sand from machine-gun bullets ran across and across it like wicked living things. Far away up the beach was a high bank of stones, and behind that in the smoke were low hills, flashing with fire. And the noise was so terrible that he could not think: His brain stopped dead.

Instinct would not allow him to run up the beach. Instead, he turned right and ran along the water's edge, splashing through the little rims of foam, the rifle and the coil of wire jolting awkwardly on his shoulder. He had an impulse to throw the wire away—but the wire was what he was there for, and they would be stuck without it. He stopped for a second, every inch of his body expecting the horrible whack of a bullet; and then he started to run up the beach.

Things came into the little circle of his vision as he ran—a German obstacle, a mangled body, blood, wreckage, rifles, torn equipment. He ran on to the high-water mark, the line of sea wrack, and the dry sand; and then a high bank of stones—big stones, like cannon balls. Men were lying elbow to elbow, hugging the steep face of the bank for cover or squatting in holes in the sand, some wounded. He dropped down there.

Above the dreadful noise he heard thin screams, and shouts which might have been orders, but if they were he could not understand them, and nobody moved. What ought a good soldier to do? The answer could only be to keep alive, if you can, till they need you. So he started to dig, first throwing down his coil of wire. There it lay, half a mile of it, and something must have gone wrong, he thought. He was meant to go on and lay the wire to some place inland—but nobody had even been able to cross the high bank of stones.

He was right; almost everything had gone wrong. At that moment the landing on Omaha was only being saved from total failure by blind tenacity and the last shreds of courage. In calm analysis the causes which led to this situation can be listed: the weather was bad, the bombardment had failed, the beach gave advantages to the defense, the German forces manning it were better troops than the planners expected, and finally—though this may be still a matter of opinion—there were basic mistakes in the plans. But the men who were suffering on the beach that morning were aware of only two of these causes—the weather and the formidable hills they were expected to assault.

Omaha Beach is five miles long and, like Utah Beach, it slopes so gently that the tide runs out for 300 or 400 yards. But that is its only resemblance to Utah. Behind it, instead of dunes and flat meadows, there is the bank of stones which Henry Meyers reached and then a stretch of marshy land and then grassy hills or bluffs, 150 feet high—easy to climb, but too steep for trucks or tanks.

At each end of the beach the bluffs run out into vertical cliffs which extend for miles. There are four small valleys in the bluffs, with trees and bushes in them. Except for one isolated gap at Port-en-Bessin, the four valleys were the only possible ways for a mechanized army to move inland on the whole stretch of twenty miles of coast from the mouth of the Vire River to the village of Arromanches.

On flat beaches like Utah, the Germans had to build their pillboxes and emplacements close to the edge of the sand; attacking infantry could get to grips with them quickly. But on Omaha the gun positions were built on the sides of the bluffs. Overlooking the beach, they had enormous fields of fire. To reach them, infantry would have to cross the beach itself, the stone bank—which had barbed wire on top—and the flat strip behind it, which was mined; then they would have to climb the slopes.

For all of this journey they would be plainly visible to German gunners on the bluffs, except in the couple of yards where they could hide behind the bank of stones. The entire beach was covered by heavy guns protected on the seaward side by fifteen to twenty feet of concrete—over sixty pieces of artillery, besides mortars and a large number of machine guns.

In addition to these defenses, the Germans had made great use on Omaha Beach of underwater obstacles. Near the low-water mark there was a row of large steel gates, braced by girders. Farther up the beach there were rows of wooden ramps and stout wooden posts with contact mines on top. Finally, on the upper part of the tidal flat, steel hedgehogs were scattered about. These were made of three lengths of angle iron welded together in the middle so that spikes struck up whichever side they lay on. The first step in the plan of attack was to remove the obstacles before the tide rose over them.

According to the plan, H Hour was 6:30 A.M., which was soon after low water. From 5:50 till 6:27, a tremendous naval bombardment had been arranged. From six o'clock till 6:25 over 400 bombers were to attack the shore defenses. Four minutes later sixty-four amphibious tanks were due to land; at H Hour itself, thirty-two ordinary tanks and sixteen armored bulldozers; and one minute later, eight companies of infantry—1450 men in thirty-six landing craft. Two minutes behind the infantry was a Special Demolition Task Force, to clear and mark lanes through the obstacles before the tide rose and covered them. A pause of half an hour was left in the planned landings to allow the demolition men to finish their work. Then bigger waves of infantry were due, with the first artillery units beginning to come in at eight o'clock.

The demolition men were really the crux of this plan. There were 272 of them, and they would have a delicate and fiddling task in attaching explosive charges to the obstacles and connecting them with fuses and detonators. They would be too busy to protect themselves, so for defense they had to depend on the first wave of infantry and tanks. But 1450 men and ninety-six tanks would be no match for the German batteries, unless the bombardment had already largely destroyed them.

Not one of these plans was fulfilled. The air bombardment missed its targets. The naval shelling had little apparent effect on the defenses. Most of the tanks were lost at sea or quickly destroyed on the beach, and the infantry units were scattered and decimated. The demolition men lost nearly half their number almost at once, and the remainder struggled to carry out their orders under impossible conditions. The beach became a chaos; the program of landing was abandoned. And this whole chain of disaster was started by the weather.

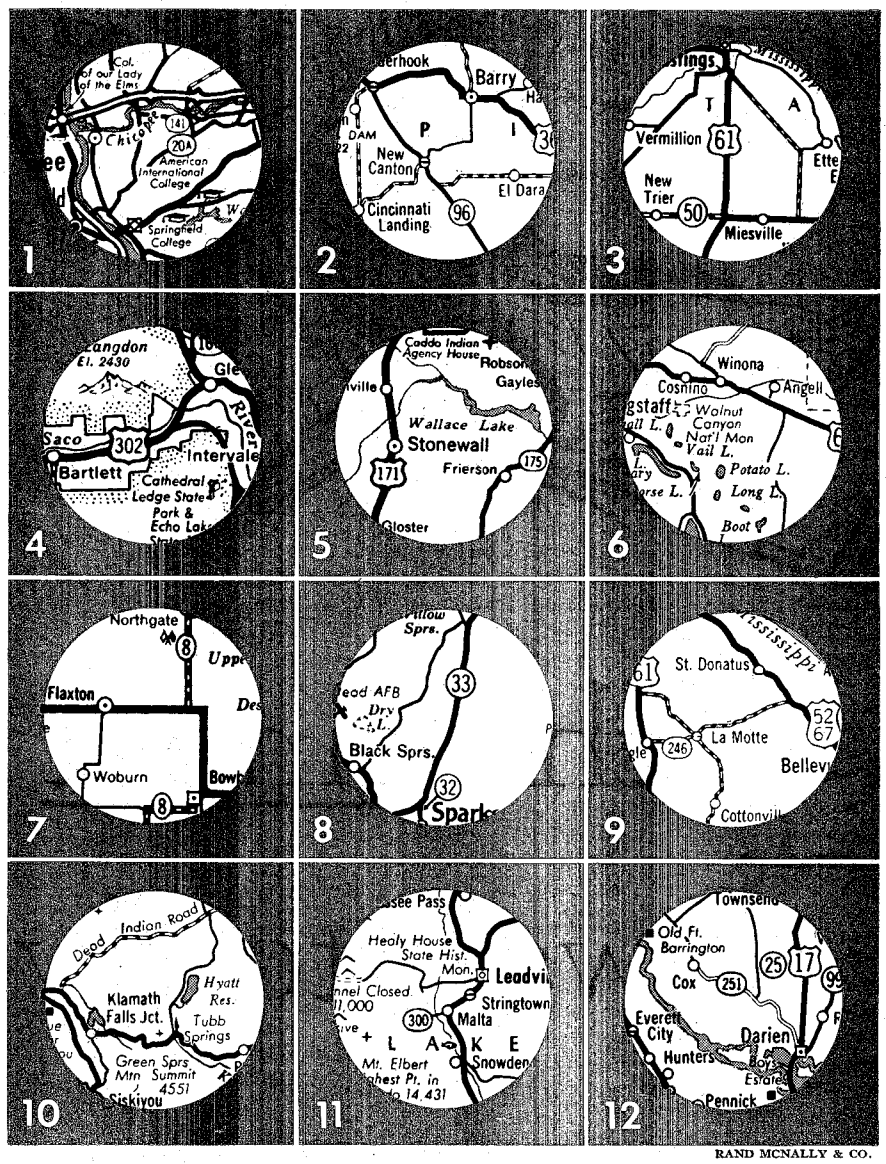
There is no evidence that the cloud cover was worse at Omaha than at Utah. The difference between the air bombing on the two beaches was a difference in policy and aircraft. At Utah, medium bombers carried out the last-minute bombardment at low level; at Omaha, the job was done by heavy bombers—Liberators—which could bomb through the clouds by instruments. On the basis of the weather forecast, the decision was taken to use instruments, which in those days was a much less accurate method.

Because of this inaccuracy, there was a risk that the bombing would hit the landing craft. The air crews were therefore ordered to delay their drop after crossing the coast, the length of the delay to vary with the length of the time before H Hour. So the bombs fell at first a few hundred yards inland and crept farther away until just before H Hour, when they landed three miles beyond the beach. None of the bombs, except perhaps a few strays, fell near enough to the beach defenses to do harm.

The results of the naval bombardment also were meager; but this is not so simple to explain. The bombardment looked heavy on paper. There were two American battleships, Texas and Arkansas, three cruisers—one was British and two were Free French—and eight destroyers. They were to fire 3500 rounds of calibers from five to fourteen inches. Army artillery was mounted on landing craft so that it could fire while waiting to go in and was scheduled to fire 9000 rounds in the thirty minutes before H Hour. Finally, nine rocket craft were each to fire 1000 high-explosive rockets.

What happened to 21,500 projectiles? There are many answers. Only a small proportion of the volume of fire was real naval gunnery. The rockets were notoriously inaccurate. The aiming of Army guns in small landing craft must have been uncertain, because the sea was rough. The morning was rather misty, and the beach was soon covered with smoke and dust, which made target spotting difficult. The Germans had made their emplacements almost impregnable to fire from seaward, and reconnaissance had not detected them all. Finally, the length of the shooting had been restricted to thirty-five minutes. When the troops started to cross the beach, the greater part of the German defenses was still intact and went into action.

The weather caused its greatest havoc among the infantry landing craft and amphibious tanks. The wind was blowing at ten to eighteen knots from the northwest. At Utah the wind was offshore, and the closer one went to the beach the calmer the sea became. At Omaha it was onshore; the waves were four feet high, sometimes six feet. Neither the landing craft nor the amphibious



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 76*)

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tanks were designed to work in such a rough sea.

Amphibious tanks were a new invention then and were used on all the beaches. Those for Omaha were carried across the channel in sixteen landing craft commanded by Dean L. Rockwell, a Naval Reserve lieutenant. Rockwell, a professional wrestler from Detroit, had got into landing craft after joining the Navy as an instructor in physical education; by the time he reached England, destined to take a front seat in the invasion of Europe, he commanded a flotilla. And then, in March, he was let in on the secret that amphibious tanks existed. His job was to study the technique of launching them from landing craft at sea.

The idea of a tank which would float and propel itself in water had baffled engineers in every army. The solution of the problem is attributed to a Hungarian-born engineer named Nicholas Straussler, who was working in Britain. The Admiralty condemned his design as unseaworthy, but the War Office took up the idea, and as soon as Eisenhower and Montgomery saw it demonstrated, orders were given for hundreds of Sherman tanks to be converted.

Straussler's idea was to fasten a kind of canvas screen around an ordinary tank. Tubes in the canvas could be blown up like an air mattress, the canvas forming the sides of a boat and the tank itself forming the bottom. The tank's engine was connected by extra clutches to two propellers. When the tank touched shore, the air could be let out of the tubes and the canvas collapsed, and within a couple of seconds the tank was in action.

But no more unpleasant means of going into battle could be imagined. The top of the tank was several feet below water level. The tank commander could stand behind the turret, but the rest of the crew—driver, co-driver, radio operator and gunner—were down inside the tank. They knew that their thirty-five-ton vehicle was suspended from a flimsy structure which would collapse if punctured or be swamped by a moderate wave and that the tank would then sink with them inside it.

The channel crossing was hard for the landing-craft crews, perhaps harder for the tank crews. They finally sailed from Portland at 9:15 A.M. on June fifth, with a voyage of twenty hours in front of them. Most of the tank crews were seasick all the way. Between their bouts of sickness they speculated about the weather, wondering whether they would be able to launch their tanks at all. Rockwell's orders were that if the sea was too rough for the tanks to swim, the landing craft should take them right in to the beach and land them. The sixteen craft were to divide, before they reached the area for launching, into two groups of eight craft each. The senior Navy officer and senior Army officer in each group were to make a joint decision whether to launch or not. Nobody had told them what to do if they disagreed.

Nightfall on the stormy sea threw the convoy into confusion. At dawn, Rockwell was rather surprised to find all of his sixteen ships still afloat. He led them through the lines of the infantry transports anchored ten miles offshore and past the heavy ships which were waiting to open their bombardment. The groups divided, his own eight craft heading toward the western end of the beach, the others toward the east.

When it was light enough to see the waves, Rockwell was sure that the tanks would never survive launching. The senior Army officer of his group was in another craft. Prepared to argue, Rockwell called him on the radio. He was thankful to hear him echo his own thoughts: "I don't think we can make it. Will you take us right in?" Rockwell said he would. At that moment, in the early dawn, his ships were steaming eastward, waiting to launch. At 5:30 he gave the signal to beach and saw them all turn with perfect precision toward the shore, the van of the landing on Omaha.

The other group decided to launch. At the crucial moment, the order that the Army and Navy should share the decision caused confusion. The result was terrible. Each landing craft dropped its ramp, and on each of them four tanks moved forward to enter the water. Some of them went off the ramp successfully and traveled 100 yards or so before they abruptly vanished below the waves. Some never floated at all.

There was a certain gallantry, however unwise, in the way they went. Commanders of the second, third and fourth tanks in each craft could see the leaders founder; but the order had been given to launch, and they launched, one by one, each of them hoping for better luck. Once they had started, the Navy could not stop them, but only watch each tank till the moment when a wave broke over it, or the canvas collapsed, and the tank disappeared and nothing was left on the sea but one man swimming, perhaps two, but seldom more. Within two or three minutes, twenty-seven of the thirty-two tanks were at the bottom of the channel, and 135 men were drowned or swimming for their lives.

One craft launched its first tank and watched it sink at once. The landing craft had lurched when this tank went off, and the second tank ran backward into the third and fourth, and all three of them tore their canvas so badly that they could not possibly have floated. The ensign commanding the landing craft decided on his own responsibility to make for the shore; he went in all alone and landed the three tanks. Two other tanks reached the beach under their own power. The infantry on the eastern half of the beach thus had the support of five amphibious tanks out of the thirty-two they had expected.

Rockwell did not see this tragic proof that his own decision had been right. His own eight craft were some distance to the westward, and he was intent on watching the beach ahead and the clock. Between 6:27 and 6:29, while the tank landing craft stopped engines and grazed the sand of Omaha, there was a fleeting hope that the bombardment had done its work and the defenses had been destroyed. The ramp of Rockwell's craft went down. The first of the tanks lurched into five feet of water and crawled ahead to the sand fifty yards away, the water washing over its back and pouring off again. In that same moment the Germans came to life.

Rockwell saw the muzzle flashes from casemates on the bluffs. His second tank got away. Then three landing craft on his right were hit in quick succession by an eighty-eight-millimeter gun that was enfilading the beach. He watched his third tank go out, expecting the German gun to raise its sights to him—the bulky landing craft was an easy target. The last of his tanks went into the water, and the moment it was clear the ramp was raised and the engines put astern.

Seven of the eight landing craft backed out from the beach, two burning; one was left there wrecked. Many more guns on the bluffs had begun to shoot, but they had shifted their targets. Rockwell saw the first of his tanks start to pick its way between the obstacles on the beach. Before it had gone ten yards it burst into flames. Looking astern, he saw the new targets which had drawn the German

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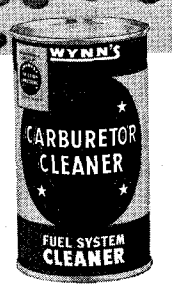

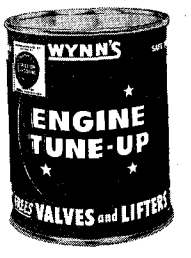

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fire—the infantry landing craft, plowing toward the breakers, running through the spray of shellbursts.

The first of these landing craft should have been carrying infantry, with the Navy-Army Demolition Force close behind them; but on some parts of the beach the demolition men were in the lead. This letter was written by one of them, a seaman:

. . . We stood looking over the side at the beach we were to go in at soon. We were all happy and smiling, telling jokes and yelling. Six o'clock came and we went in. . . . There hadn't been a shot fired from the enemy yet. But soon as we dropped our ramp, an 88-mm. came tearing in, killing almost half our men right there, the officer being the first one. . . . From then on things got hazy to me. I remember the Chief starting to take over, but then another one hit, and that did it. I thought my body torn part. When I woke, I saw a big hole in the bulkhead between the sergeant and me. He was dead, it must have been instant. I was blood from head to foot, but didn't know it at the time. Later I found the shrapnel had got me in the left leg and arm. I looked round and saw no one else alive. The explosive was on fire and was burning fast, so I went overboard and headed for the beach. The surf was filled with soldiers trying to get ashore. But the bullets in the surf from the enemy were thick. They were getting killed fast. I reached the obstacles and got behind one to shelter. Just then the landing craft blew up. That got me. Not caring whether I lived or not, I started to run through the fire up the beach. Which was plenty far to run, it probably seemed longer at that time. That's when I found my leg and arm stiff. After a while the soldiers were pouring in thick. I did a little rifle firing with them. . . .

A great many of the 1450 men of the eight companies of infantry suffered this kind of experience. One company, landing a little to the right of Rockwell's tanks, had one of its six craft sunk half a mile from shore; men were seen jumping overboard and being dragged under by their heavy equipment. A second craft was blown to pieces by mortar fire. The four others grounded, and the men scrambled out, but the beach had deep runnels there, and some men were out of their depth. Intense machine-gun and mortar fire enveloped them. Many were wounded in the water and fell down and were drowned. A few formed a firing line on the water's edge; but soon all the officers and most of the sergeants were killed or wounded, and the leaderless men gave up any hope of advancing across the beach. Within fifteen minutes the company was out of action.

This company had landed in the right place. All the rest of the eight companies were carried eastward by the same tidal stream that had upset the landing at Utah. Two half-mile stretches of the beach had no infantry at all; other parts had too many. Men found themselves pitched onto the shore in single boatloads, cut off from their officers, faced with defenses which were not the ones they had studied in their briefing, under a terrible gunfire which they had not expected.

Not even the heaviest gunfire puts such a strain on a soldier's morale as not being told what to do. In this respect the demolition men were better off than the infantry. They had a specific job to do, wherever they landed. There were the obstacles in front of them, and each team had to clear a fifty-yard gap right through to the high-water mark, and they had to do it quickly, because the tide was rising.

The demolition force was divided into teams of Navy and Army men, each led by a naval officer—sixteen teams to blow sixteen gaps in the defenses. The commander of this composite force was a Naval Reserve officer named Joseph H. Gibbons, a powerfully built man who had been graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in the '20's. Gibbons himself landed in the middle of the beach. The first two of his men he met said all the rest of their team had been killed. He told them to take cover behind the stone bank till he found a job for them.

Next he found a team which had started to fasten its charges to the obstacles. Each man had a string of two-pound blocks of explosive round his waist. Watching this team, Gibbons saw them moving methodically from one obstacle to another, quickly taping the charges onto the stakes and angle irons. One of them was running out the fuse which was to connect all the charges. Another had laid out the two buoys which were to mark the gap and was going up the beach carrying posts with triangles on them which he had to set up as additional gap markers. None of them were showing any visible sign of fear.

Gibbons found other teams at work—and other teams decimated on the water's edge; and he found a gap blown—and the bodies of the men who had blown it scattered among the wreckage of the obstacles. He watched the tide rising. At half tide it rose a foot in eight minutes, and within the first few minutes of the landing it was among the outer obstacles. He gained a rough impression of his men working against time under conditions which he vaguely knew were terrible. It was not till later in the day, when the tide put an end to their efforts, that he began to learn the extent of their successes.

Five gaps had been blown and two partially blown out of the sixteen which had been planned. At least two teams had been slaughtered in landing. One team had laid all its charges and the men were preparing to fire them when a shell hit the fuse and set off all the charges and wounded or killed them all except the man with the markers.

Other teams were delayed by infantrymen, desperate for cover, who huddled in groups behind the obstacles. One of the warrant officers, his charges laid and ready, at the cost of the lives of two of his men, ran around frenziedly kicking the soldiers to try to make them move so that he could fire the charges.

Of Gibbons' 272 engineers, 111 were killed or wounded, almost all in the first half hour. Yet their gallantry was largely wasted by hastiness in planning. The buoys which they had laid on each side of each gap were metal cans that could be punctured and sunk by a single bullet; when one was sunk nobody could tell which side of the gap was marked by the one which remained. All that morning landing-craft skippers milled around offshore looking for buoys and posts. Most of them hesitated to trust to luck and charge the obstacles.

Two other disasters helped to deprive the stricken infantry of support. First, a large proportion of the artillery intended to land in the first few hours had been loaded in amphibious trucks called

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 74

1. Mass.	2. Ill.	3. Minn.
4. N.H.	5. La.	6. Ariz.
7. N.D.	8. Nev.	9. Iowa
10. Oreg.	11. Colo.	12. Ga.

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DUKWS. This plan had not made enough allowance for the rough sea, and most of the DUKWS were swamped. Secondly, it was a long time before Army engineers succeeded in making any gaps in the bank of stones, which was too steep for tanks to cross, and so the tanks were not able to lead the infantry beyond the beach. Sixteen bulldozers had been provided, but only three survived. One of those was unable to maneuver because of the infantrymen who clung to its shelter.

No gaps were made in the bank until ten o'clock. By then it was nearly high tide. The tanks which were still undamaged had been penned into a strip of beach only a few yards wide. Jeeps, trucks and half-tracks had started to land, and as the tide rolled up to the stone bank, all were caught in a dense jam of vehicles, men and wreckage. This concentration of material was under fire from German guns at close range, and an order had to be sent by radio to suspend all landings of vehicles till something could be done to clear the beach.

Into this scene of confusion and death a landing craft disgorged a unit of antiaircraft guns mounted on half-tracks. One section was commanded by a sergeant named Hyman Haas, and his experience was typical of that stage of the battle.

Hyman Haas came from the Bronx; his peacetime job was making frames for ladies' handbags, and he was notably cheerful and efficient. This was his first combat, and all through it and for months afterward he remained so cheerful and turned out to be so lucky that his section might well have looked on him as a mascot.

Sergeant Haas' men were principally trained as antiaircraft, but they had also practiced on surface targets—and that was lucky. The sight of a thirty-seven-millimeter gun coming ashore must have appeared as a godsend to the infantry, some of whom had been there for two hours with no artillery at all. An officer ran toward Haas, shouting and pointing out a pillbox firing from the side of the bluff about 300 yards away. Haas' gun was mounted so that it could not fire forward on low elevation. There was no room to turn around on the beach. He told his driver to turn right and then to the right again and drive back into the sea. That brought the half-track stern on to the bluffs; and there, half-submerged in the surf, Haas trained his gun on the pillbox. He fired ten rounds. So far as he could see, they all went through the aperture and exploded inside. The German gun was silent after that.

For a long time nobody showed Haas another target. There was nothing for him to do but wait, and hope that somebody would punch a hole in the stone bank and let him move inland before his gun was destroyed.

It seemed for several hours that the attack was going to fail. The German divisional commander was so confident of the outcome that he sent a part of his reserves to counterattack the British farther east. Gen. Omar Bradley, on the cruiser Augusta, had alarming reports by radio all morning. One staff officer reported landing craft milling around "like a stampeded herd of cattle."

At noon the situation was still critical, and Bradley began to think of diverting his follow-up forces to Utah and to the British beaches. Such a decision would presumably have meant writing off the landing at Omaha as a failure and abandoning most of the forces already ashore to be killed or captured. For the next hour and a half this terrible prospect remained in the general's mind. And then, at 1:30, seven hours after the landing, he received the message, "Troops formerly pinned down . . . advancing up heights behind beaches." Something had tipped the balance at last toward victory.

It was partly the slow effect of the almost irresistible weight of American arms. The American forces could lose all the tanks and artillery in the first waves of their attack; there were still enormous quantities of tanks and artillery to follow in later waves. They could even lose their first waves of infantry; tens of thousands more men were waiting and ready to go in. But the German defenses, strong though they were, were limited and immobile. Now and then a shot like Haas' wrote off a pillbox, and nothing could replace it. Time was bound to wear down the static defenses.

This process was quickened by the navy's intervention. When it became obvious that the soldiers were penned on the beach, destroyers were ordered in as close as they could go, to shell whatever targets they could see. Some of them went in till they scraped their keels on the sandy bottom. So, by naval fire aided by the remnants of artillery on the beach, German guns were silenced one by one. But the men on the beach were not aware of any slackening in the German fire. It is nearly as bad to be shot at by ten guns as by twenty.

What really turned the balance was a final stubborn reserve of human courage. On one bit of the beach a lieutenant and a wounded sergeant suddenly stood up among the men who were lurking behind the bank of stones and walked over the top of it. They looked at the wire entanglement just beyond the bank, and then the lieutenant came back and looked down at the cowering men and said, "Are you going to lay there and get killed, or get up and do something about it?" Nobody moved, so he and the sergeant found explosives and blew a hole in the wire; and then the men began to stir.

An infantry colonel on another part of the beach expressed the same thought, "Two kinds of people are staying on this beach, the dead and those who are going to die. Now let's get the hell out of here." In the most effective advance which was made from the beach that morning, a private was the first to go over the bank and set a Bangalore torpedo in the wire. Before he could fire it, he was killed. A lieutenant went over next and fired it and blew a gap. The first man to try the gap was shot; but others made it, in twos and threes, and found shelter in some empty German trenches, and little by little the numbers increased till the remnants of a whole company were following.

In this way, several small groups of men began to creep inland across the deadly mine fields. Most of them advanced in single file, each man treading in the footsteps of the man in front, stepping over the bodies of men whom the mines had killed.

By noon a few infantrymen were up the bluffs and beginning to attack the beach defenses from behind. No tanks or artillery could follow them, because the valleys were still strongly held. Gibbons was waiting impatiently for the tide to go down again so that he could renew his attack on the beach obstacles. And it was long after nightfall before anyone had any use for the telephone wire which Henry Meyers had carried ashore.

Through all these hours, a strong counterattack could have pushed the American forces off Omaha Beach and back into the sea. But no counterattack was made, and for this reprieve thanks were due to the air forces which had won complete supremacy in Western Europe. Allied aircraft that day were delaying the movement of German reserves far and wide over France. The Atlantic Wall at Omaha was tough, but it was thin.

Editors' Note—In his concluding article next week the author reports how the British fought their way ashore and the unusual means they used to storm the German defenses.

The Dark Road (Continued from Page 17)

thousand dollars' worth of German jewels. The small fees of ordinary people in trouble were becoming the large retainers of professionals who lived by trouble. There wasn't much of the old Harry Benton left, he thought. A bit left behind here in a dingy room, in a pretrial conversation with a client, in a written appeal on a technicality, in a newspaper interview. A bit here and a bit there. It all added up.

"I'd probably do just what Sheeley's doing," Lou Feldman had told him, and for the first time he saw the point. He had become a nuisance and they were going to see that he left. He had been asking for it for a long time, and now he was finally getting it. He had put the rope around his own neck.

It was very simple. In that year an American civilian residing in West Germany still needed a special military entry permit. The permit expired every two years, and Harry Benton's had a matter of a couple of weeks to go. The fact that Sheeley was in charge of the office that renewed the permits was beside the point, Benton admitted to himself for the first time. Not even Lou Feldman would have renewed it so long as Harry Benton continued in the old way, so long as he was hardly a step away from being something approaching a gangster's mouthpiece. He was caught now; there was nothing he could do. He was not angry now. Only tired and drained of emotion and faintly ashamed. *Maybe they're doing me a favor*, he thought, *in shipping me home.*

Benton was a medium-tall man, slim, almost slightly built. He did not reach five feet ten in his shoes; he did not exceed 150 pounds in his clothes. At work, at his desk, he had a mild, owlish, almost professorial air. The slight distortion of the lenses of the reading glasses tended to soften the greenish-brown eyes. When he smiled his engaging boyish grin and ran his fingers nervously through his close-cropped dark hair, he looked young and friendly and harmless. It was only when you looked again at the curious deep-set eyes which seemed to pull in light without reflecting it that you realized that Harry Benton was a good deal more complicated than he looked; that whatever he might be, good or bad or a conflicting mixture, he was not harmless.

He opened the desk drawer and pulled out his checkbook. He looked at the balance. About three thousand dollars. A thousand by the time he got to New York. It had all gone somewhere—the expensive apartment, the office in the Friedrich Ebert Strasse, the clothes, the liquor, the women, the car he'd have to sell. It had been a nice ride, and now it was over.

He barely heard the knock on his door through the heavy traffic in the street below. For a moment he was angry. *Why don't they read the sign on the door and go in through the outer office?* Then he remembered. It was nearly seven. His secretary had been gone for two hours or more; he'd let her go home when Major Feldman arrived.

"Come in!" he shouted at the door in his almost perfect German.

The man who entered was not an American. The clothes were enough to tell Harry Benton that. But what he was was very hard to tell. He was wearing a mauve suit with pin stripes about an inch wide. It was single-breasted and pinched in sharply at the waist in an appalling imitation of the worst French cut. His highly polished yellow shoes were impossibly long and pointed. He was small and chubby, with a pale white face and very red lips surmounted by a hairline mustache.

The visitor brought his heels together and bobbed his head sharply. "Antonescu," he said, and held out a card.

Benton took the card and shook the hand. It was small and white and pudgy, but it was surprisingly strong. He waved the man to a chair and looked at the card. It was large and simple: "Bruno Antonescu," and then below: "Homme d'Affaires." Bruno Antonescu, Businessman—nothing more, no address, no telephone number. Benton looked at his visitor again; Antonescu was slumped comfortably in the chair with his hands folded across his belly. He was smiling benignly.

"Mr. Benton," he said, "I am in need of your services."

"I don't practice in German courts. You need a qualified German, a *Rechtsanwalt*. Perhaps I can direct you."

"Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Benton. It is your services I want, and I am not looking for legal advice."

Mr. Antonescu waggled a plump finger at him. "Mr. Benton, you are returning soon to America."

Benton jerked his head involuntarily.

"Oh, Mr. Benton, do not be alarmed. I am no magician. It is well known that your entry permit will not be renewed. You will be leaving soon."

Antonescu paused a moment and gazed at the ceiling. Then he looked Harry Benton straight in the eye, with a frankness and honesty so open and direct that no honest man could have achieved it in a thousand years.

"Let us stop fencing," he said. "We have mutual friends: Sergeant Manly at the gasoline depot; Mr. Smiley at the large PX—so large, a veritable department store—a friend who works where they print the ration books."

I should throw him out, Harry Benton thought, *smash his fat face, but I can't. I can't throw anyone out.* And he knew the worst of what the two years had done to him. It was the fact that someone like Antonescu had the right to talk to him as an equal.

"All right," he said to Antonescu, "all right, we have mutual friends. You know my clients. Now what do you want?"

Antonescu reached inside his coat with his right hand. When it came out, there was a small automatic in the pudgy fist.

"Mr. Benton, I have something to show you, but first I must ask you to push your chair back, away from the desk."

The automatic held steady until Benton had shoved his chair back to the window.

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Then Antonescu laid it on the desk. He kept one hand on top of it while he fished into his pocket with another and brought out a small chamois-leather pouch with drawstrings. He put the pouch on the desk next to the automatic, loosened the drawstrings and opened the neck of the pouch a little.

"I am going to ask you to carry a small parcel to America."

Benton shook his head. "I'm not running dope," he said. "Go to Marseilles, go to Naples." He paused. "Go to hell, Mr. Antonescu."

Antonescu laughed, a short, rich laugh, and fixed Harry Benton with a wistful and sensitive smile.

"The drug traffic," he said. "Terrible. Ruined homes. Wrecked lives. Terrible, terrible! The scum of the earth. Dealers in death. Mr. Benton, do you think I would ask something of that sort?"

"All right, I misjudged you. I withdraw the remark."

Antonescu waved it aside as if he were flicking a fly from his hand. "Say no more, Mr. Benton. A natural error."

Two fingers of the white hand went into the neck of the pouch and came out holding something that glittered and shone in the slanting sun.

"A diamond, Mr. Benton; twenty carats. And there are others like it in this pouch, most of them larger. I will not bore you with details, and I will be conservative. About half a million dollars in this pouch. I want you to carry it to America for me and turn it over to a friend. Here, Mr. Benton; here, look at it"—he tossed the diamond to Harry Benton as if it were glass—"I suggest a fee of ten thousand dollars upon delivery. I came to you for one reason—because you are an honest man."

Benton started to speak, but Antonescu held up his hand.

"An honest man," he said. "I do not mean a legal man or a good citizen. Mr. Benton, I have known many of your clients. They would have paid any fee you chose. You could have blackmailed them for the rest of their lives. Do you think that I and my friends would trust anyone else with half a million dollars in diamonds?"

"All right," Benton said, "they're real. But there's just one thing. I'm a lawyer, not a fence."

"Mr. Benton, why will you misjudge me so persistently? These are not stolen goods; they are quite legally in my possession. There is even a bill of sale." He fished into his breast pocket and waved a dirty piece of paper at Benton. "It is true that the Union of South Africa has laws against what they call illegal diamond buying, but that is purely a local regulation to keep up the price, and that is why I got them so reasonably and why I had to act so quickly. You are a lawyer, Mr. Benton; you know that regulations of that kind have no standing outside of South Africa. And neither of us is likely to visit there again."

"What do you want?" Benton said slowly.

"All I am asking you to do, Mr. Benton, is to deliver them for me. To bring them through the American customs quietly. That is not quite legal, but is it so terrible? Is it inherently evil? No; merely a financial regulation of the state. I am not impressed by government regulations, Mr. Benton, and I do not think that you are either."

"I am impressed by ten years in prison," Mr. Benton replied.

"Not ten, Mr. Benton, five; and perhaps less for a first offender. But who will suspect you, who will catch you? Mr. Benton, it is never the first time. Believe me, this is as safe a thing as you have ever undertaken."

Benton shook his head. "You'll have to get someone else."

Antonescu sighed. "We had counted so much on you."

He began to put the diamond slowly back in the pouch. "Mr. Benton," he said, "we can count on your discretion. I will not insult you by mentioning the possibility of an informer's fee."

"I don't like informers, and I'm beginning to dislike you, Mr. Antonescu."

Antonescu put the pouch in his pocket. He slid the automatic back inside his coat into the shoulder holster. Then he picked up his card from the desk, reached out for a pencil and scribbled something on it.

"If you should change your mind, Mr. Benton. I am leaving a telephone number."

The door closed behind him.

Benton sat there awhile, staring at the spot on the desk where the diamond had tumbled and glinted. After a few minutes he got up and locked the desk, pushed the release button on the spring lock on the door, went out into the dim corridor, down the stone steps, heels clicking, and out into the hot Frankfort street.

He paused there a moment, undecided. Then he turned north, away from the Bahnhofplatz and the buyers and sellers of cigarettes and coffee and flesh and military scrip and traveler's checks and green dollars. He walked a few minutes until he reached his car in the guarded parking lot. Then he headed for home, north past the Opera House toward the residential area.

He had an apartment in a large brownstone house. In front was an iron fence and a plot of grass. In back a larger garden with shade and fruit trees. He drove his car up the narrow side driveway. Then he walked a few feet along a flagstoned path, past the little ornate lily pond and up two steps to a stone porch. The French windows leading into the living room were theoretically locked, but the lock was deficient and they yielded to a slight push. *I have to get that fixed*, he thought, and then remembered sourly that he would not be living there long enough for it to make any difference.

He walked rapidly through the living room into the hall and up the stairs. He lay down on top of one of the twin beds in his room, too tired even to remove his shoes. In a few moments he was asleep.

By the time he awoke, it was dark. He felt rested and hungry. He got into his car and drove out to the old castle on the outskirts of the city, the castle that now was a special Army club and restaurant. He ate alone—a thick steak—but after his leisurely dinner he wandered out to the bar. Lou Feldman was there, sipping a large Scotch and soda and talking genially to three or four friends.

"Well, Harry," he said, "have one with me before I leave. I have to get back to Heidelberg tonight."

"I'm going to pack it up," Benton told him. "I'm going back to the States on the next ship I can get on. You're right; there must be some better way to make a living."

Major Feldman looked at him impassively. "Come down and see me before you leave, Harry." He drained his Scotch, shook Benton's hand and walked out.

Harry Benton held up his glass to the bartender again. "The same. Double."

He talked for a while with some of the men lined up along the bar. Then he joined some friends at one of the tables. He sat there chatting and drinking, moving from group to group. It seemed a very short while, but when he looked at his watch, it was two A.M. He went out and got into his car, driving slowly and carefully. Then he began to let her out.

For a few miles he pushed the car as fast as it would go along the winding, up-and-down back roads. Then he slowed as he began to enter the Frankfort suburbs. A few blocks from his apartment there was a small bar. He brought the car up against the curb and went in.

When he looked at his watch later, it was nearly four. He had been drinking a long time, but he felt quite sober. His car was still out in front; though on that dark street cars were regularly stripped or stolen.

He drove to his apartment, up the side driveway, then along the flagstoned path to the back, and opened the unlockable French doors. The living room was quite dark. Benton moved cautiously to the light switch and flicked it on. As he was turning back to the room his eye went to a large couch, facing outward from him toward the windows in back. There at one end was a long thin shoe, bright yellow and highly polished. But attached to the shoe was a foot and a leg and a chunky body in a mauve suit with pin stripes. And above it, the back of what had been a head, with dark blood around it.

The first thing Harry Benton wanted was to be sick. But he fought it down for a few seconds, feeling the black bile in his throat. He moved cautiously over to the body, turning his head away as he took one arm and twisted it half on its side. He could see Antonescu's face now. The dark hole in the forehead where the bullet had entered seemed impossibly small to have caused the smeared ruin at the back of the skull. He let the arm drop, and the body rolled back into its prone position.

He reached for the phone to call the police, but his hand stopped halfway and then drew back. As far as he could guess from the state of the blood, Antonescu had died not too long before, well after Harry Benton had left the club. Maybe someone at the bar would be able to recognize him; maybe not; the bar had been dark and crowded. Anyhow, they could hardly swear he'd been there all the time; it was only a few blocks from his house and he could easily have sneaked out, murdered Antonescu and sneaked back in. He was already building the case for prosecution in his mind. It was a pretty good one under any conditions, and against Harry Benton, in his present circumstances, enough to put him away for most of his life—if he was lucky.

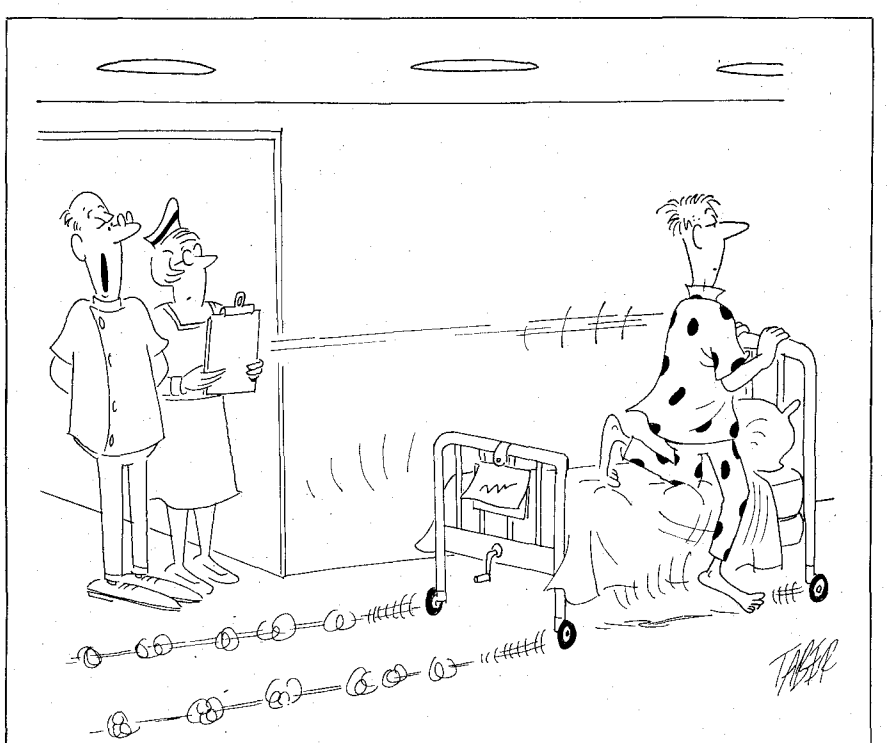
He went to the front door, put the latch on, so no one could enter, key or not; then he pulled the shade on the French door in back. He stepped into the kitchen. He took a deep breath and went over to the body, began to empty the pockets. There was nothing in the pockets to help him. Cigarettes, an American brand; a gold lighter; a handkerchief; a wallet stuffed with large bills in the currencies of four or five different countries; a key ring.

The how seemed to be clear—through the broken French window—but what about the why? To go through the place looking for something usable for blackmail, to make Benton smuggle the diamonds back to the United States? In that case, where were the diamonds? Maybe Antonescu had never brought them. If he had, presumably his killer had them now. But maybe they were still there. Maybe Antonescu had heard the kitchen window opening; maybe, with no hope and a few seconds of life remaining, he had hidden them safely. Then the killer had gone through his pockets, found nothing and assumed Antonescu had never brought them with him. Or perhaps been scared off by Benton's return before he could complete the search.

When he found them, it was so easy he suspected a trap. One of the armchairs in the room was heavy and Gothic, its mundane legs modestly hidden by an all-around heavy fringe that swept the floor. He tilted back the chair, and looking under the curtain of fringe, saw the familiar chamois bag, a foot and a half from Antonescu's dead, outstretched hand. The killer had not given him much time—just time enough for one despairing toss.

He picked up the bag, untied the drawstrings and spilled a few of the stones on his palm. *Five hundred thousand dollars, half a million. Enough for life*, he thought; *I am a modest man.* He could see the scales swaying in front of him: on the one side, the little chamois bag; on the other the trial for murder, the likely conviction or the slim hope of acquittal, with money and reputation gone. He poured the stones back into the bag, tied up the strings and put it in his pocket. It lay almost flat there against his thigh, not bulky, but heavy—surprisingly heavy.

He went over and looked at the body again. He examined the room carefully. There was no other indication he could see of Antonescu's presence. He had already turned out the pockets. Now he examined every article of clothing for labels or laundry marks. He was not worried about fingerprints. Somehow, he felt,



"I think we can let him get up now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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a man as talented as Antonescu would have seen that his prints were not on file. He shifted Antonescu's body until only the head and the upper portion of the torso were on the rug. He got some ordinary surveyor's cord and tied the hands and feet. Then he wrapped the rug around the head and held it in place with surgical tape from the medicine cabinet.

He opened the French windows in back, went out, walking quietly on the grass alongside the flagstoned path, and opened the big luggage compartment of his car. It was not yet light. He came back to the room, bent over and hoisted the body to his shoulder. Antonescu had been a small man, but he was surprisingly heavy. Twice on his way to the car, Benton felt he would sink under the weight.

The body was not yet rigid. He slid it feet first into the luggage compartment, bending the knees up toward the chin. Then he went quietly to a small tool shed in the back of the garden. There was a pile of old sacks, thriftily saved over generations, and he took five or six, bringing them back to the car and wrapping them around the body. He brought down the turtleback cautiously. It closed easily without touching the body inside. Then he locked it.

The body had to be dropped somewhere, a long way from Frankfort and somewhere where it would be safe a long time. He ran over various localities in his mind, then it came to him. At least two hundred miles away.

It is the southernmost tip of Germany, a little valley like a peninsula thrusting into the Alps and the Austrian border. At the head of the valley is the resort town of Sonthofen. Swinging west from Sonthofen on a series of second- and third-class roads, you pass through densely wooded hills and widely separated villages until you come out on the main highway to Lindau and the Lake of Constance. Harry Benton had driven it once at night and noted the closed-in solitude, the few darkened villages, the deserted roads lighted infrequently by the headlights of a passing car. The wooded hills were desolate. An occasional state forester passed through them, a few herds of wild pigs rooted among the trees. At periodic intervals, men came up the narrow lumber roads to cut a few trees, very infrequently, at stated intervals, under official license, cutting only those trees assigned and then moving on, not to return to that particular area for years. The German forest law was very strict.

He had the spot in mind. An area recently cut and thus safe for years. About two miles up the lumber road and a hundred feet or so into the brush. He would have to go slowly, driving his car without lights; he might even have to back out. But it was possible. He had taken his car up the lumber roads before, on boar hunts, and it could be done. In the luggage compartment of his car, he had always kept a small, very efficient Army-surplus entrenching shovel—ever since he had once backed too hastily on a narrow road and buried the rear wheels in soft sand. The grave would not have to be very deep.

He threw a few things into an overnight bag. Then he set his alarm clock for ten and forced himself to sleep. He thought it would be hard, but he was asleep in a few moments, stretched out on the bed in his clothes.

He was very calm when he awoke at ten, and strangely refreshed from three hours' sleep. He got into his car, drove it back and forth a few feet in the driveway, braked sharply a couple of times, listening for any telltale noise from the luggage compartment. Then he drove to the American Express office, closing out his account and getting $2500 in traveler's checks, the rest in *Deutschmarks*. Then he went to the garage he used and had the car gassed and oiled. The attendant polished his windshield vigorously, then began to check his tires. They were all right, and the attendant, alertly earning his tip, asked him about the spare. Benton started to hand him the keys to the luggage compartment. Then he remembered just in time, and he was sweating again, his mouth was dry and there was a knot in his stomach.

"It's O.K.," he said. "I checked it myself."

He drove out to the *Autobahn* entrance, heading south for Heidelberg and Karlsruhe, for Stuttgart and Ulm and the secondary highway south toward Memmingen and Sonthofen and the back road through the wooded hills.

He drove slowly, keeping the powerful car at fifty. As he passed the Darmstadt cutoff and the scarred hill to the left, where the American snack bar had been in the old days, he suddenly recalled the name the highway patrol had given to the stretch of highway either side of Darmstadt—Death Alley, with its converging traffic, truck parks and blind entrances and its daily accidents and weekly fatalities. He began sweating again. A smashup, he thought, was all he needed. His foot eased up even more on the accelerator. But there was no smashup and soon he was approaching the Worms cutoff and the new stretch of *Autobahn* going to the French border.

He was barely making forty now, much too slow for the outside lane. In the slow lane, the concrete paving was very rough, cracked and out of alignment from the constant hammering of heavy trucks. Forty was slow even for that lane, but the truck looming ahead of him, with its heavy trailer, was making about twenty-five. He checked his rear-view mirror carefully, plenty of time, flipped his direction signal. As he turned out to pass, he could see that the truck in front of him was trailing another truck, older and more battered, barely able to pull its two heavy trailers up the imperceptible rise.

Now he was in the outer lane and he accelerated slightly to pass. The direction signal on the rear truck came out, but only after the truck had suddenly cut sharply into the outer lane just ahead of Benton's car. He had about ten feet, too close to brake, but over to the left, the strip between northbound and southbound, at this particular stretch of highway, was simple ungraded concrete; reminder of the days when portions of the *Autobahn* had been designed as emergency landing fields for *Luftwaffe* planes.

Just enough room, he thought; then he swung sharply left around the truck and accelerated. It was so close that for a second he thought he had made it, but the heavy truck steered over carelessly, crowded him too far. The car scraped down its side, bounced off toward the oncoming traffic in the northbound highway; then, as he swung the wheel desperately, hit the truck again at a sharp angle and came to a grinding halt as the ponderous truck stopped in its turn.

Even then it might have been all right except for the fenders. But as Benton had started to pass, a convertible coming up behind him saw the tangle, could turn neither in nor out, braked desperately and nearly made it. But not quite. As the brakes locked, the car slid full into the rear of Benton's.

The impetus of the first crash had thrown Benton's car partly sideways, so that when the convertible hit him he was thrown against the padded door, rather than ground into the steering wheel or against the lethal knobs of the dashboard. And he had had time to close his eyes and throw his bent arm in front of his face. When he lowered the arm carefully a moment later, he was not much worse than bruised and dizzy, except for a long shallow cut running from his forehead on the left down to his ear. It was not dangerous, but it was bleeding profusely and there was blood smeared over his face. Some of it had trickled into his mouth and he gagged at the taste.

He dabbed at the blood with his handkerchief, then tried the door. It had not sprung enough to prevent its being opened. He stepped out. The truck ahead was hardly damaged. The driver, unharmed, was standing alongside looking glum.

The convertible behind had not hit very hard, but it was going to need a new radiator along with grille and fenders. Its driver, a Negro flight sergeant, was looking at the damage, shaking his head. Benton walked up to him.

"What a mess," the sergeant said. "You all right, man?"

"Just a cut; it'll stop bleeding soon."

"Looks like neither of us is going to drive away. I'm new here. What do we do now?"

"Wait," said Benton carefully, "first for the German police, then the MP's, then the Air Police to look after you. Can't move anything."

"Don't want to," the sergeant said. "I sure hope that Kraut truck's got insurance. I saw it all. Not your fault, man, and I'm here to tell 'em."

"Thanks," Benton said. His mind was racing. First of all, despite the two crashes, he thought his car could still be driven away. The fenders could be pulled back where they were crushed on the wheel. The bolts on one side of the front bumper had been sheered, but, if necessary, he could junk it. The car would have to be fixed eventually, but right now it could run. At the worst, he could get a tow to the nearest garage, have the temporary work done there in ten minutes, and still make his appointment in the forest.

He walked around to the back of his car. The convertible was up against it, its front projecting into the bottom of his luggage compartment. He looked more closely. The turtleback was open, the lock smashed and sprung. He bent down to look. All he could see was the burlap sack wrapped around Antonescu's head. Then he saw other pieces of sacking flung around the compartment from the impact, leaving the body half uncovered. He thought he could see, at one corner of the compartment, a gleaming, narrow, yellow shoe.

"Spring's broke," a voice said behind him, and he whirled to stare into the innocent face of the sergeant. "Seen it happen before," the voice went on. "It'll fly right up, soon as I move my car. You'll have to tie it down, and string won't do, you'll need wire."

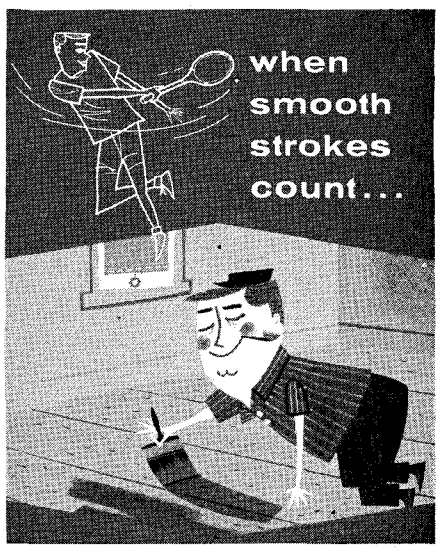
"Why don't I do it now?" he thought, and realized he had spoken the thought.

"Thought we couldn't touch anything. Anyhow, no wire. And if we did have some, what would you put the other end on? Lock handle's too far in to reach."

No way, Benton thought, seeing the police—they should be here soon—seeing the routine questioning and reports, seeing the wrecking cars and the convertible moving slowly back, the turtleback leaping up like something alive. *I could slam it shut fast*, he thought, but he knew it was no use. He turned to the sergeant, pointed to the German *Rasthaus* just ahead on the southbound lane.

"I'm going over there," he said, "and wash some of the blood off me." Then quickly, "Will you watch the cars here, tell the cops where I am when they come?"

The sergeant nodded. Benton felt his pockets, the traveler's checks, the little chamois bag. Then he walked rapidly



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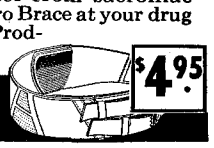

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over to the *Rasthaus*. He was beginning to feel sick and dizzy. The *Rasthaus* was in a little clearing in the woods, with the lavatories in back almost up to the beginning of the forest.

What he was going to do tomorrow, or even tonight, he did not know, but right now, Harry Benton was going to get behind the building and into the trees, and then he was going to start running as fast as he could, through the forest, to the parallel highway ten miles west. And run just as far as a man could with $2500 in traveler's checks and half a million in diamonds in his pockets, and keep on running till they caught him.

He reached the clearing, walking with deceptive speed. He walked around the side of the building. Quite a few trucks were in the parking area in front, but at the side, pulled back, its front facing outward, its rear almost parallel with the back of the building and only a few feet away, a single truck was parked.

It was the driver of this truck who came around the corner out of the lavatories and passed Benton. The driver looked at a watch and muttered something. Behind schedule, Benton thought. He heard the cab door open and shut. From where he had stopped, completely alone, screened from the highway, he could see directly into the rear of the truck. It was an old-fashioned job, with a cab and a plank floor in the trailer, with low plank sides, surmounted at regular intervals by plain wooden stakes. A heavy canvas cover went over the top, supported by the stakes, came down the sides, completely covering them, and was lashed in place at the bottom. At the rear were two canvas flaps, with tie strings, like the entrance to a tent, and a low drop board.

His mind took it all in at once, and before he came to a conscious decision, he had put one foot in the mounting stirrup in back, and pulled himself over the drop board, pushing the flaps aside at the bottom and scrambling in. Whatever noise he may have made was hidden by the roar of the truck engine as it turned over and caught. The truck pulled slowly forward, nosed cautiously into the highway and turned south. Peering cautiously through a slit in the canvas, Harry Benton, looking back, could just see the white MP patrol car pull up behind the scene of the accident.

He could see very clearly what would happen. First, the talking and measuring and confusion, as Air Force, Army and German police straightened out their jurisdiction. Then someone would go over to find Benton, and return without him. Then a shrug as another pointed out that they had his car and license number. Then the decision to clear the highway. And about ten seconds after the convertible was hauled back and the luggage compartment of Benton's car sprang open, things were going to start moving fast.

The truck left the *Autobahn* and made its way through Heidelberg, slowing frequently in jams or at intersections, stopping often for signals. But it kept to the main, crowded streets, and Benton waited. He noted a sharp right turn. They were at the new bridge, going down the south bank of the river. The truck was only crawling now as it passed along the narrow street. The traffic was still fairly heavy, but once they had passed the old bridge below the castle and headed out of town, it dwindled to almost nothing. Benton allowed himself a quick look between the curtains. They had not yet reached Neckargemund. The streetcar tracks had become a single line and then veered off the road. For a mile or two, the road twisted and turned with the river; on the right were patches of woods.

The truck was slowing now and Benton was nerving himself for the jump. He had one foot over the drop board when the truck suddenly stopped. He ducked back quickly and, crouching in the middle of the tires, heard the cab door open and shut. He heard a stick crunch, then a curse. Very slowly he inched up the canvas on the side and peered through the slit. The driver had walked from the front of the truck and raised the hood. It was clear that the engine needed attention.

Benton was over the drop board in three seconds. There was no traffic on the road. He crouched down behind the truck and watched the driver through the wheels. In a moment, the driver closed the hood, got into the cab and started off. Benton moved quickly into the cover of the trees until the truck went round a bend and was lost from sight. Then he started down the road, retracing the truck's route.

He crossed the road soon and walked along the grass at the river bank. A few cars passed, but paid no attention; nature strollers were fairly common there. He trudged on, weak and sick, for what seemed ten miles, but was actually two or three, until he came into Neckarsteinach and the streetcar stop.

But before he reached town, he went down the river bank, and, with his handkerchief, sopped his dusty, bloody face. The cut seemed to have stopped bleeding. In Neckarsteinach, he bought a straw Afrika Korps hat, with a big peak which covered and shaded his face, a clean shirt and a cheap suitcase. Next he stopped at a drugstore and bought a toothbrush, paste and shaving articles. He bought a styptic pencil, alcohol, surgical cotton and prepared bandages. He put everything in the suitcase. Then he went into a *Gasthaus* and ordered beer.

While he was waiting for the beer, he went into the men's room, cleaned his face and hands, brushed his dusty clothes. He swabbed the cut with alcohol, wincing. It was smaller than he had thought for so much bleeding. He ran the styptic pencil down the cut. As far as he could judge, it was not deep enough to need stitching. The severed flesh appeared to be sealing itself. He put one of the bandages in place and went back to his beer. He was quite hungry, and realized suddenly that he had not eaten.

The food made him feel stronger. When he boarded the streetcar to Heidelberg, he was almost optimistic. Something he had once heard—or was it only thought?—came into his mind. He had four or five hours to wait until dark, but he could kill the time safely, and even rest, in a movie. Then he knew what he would do. There was only one place for him to go, one place where he might get help, and even of that he was not sure.

It was a fixed belief among those who took an interest in the subject that Maj. Lou Feldman had the best duty in the United States Army in Europe. He was an inspector under one of the deputy chiefs of staff. It was not very clear what he inspected, but he was always making inspection trips, at a generous allowance and a slow pace. Few saw the reports he filed, but almost every officer in the Command, at one time or another, had seen Major Feldman ambling good-naturedly around his unit, asking elementary questions and taking occasional notes. He was seldom seen in his office, and when he was, he was usually found with his feet on the desk, reading a book. But that was because his real work was outside his office and began after his duty hours ended.

Five or six people in the Command knew that Feldman's vague inspectorship was simply a cover. In fact, he was a rather important member of a very quiet organization, and with a rank considerably higher than major. He was not authorized to give direct orders, but occasionally he made a polite request through his channels, and it was significant that the request was invariably carried out, quietly and quickly. Despite his friendliness, he was a lonely man. He had had three close friends, and two of them were dead. The third was Harry Benton.

It was night now, and his working day had begun. He sat at his desk, not at the military caserne, but in his living quarters in the old house on the far side of the river toward Handschuhheim.

When the bell rang, he paused a moment, then swept the papers into the wall safe behind the lurid View of the Old Castle in Moonlight. He loosened his tie quickly, put ice into the prop highball with which he invariably greeted his guests; then, glass in hand, went to the door and opened it.

Harry Benton was standing in the doorway, white-faced and swaying slightly, with rumpled, dusty clothes and a large bandage slanting from the left side of his forehead down past his ear. He came in, walking stiffly, saying nothing. He stumbled slightly over a ridge in the rug. Feldman took his elbow, relieved him of the cheap straw suitcase, and brought him into the study. Benton sank into a soft chair, and sat there, ludicrous under the peaked cap. His hands were shaking. Feldman made him a drink, sat in the chair opposite him and waited patiently. At first, the story came out hard and haltingly, but then he quickened the pace until at the end it was a rush of words.

"They've got you, Harry," Feldman said at the end. "They've got you good. Open and shut."

"Don't you believe me?"

"Sure," he said carefully, "I believe you. But you haven't got a chance."

"What choice did I have? You think it would have been any better if they'd found him in my house?"

"No, it didn't matter either way. You did the only thing you could. But your luck ran out."

"All right," Benton said. "All right." He rose to his feet. "You won't have to get mixed up in it," he said.

He turned to the door, but Lou Feldman had his arm and was shoving him back in the chair.

"I can fix it, Harry."

Benton stared at him, incredulous, still half hostile. *All right, Harry,* Feldman thought; *maybe you have a right to glare; maybe you'll glare more when I finish with you.*

There was a phone on the desk, but Feldman walked past it. In the bookcase beyond was a second phone, behind the books. A phone with a scrambler attachment. There was no dial, just a buzzer to push. He pushed it.

"Frank," he said. "That you, Frank? Listen. Up at your end, a man called Antonescu. He was killed a few hours back."

He listened a minute as the disembodied voice came back to him.

"Oh, yeah, you have it? . . . In a car? The luggage compartment? . . . Yeah. That's the one. Well, listen, Frank; that's part of our operation. One of our men. Have them close it down, file it. . . . I know all that. He's one of my boys; been in touch with me. I don't want him bothered."

". . . . . ."

"All right, Frank; you take care of it."

He turned to Harry Benton.

"You're all right now, Harry." He paused. "You're working for me."

"There's just one thing," Benton said. "I didn't tell you about these."

He flipped the drawstrings of the chamois bag and spilled the diamonds on the desk. Feldman took the bag, swept them back into it and locked it in the wall safe.

"Ninety days," he said. "If the owner turns up in ninety days, he can have them." He laughed. "If not, I don't know; you have as much right to them as anyone. I'll keep them here and make inquiries."

"I'm working for you," Benton said, laughing. "You're the boss. O.K., what do I do?"

"Right now, sack down for twelve hours. You're dead. It can wait."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Man Tiger (Continued from Page 31)

sharply into deep, clear water. Two hundred yards beyond that, over turtle-grass bottom, chugging almost without sound in a shallow ten-foot *cayuca*, they sighted the surface-lazing turtle. Mario, squatting forward, turned his head and winked at Johanna, pointing with pursed lips. The wink threw Johanna into a mild fluster, newly wed as she was, and as she shoved over the throttle too quickly the motor coughed before it spat and racketed. Instantly the turtle became a kiting blur swimming a yard beneath the surface, its head ajut like a racing hawk.

Johanna leaned forward to keep an eye on the fleeing shadow and managed tiller and throttle expertly to give the turtle chase. Mario rose in one smooth flow of muscle and fitted the detachable point to the twelve-foot shaft of the lance, coiling the line carefully in one hand, the lance poised over his shoulder. The turtle, seeking the reef's refuge, cut sharply, and Johanna brought the boat heeling over, throwing it almost broadside, racing straight and then cutting again, heading the turtle to open water. Mario, his long legs giving and holding against the sway and pitch of the bucketing boat, nodded approval. As they came near the turtle, a muscle set up an eager twitching beneath his right shoulder.

It was no more than that small movement in her man's back that caused Johanna to flick her gaze from the turtle. He was a cathedral of a man, that Mario, bigger even than she, gentle as a great child, and that gentleness gave him a profound understanding of a woman's heart. At night, by the fire in front of their hut, Mario would cradle her head against his chest and sing songs softly in patois, English or Spanish, and always they were songs of longing. Johanna would sit in misty wonder, not daring to breathe, feeling tall as a schooner mast and all female.

She brought herself back sternly to the task at hand, but not before she touched, marveling, at the memory of his caressing hand on her hated *grifa* hair. A *grifa* was not like other women, holding things lightly. When good fortune came to her she had to work at holding it. Johanna was twenty-four years old, a giant, deep-breasted, mahogany Juno, almost as big and powerful as Mario. The history of the islands was written on her. In the strong bones of her face showed the blood of the fierce salt-water Caribs, a Spaniard had put yellow lights into her skin, and an African chieftain had given her a six-foot frame and majesty of bearing. Sometimes from such a mixture occurs the strange genetic mishap which produces tightly curled red-blond hair.

These are *grifas*, muttered about in suspicion, spoken of by Indians and other island folk as having sinister powers. Few men would wed one. But Mario had, and Johanna had to keep reminding herself that it was true. Hope of man, home and child had gradually gone from Johanna, leaving her world a December sea, flat and gray. When Mario took her to wife, the world suddenly took on all the eyeblinking range of color that gleams in the wet shell of the hawksbill turtle when he is lifted from the sea.

Mario's long arm reached across her to cut the throttle.

"Man, he was in the pot," Johanna protested in her deep voice.

"Small, love."

"Sixty, maybe seventy pounds," Johanna said, still shocked.

Mario did not answer as he coiled and stowed the line. It was love of him, a deep need to know the inner workings of her man, that drove Johanna to say what she did.

"That is the fourth ridley you have let go, amor," she said softly.

Mario looked at her troubled face and came aft to squat before her and take one of her hands. "Now, you must know what a poor kind of man you married, Johanna. I cannot find it in me to kill those ridleys."

Johanna waited.

"Ay, Johanna, you know turtles," he said, almost pleading. "You know that ridley as you do the green and the loggerhead. Those others will live on their backs, taking their helplessness. But a ridley dies in a day, breaking his own heart in his struggles. You know what they call the heartbreak turtle. I know him, too, and I cannot put my iron into the iron of him."

Johanna listened and looked over the expanse of rustling reef lying off Mata de la Gata. Around the curve of the beach she pictured their silver-thatched hut. It was her world in which she was a full woman with her own man and house to care for. While Mario waited, looking up at her, she found herself stumbling on fearful ground. What kind of man would live alone, never leaving a lonesome speck of a cay? What kind of man, she was forced to ask herself, would feel sympathy for the ridley, but a man who felt the same fear of confinement; and how would a man know confinement unless he had been locked up?

"Come, love," Mario said, standing, "enough for this day. Steer by the point and I'll pull the trap. Grunts there for supper, sure."

Johanna jerked the motor to life and turned the boat toward the reef channel. She waited silently while Mario hauled up the trap and dumped the grunts, blue tangs and a big queen trigger. In that brief time bits and fragments came together to form fear within her.

Mario lived on Mata de la Gata because he was afraid to leave. Mario could not kill a ridley because he felt kin of the creature who could not stand confinement. Mario, then, had been locked up.

Accepting it then, she knew that she had known for weeks and had hidden it from herself behind her content.

But still, heading for the beach, she gave him the chance. "I put in the last of the fuel this morning." She said it miserably.

"We need fuel and rice and coffee. You best take the shell to trade."

"I'm to go alone, then, again?"

"You're a fine sailor," Mario answered. "I will stay, counting the minutes you are gone and mending the roof."

"Mario," she said softly, "out of all the women in the world you chose me. I am in all ways your wife, and if you are sad, then I am sad. If you are afraid, then I am afraid."

Mario looked at her. "Equally, my soul," he said.

"Between two people who love there can be nothing unsaid," Johanna went on. "One small thing hidden lies between them and becomes the footing for a wall. This wall will rise so high in time that it cannot be crossed or even seen over."

Mario nodded, his face very grave.

"Don't begin the wall then, love," Johanna said deeply. "Tell me why it is that you are afraid to leave this cay."

After a long time he spoke. "It was not to deceive. I wanted a little life. How did you come to know?"

"It was the heartbreak turtle," Johanna said miserably. "Only a heartbreak man would feel kin to a heartbreak turtle."

The first time she had seen him Johanna was working at the cutting table in Don Paco's turtle crawl, stained with blood to her ears, wielding a two-foot machete as easily as a butcher knife on a two-hundred-pound green. She had looked up to see a great black wedge of a man walking up the shaky pier from a rag-sailed, sea-going catboat. He came close, and Johanna lowered her eyes, heaving at the turtle's bulk. He stopped and came to the table and turned it easily. He did not draw back, but stayed looking at her until she raised her eyes. Never had she seen such a terrible hunger as was in his eyes.

After a long moment he went to sit on the steps of the shack and simply looked at her. She worked badly all day.

Mario stayed for three days and at dawn of the fourth day, with no more than a hundred words spoken between them, Mario raised sail to return to Mata de la Gata, and Johanna sat forward in a new red dress, her hands clasped in her lap, one finger slowly rubbing the gold-washed ring on her finger. Waiting for the sail to catch, she felt strangely unmoved. Having her dreams filled so quickly had not left her time to do more than nibble fearfully at the edges of a thing so great. But when the sagging sail swelled and the boat quickened to life beneath her, Johanna raised her head, drew breath and looked at the life before her through foolish tears. She was suddenly afraid.

Remembering the empty fears she drew herself back.

"Now," she said, "tell me how bad it is."

"It was jail bad," Mario answered.

"Not killing?" she asked in sudden fear.

"Debt," Mario said. "That trader over Big Woman Bay, called Emilio, he gave me credit for gear. When time to pay came he had many things written down in his book that were not mine. I would pay him only what I had bought. I went to my boat, and the patrol came to take me that night. They locked me in the jail at Puerto Bello to be judged the next day."

Mario stopped, swallowed and took a trembling breath.

"Amor," he said shakenly, "I do not know how to say it. If I say the walls of the jail crept in on me and would not let me breathe, it sounds like I am a child. But it was true. I could not breathe and I knew beyond all else that I had to get out, to be free. All night I used my strength on that cage. Just before dawn a bar gave. I crept out to where the guard sat and he turned and saw me. I hit him gently as I could and he slept. I ran back through the jungle to my boat. I came to Mata de la Gata and did not leave for eight months. Then I went to get you at Don Paco's crawl, where I was not known."

"But, Mario, you did not even know me," Johanna said and then choked off her protests, and in the following silence Mario answered.

"It is true. I did not know *you* were there. But I knew I would not have come back alone."

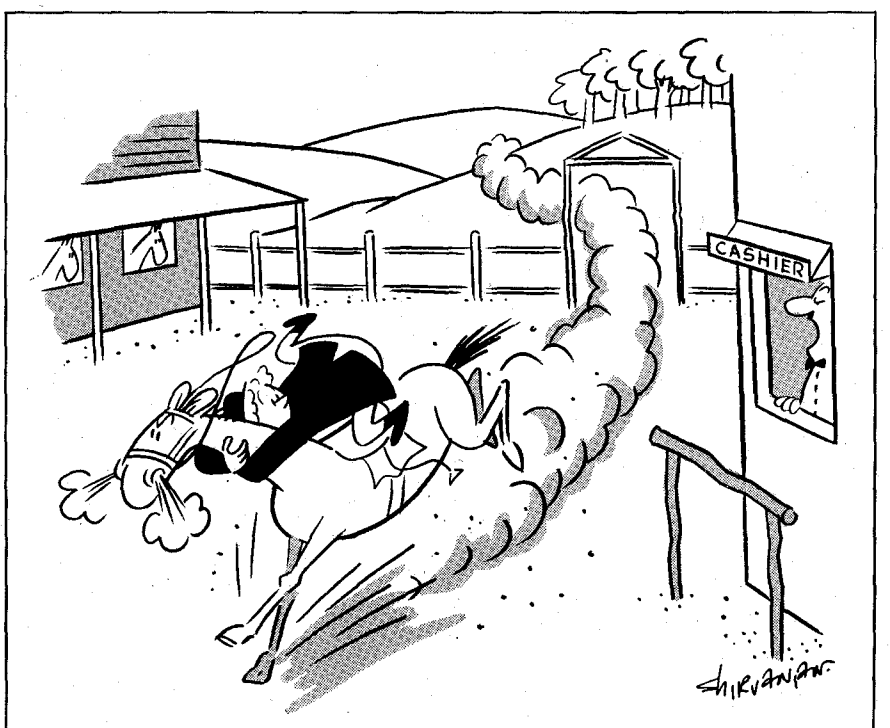
Johanna's eyes could not meet his, then. The fact that he was wanted by the patrols was suddenly nothing. Now she knew why Mario had married a *grifa*. Bad is never good until worse arrives, was the proverb that came to her mind. Worse had arrived. She was a great fool. She was a woman with a husband because eight months of loneliness had driven a man to take anything. She was ashamed. A man not so crazed would never have looked at her and a Mario not chained to this speck of nowhere would not be hers a month. How could she hope to hold her man against a small, soft woman?

"I say," Mario said gently, his eyes soft on her face, "that I would not have come back alone, and it is true. But nobody could have filled my needs as you have. By running away from the jail and staying here I only traded one jail for another. This was so until you came. Now it is not a jail at all. I could live here content forever, if you were here with me."

Numbly, Johanna permitted herself to be comforted. And her mind made itself up easily. What was wrong with staying at Mata de la Gata as long as she could? It was her life and nobody else mattered except Mario. The color of her hair had cheated her all her life. She would stay on Mata de la Gata until the patrol came, she thought, and then she would fight the patrol for every minute that she could. It was her right.

"I am glad you know," Mario said. "But even so, I would not ask you to stay. It may be that you are guilty also."

"Would it give you pain if I left?" Johanna asked, and hated herself for the feminine trick.



"Your hour isn't up yet, Miss Pollard."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It would be a small death," Mario answered. "Each day I take joy from knowing that this day you are glad that I am alive."

That night Johanna lay sleepless for a long time before she justified her decision in fierce argument with herself and finally she went into troubled sleep. She came awake at dawn, feeling a great shame, shame that she would sacrifice Mario to her selfishness. She made breakfast at the fire hole, and when Mario came out her course was set.

"It is not yet time to hide here like crabs. In this I must be the strong one. You are innocent and should not be prisoner here. I will take the shell to Big Woman and trade with Emilio. I will beg him."

"I am shamed," Mario said slowly, "that you are doing this. I am shamed that I cannot risk going to Big Woman. And it will do no good. Emilio is mean."

"Do not be shamed," Johanna said. "It is, as you say, a sickness." And she could not escape a small wash of guilt that with this she would be binding him to her with ties of gratitude.

Together they loaded the catboat, leaving the *cayuca* for Mario. When it was done and she was ready to push off, she walked to him and gave him the strength of her embrace. His breath went out in pleased shock and his return hug gave her a fierce pleasure that lasted her as she threaded the reef channel, tacked off Donkey Ear Point and caught wind for Big Woman Bay, eighty miles away.

Emilio's trade shack stood on a spit at the bay with the Mosquito Indian village scattered back through the coco grove. Big Woman was a green-turtle rookery and some of the Mosquitos hired out to Emilio as *veladores*. When the summer months brought the greens in to lay, these men would camp with their families on an assigned stretch of beach and patrol each night, flipping the laying females on their backs to be kept helpless until the boat came. Then they would tie the flippers together and float them out to the boat.

A wooden jetty fingered out from the shack in front, and the black stakes of the turtle crawls ran behind it, down into the bay.

Johanna dropped sail and ghosted up to the jetty. She tied up, climbed the rickety ladder and made the jetty shake under her stride as she walked grimly to the shack. It was roofed with tin from five-gallon cans and stood on piles.

Johanna, not holding with subterfuge, took off her turban before she entered the dimness of the shack. In a while a short, plump little man with his hair very thickly pomaded came out of the back room wiping his mouth. Emilio was small and sleek and his bugged and shiny eyes missed nothing of Johanna as they went over her.

"What passes, *negra?*" Under some circumstances, his greeting was one of affection. In Emilio's mouth it became a thing of contemptuous familiarity.

Johanna dropped her sack on the floor.

"Hawksbill shell," she said evenly. "To trade for rice, coffee and fuel."

"No market now for shell," Emilio said. It was an acceptable trade lie. "But maybe I can give you a little flour. How much flour you need?"

Johanna went behind the counter to where a mound of hundred-pound sacks of flour lay. She stooped briefly, straightened, wheeled and stood awesomely, the sack held ceiling-high and the stiffened arms supporting it not trembling the slightest.

"About so much," Johanna said softly and laid the sack on the counter. Emilio nodded meekly.

She had measured and weighed him by the time they had completed their haggling and knew him for what he was.

"What else, *negra?*" Emilio asked.

"I want my man free," Johanna said.

"What man?" Emilio exclaimed.

"My man is Big Mario," Johanna said. "You called the patrol for him when he would not pay. He is forced to hide from the patrol. Mario is no thief."

Emilio smiled and it was not a pretty smile at all. "So, Big Mario took a *grifa*," he said contemptuously. "You should make a *brujeria*, a charm to hide him from the patrol. The sergeant still has a lump on his head and a long memory."

She saw it was hopeless then, but tried once again.

"I will pay what you ask," she said.

"You will pay," Emilio said softly. "When he is taken, Big Mario will pay me what he owes me, and he will pay for the lump on the sergeant's head."

She gave up then and picked up her supplies and made the trip to the boat in one great load, striding majestically onto the groaning jetty. As she sat there, three Indians idled out of the grove, looked at her once and then faded back into the shelter of the trees, one hiding his eyes.

Johanna became thoughtful. "He asked for witchcraft," she murmured to herself. "That Emilio asked for witchcraft, and I will give him some." She went and sat down directly across from the trade shack on a fallen coco palm.

In a while an Indian woman came out of the grove with a basket on her head and turned to retreat, half-running, when she saw Johanna. Encouraged, Johanna fluffed out her hair and waited. She heard activity in the crawls behind the shack and went to find two Indians cutting up a green. One dropped his knife and ran immediately. The other drew on his nerve until Johanna muttered to herself and pointed a long finger at him, and then he hid his eyes and ran, bumping into trees.

Johanna went to peel bark from a tree, and as she sat down again on her log she began to fashion a crude Indian figure from the bark. This she set on the ground in front of her, drew a circle around it and waited.

All that day no Indian entered Emilio's place of business and the meat from the green began to smell in the cutting shed, and Johanna waited.

Emilio was too fearful of her great strength to come to face her. He sat in the dimness of the shack, looking out at her, too patient, Johanna knew, not to have sent an Indian for the patrol. She hoped that the patrol was away on a long trip.

She slept that night on the catboat, cold and cramped on the deck, wrapped in the sail. At dawn she was back again sitting on the log in front of her bark figure, her hair fluffed up.

It went on for three days.

In the hard heat of the afternoon of the third day the police-patrol boat tied up at the wooden jetty, and a sergeant with a great stomach and an air of vast self-importance bustled down the jetty, giving a long look at Johanna before he pushed his stomach before him into the shack. The four men with him came more slowly, edging cautiously away from Johanna and sitting down out of her sight by the side of the shack.

After conferring with Emilio, the sergeant came out and shouted to his men. "*A la cárcel*," he said grandly. "Take that woman to the jail."

Johanna rose and pushed back her sleeves.

"She's female," one of the men said hesitantly.

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"It doesn't import," the sergeant said. "Take her."

When they came forward slowly and awkwardly in their hesitancy, the sergeant hustled in front of them and took Johanna's arm. She took his hand off, twisted him and kicked him into the straggle of his men. When he got up he drew his pistol.

Johanna looked at him with deadly calm and walked toward him, and he jammed the pistol back in the holster. He withdrew and called his men around him and talked.

When they came out of the huddle they were bunched in a phalanx with the sergeant prudently behind, urging them from that position, and the men shifting the point from one to another. But finally they charged, and Johanna went down before the weight of them. But she was deadly on the ground and tore herself loose again and again, scratching, biting and kicking.

At last the sergeant managed to hook a manacle on her wrists, and Johanna was brought to her feet, red fire in her eye. The sergeant shook her roughly and swore at her in patois.

It was then that Mario's great body came hurtling out of nowhere, cutting the squad down like a gigantic ax. One of the men scrambled up, grabbed a rifle and Mario was to him in one leap, had the rifle in his own hand. He bent the barrel around a post.

Johanna could only look at him with her mouth open, not believing that he was really there. He turned and winked at her and she felt again the mild fluster.

"You came," she managed.

"It was lonely there on the cay," he said.

"It was lonely here too," Johanna said. "What do we do now?"

"We go to Puerto Bello to be judged," Mario answered firmly.

He formed the sergeant and his men into an unprotesting squad and sent them marching to the patrol boat. Inside the shack he found Emilio beneath a table in the back room and dragged him to the jetty.

Tied up at the jetty was the *cayuca* with a jury-rigged mast and a sail that was in rags. Johanna looked at it, amazed, and Mario, catching her look, said, "Squalls. Heavy winds and rain out there. I would have come sooner."

"You came," Johanna said, suddenly awkward. "It is something, in a *cayuca*."

"I was lonely," Mario answered, and flustered her again with his wink.

It was dusk when Mario brought the *cayuca* drifting up to the dock in Puerto Bello.

"It is too late to see the judge," the sergeant said sullenly.

"Then we will stay in the jail tonight," Mario said.

Thinking of his standing, the fat sergeant took the lead as they went down the street to the concrete, single room that served as a jail. He shouted orders to his men in a very loud voice.

The sergeant looked at Mario and saw that he was dull gray in color and that sweat was standing on his face and beading the swell of muscle in chest and shoulder. Those great muscles were trembling. The sergeant smiled to himself, but saved his comment until he had turned the key in the cell door.

"*Macho*," he said in contempt. "A tiger."

Mario stood huge and trembling in the middle of the cell, and Johanna went to him quickly and put her hand hard on his arm, and he turned and tried to smile.

... ...

"I will stand it," he said hoarsely.

"A tiger," Johanna said. "That fat one said it. It will be an infinity of a night, but you will stand it."

She led him to a bench, and they sat. Johanna held him against the great terror that filled him, and comforted him. Because she was suddenly their strength she found herself speaking of things which she had kept hidden.

"Oh, I was shamed and hurt when you told you would not have gone back to Mata de la Gata alone. I was shamed because it was not love at all that made you wed me. It was hunger. But now I must ask myself why I went with you. And I must answer that it was not because of love at all. You did not court me. You were a silent man, showing me only the hunger in your eyes. I could only hope that you would not beat me."

Mario took her hand.

"When I found," Johanna went on, "that you were wanted, I became fearful to help you, because I knew that if you were free you would not want such a one as me. This may be so still. I can only hope. But, if it is so, our time together will be my whole life."

Mario answered so low that Johanna was forced to place her cheek against his to hear. "I cannot say there was no hunger. There was. But when the hunger was filled, I found a whole church of a woman left. There will never be another. You are my wife in all ways, for all time."

"My hair?" Johanna asked, and asked everything with the question.

"It is your hair that held you to me. With common hair I could not hold you a week against the attentions of other men. It is my surety," Mario said strongly.

Johanna could only weep weakly, and Mario did not tremble, forgetting his fear in the comfort that he gave her.

"How long," Johanna asked after a long while, "does one have to stay in jail for hitting the patrol?"

"It is not important," Mario answered. But his body trembled again, although he answered firmly, "If you are near, I will stand it."

The judge was an old man, fragile as dust. His face was aged, dark leather, stretched glove-tight over the frail cage of bones beneath. It was not a stern face, but the high, narrow skull gave it a mighty dignity. Around the eyes and mouth was an expression of gentleness, as if the acts which he judged were those of children, easily forgiven; and a look of great tiredness, also, as if his judgments weighed him at night.

The sergeant had brought Mario and Johanna together before the judge, and Emilio sat, as if privileged, in a seat to the side. The old judge smiled and clasped his veined old hands together.

After a long moment he looked down at Mario and pursed his lips at him, indicating that he should speak. Mario twisted his great hands together and told, as a child tells, how he had been cheated, taken to jail and how he had been overcome with a shaking thirst for freedom and how he had escaped. He pulled from his pocket a ragged piece of paper. "This is what I bought from him and what I will pay," he finished.

The judge looked at him and nodded somberly. "You were free, and you came back. Now speak to me of that."

"I was alone on the cay," Mario said as if explaining all, and when the judge waited he went on, slowly, as if explaining it to himself. "The cay was a jail to me and I was shamed that Johanna would go to help me while I stayed hiding. I was shamed and needed Johanna."

The judge looked at him for a long time and then nodded his head and turned to Johanna. She took off her turban.

"*Vuestra merced*," she began, using an archaic form of great respect, "Your Mercy, I am *grifa*. All my life I have been alone because I am so. Things that are of women were not mine, and when I was past hope this man looked beyond the color of my hair and took me and we loved each other. I know my man to his soul. He is not a thief. When I found he was in trouble I came to Emilio's place to ask for his freedom. He is not a thief."

She moved very close to the old man and looked up at him. "But he has done bad. He escaped from the jail and he hit the sergeant, and I fought the sergeant too. My man is a heartbreak man like the heartbreak turtle. If he is locked up, he dies. If he must be locked up, then I must be there to hold him and to help him."

The old man looked at her and then at Emilio, and that man was on his feet in an instant.

"You are known to me," the judge said slowly to Emilio. "You are to sit and listen. I have heard your story before."

When Emilio sat down the judge leaned wearily back in his chair and spoke to the ceiling, softly, almost dreamily.

"Sometimes I walk by the beach and I see there those hermit crabs, living in shells that are not theirs, and as they grow they change their shells. I think that these are the most blessed of beings because they can change their shells. Man, he is different. He cannot change his shell. He is trapped for always in the shell of his skin, and he must live in that skin for all his life. He can never share the shell of another, and no other can ever share his. Each man is alone in his skin with his fear and his loneliness."

He looked down at the group before him. "This loneliness is of all men and there are only two ways to live with this. One is to go mad and the other is to love.

"You, mistress," he said to Johanna, "you have been alone and by loving this man you have won over, because you are loved and loving."

He looked at Emilio and his face was troubled. "You give me pain," he said. "Some people cannot love, and they become sick, hurting others. You are one of those, and I will not punish you, for you are punished enough. Mario will pay what he has written on the paper."

He rose stiffly. "That is all," he said.

"That is all?" Johanna echoed weakly.

The judge came forward and looked deep into her eyes. "Your man is no ridley," he said softly. "A ridley has no young. You have a great secret, mistress. One you must teach your young."

"Now I can tell my man," Johanna answered. "Can he go?"

"You have set him free," the judge said.

Cupid Reappraised

By Irene Magee

Whoever said that love is blind
Had a most perceptive mind;

But I, whom love has scorned to meet,
Find this description incomplete;

Unclaimed, unnoticed, I've become
Convinced it's also deaf and dumb.

Bad Call (Continued from Page 24)

was an old friend and should never have said something like that to George.

"Al," he said, and he couldn't help it, his anger peeked out, "take it real easy, Al."

Al knew the seriousness of what he had said, George knew that, and when Al didn't back up or even look embarrassed, for the first time in many years George felt a little painful thread of indecision inside him. He had been very sure of his call.

Al knew the rules of the game, he had given George nothing but respect for years, but this time he meant what he said and he said it again.

"You missed it, George," he said; "you did. And you've missed others in this series. You're gonna cost me this ball game too. You've missed too many and it's hurting me and my ball club and I ain't gonna put up with it." He turned away from George and walked away with Willy, holding him by the arm.

Even then George thought he was right, but when he went back to brush off the plate and saw the small smile on the face of the catcher, then he knew for sure he had missed it. It wasn't that that bothered him so much, because he had missed before; not often, but once in a while he had known he was wrong. Now it was the other thing Al Summers had said that made him feel a little sick—that he had missed a lot of them lately.

The game went for fourteen innings and Al Summers' team finally lost it because of that one play. Willy Wolf came up to bat two more times before the game was over, but he didn't say anything about the call, so George knew he was taking it hard. To make everything much worse, with runners on second and third and two out in the fourteenth and the count three and two on Willy, George had to call a third strike on him that ended the game. Willy didn't argue at all. He just turned and looked at George for a moment with no expression on his face and then walked away.

A few minutes later on his sports show, Joe Cutler mentioned the call. They were sitting in a small room deep in the innards of the Stadium. Two television cameras were moving here and there on the silent rubber wheels, jockeying for angles.

He didn't mind that Joe brought it up, because he had the right to. It was the play that had turned the game around, and that made it news and important to an honest reporter like Joe.

"Willy was a mite disturbed down there," said (*Continued on Page 86*)

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(*Continued from Page 84*) Joe; "you might even say he was cardinal red."

"He was," said George in agreement.

"Well," said Joe, "it was a close one, George, and I'm sure you've seen others just like it."

"I have," said George; "plenty."

"Well," said Joe, "you're the dean, the top man around this league, George." He paused and when he saw George casting around in his mind for something to answer, he went smoothly on like the great interviewer he was. "And like Bill Klem you've probably never missed a call in your life." Joe laughed pleasantly.

"Well," said George, "Bill probably missed some, like me, but what he meant was that he was the umpire and when he called it, right or wrong, it stayed called."

"And it did, too," said Joe, "didn't it?"

"Always," said George.

"In all his years he didn't miss many though, did he, George?"

"I didn't see him too often," said George. "He was in the other league, but the times I saw him he didn't miss any."

"How long have you been in this league, George?" asked Joe.

"Twenty-six years," said George.

"Well then," said Joe, "you've seen most of the good ones, eh?"

"A lot of them," said George.

"If you had to do it over again," asked Joe, "would you do it?"

George started to say yes mechanically, because that was the answer, but unaccountably he hesitated, and Joe, very sensitive to his guests, looked at him sharply.

"Yes," said George, "I sure would."

When he got back to the umpires' room the three other umpires were almost ready to leave. George went to the cooler and got out a can of beer and sat down heavily on the bench in front of his locker. He started to drink, then dropped his arm and unbuckled his belt and unzipped his trousers. Then he raised the can to his lips and drank deeply with great pleasure. He lowered his head, closed his eyes and looked at himself for a moment. He was tired, too tired. His head ached and his insides were making noises. He listened to his body with the inward ear. The doctor, his family doctor, quickly and quietly visited, had said he was all right; it was just the slowing down, the blunting of the awareness and instincts of the young. Nothing to cut out, no drug to be taken, no danger of sickness or death. It was a man growing old able to do the things of before, but less quickly and less surely. He looked across at Sam Fortunato, who was almost as old as he was. Almost.

"A long one," he said to Sam.

"Too long," said Sam. He looked at George and then looked away. He stood and patted his tie into place. He took a yellow envelope from his pocket and handed it to George. "Telegram came while you was on Joe's show," he said. George took it from him. "See you," said Sam, and went out.

George watched him go. He had been about to ask Sam to share a steak with him and, maybe later, a little gin rummy in the hotel room. They had had a gin game going for almost twenty years. They didn't play every time they worked together, but almost every time.

He opened the telegram and read it. It was from the president of the league and he wanted to see George tomorrow morning. George read it again, then stuffed it into his pocket.

"George," said Hank Wilson, and he went out too.

"See you tomorrow, George," said Steve Bovik.

"Yeah," said George; then, "Steve?"

"Yeah?" Steve stopped at the door and turned.

"How about a steak?"

Steve came back into the room and he was very pleased. "Sure, George; I'd like to."

"O.K.," said George; "wait'll I shower."

"Sure," said Steve, "take your time."

Steve was a freshman in the league. He was a very good umpire now, and one day he would be close to the best. All the umpires in the major leagues were good, but there are good, better and best. George was the best, even the sports writers said so, which was almost as important as having somebody like Casey Stengel say so, and he had. George had never before asked Steve to eat with him and he saw the pleasure spread on the young man's face.

Even after the steak and the potatoes and the salad, it wouldn't go away from George. He enjoyed at intervals the deference that young Steve Bovik showed him, he answered with a measure of enthusiasm his questions about the good ones that had come and were now gone, but the other kept coming back. Willy Wolf and his unbelieving face, and the words of Al Summers, an honorable man.

Poor Willy. If it had been another player it might have been different, at least on that particular call. But Willy Wolf was a true professional. He didn't grandstand, he didn't showboat. He played the game for all it was worth and more; he didn't need to hold an umpire up to ridicule to satisfy a lack of ability. He had the ability and the joy of the game inside him, and when he was safe because of a combination of his judgment, his speed, and his great talent for the game for which he lived, he wanted to be called safe because he deserved it. Willy wouldn't dislike him even now, but he wouldn't respect him any more, and neither would Al Summers, who had virtually said as much. George had earned their respect by his own special talent and he had to keep it. He cut young Bovik off in mid-sentence.

"Listen, Steve," he said, "I've got to see somebody; O.K.?"

Steve sat back in the booth. "Sure, George," he said.

"We'll eat again tomorrow," George said; "then maybe a little gin rummy?"

"Sure, George," said Steve and he looked happy again.

George went to the hotel on the Grand Concourse where some players had rooms and called Bucky Smith on the house phone. Bucky didn't sound surprised, but he hesitated before he said, "Sure, Georgie; come on up."

George and Bucky didn't look alike, but they were the same breed and very similar. They were in the last fifteen years of their lives—big men, heavy, and ruddy and leathery in the face. They were both overweight, but in a large strong way, and they looked more physically competent than most fat men. Their skin and muscles still had the good tone of outdoor men, which they were even during the fall and winter when they got their dogs and guns out and went hunting down South.

Bucky was alone and they sat down opposite each other. George didn't say anything at first. Bucky didn't ask anything either. The visit was unusual even though they were good friends and had played ball together years before and fished and hunted together in the fall and late winter. George held his drink in front of his big chest and glanced at Bucky.

"Looks like you got another winner, Buck," he said.

"Maybe," said Bucky; "you never can tell."

"Fifteen games," said George, "three weeks to go. Even Casey didn't do any better."

"It looks good," said Bucky cautiously; "we might make it."

"You've made it," said George.

"Well," said Bucky, "Henry's got them leg miseries biting at him again. He's playing when he should be sitting, but he's shooting for that average again."

"I missed it, didn't I, Buck?" said George.

Bucky looked at George directly, then sighed slightly like a small boy. "Yeah," he said, "you missed it all right."

"I thought so," said George, "what with what Willy and Al said."

"It hurt 'em," said Bucky; "you can't blame 'em."

"I don't," said George; "Al said something else though."

"I know," said Bucky; "he told me."

"He said I been missing a lot of them lately."

"I know," said Bucky. "He told me that too."

George sat back and looked away from Bucky. "Well?"

"I'm glad you come up, Georgie. I was gonna have to talk to you anyhow." He was standing now and he had the look, dogged and distasteful, that warned George before he heard it. "It happens that way sometimes, Georgie. It ain't anybody's fault. You got it one day and you lost it the next. I tell you truly in the years I seen you out there I don't think you missed more'n two calls. I ain't never before seen a umpire so close and so right on top of everything." He put his hand on top of his gray grizzled head as if to hold the top of it down. "Georgie, you already missed three in this series, maybe four. Last series you had with us, you missed a coupla more. I'm glad you come up, Georgie, 'cause I was gonna ask the commissioner not to use you in the World Series. I woulda told you first, Georgie, you know that, but I'm gonna ask. It ain't only that them Milwaukees ain't like these here scufflers in this here league. About you I just had to be sure."

"You sure, Buck?"

"Yeah, Georgie," said Bucky; "there ain't no question in my mind. You worked almost every Series for twenty years, Georgie, and it was right you should, but I can't have you in there this year. You call one like you called on Willy against me, Georgie, and I couldn't never put up with it. Them Milwaukees ain't Washington or somebody, I gonna need all I got without no trouble from you fellers."

"You sure you ain't already asked the commissioner?" asked George. "I got a telegram to meet the league president tomorrow here."

"Georgie," said Bucky, and his tough old face showed his hurt plainly, "that ain't nothing to say to me."

"I know it," said George, "but what the hell!"

"Look, Georgie," said Bucky, "we all gotta get out sooner or later."

"I don't want out," said George. "I want things to stay just like they are. What am I gonna do all summer?"

"Aw, come on, Georgie," said Bucky and he sounded a little angry. George knew why, too, and he wished he hadn't said what he had. Bucky knew how George felt about the business; he ought to, he felt the same way.

"Yeah," said George. "Well, it's been fun."

"Have a drink," said Bucky. "We'll play some gin and make a night of it."

It was exactly the right thing to say, and it could cost Bucky plenty. If a prowling writer should catch the two of them—a manager and an umpire drinking and gambling together—Bucky would be spending his summers with George. It was innocent, but it wasn't to people who didn't belong or understand or who got their own morality into it. George knew he was exposing Bucky to much more than he should, but he would have done the same thing for Bucky, so they drank and played until six o'clock in the morning and George won four dollars and sixty-two cents, the first time he had ever beaten Bucky, who was a champion in gin rummy too.

"Who says the art of conversation is dead?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George met President Wilson the next morning at eleven o'clock in the president's hotel suite.

The president was a handsome man, even dapper, beautifully dressed, including two enormous cuff links. He looked very much like a successful business executive. He was a successful business executive. Baseball was his business and he ran it like one and was paid a very high salary for doing it well and according to the wishes of the owners. He was comparatively new in the job and was trying to satisfy everybody, and it made him a nervous man at night.

He greeted George warmly, shaking his hand; then he indicated a chair and George sat down in it. There was a big desk in the room and the president stood behind it.

"How have you been, George?" asked the president, looking down at him.

"Fine, sir," said George.

That was all he said, because he had never particularly liked the man. Rather he felt ill at ease, alien, with a man like the president. He wasn't going to help

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him; the president wasn't somebody like Bucky or Al or Willy Wolf. He had been an important lawyer in the East before the owners hired him.

"George," said the president briskly when he saw that George had said all he was going to say, "George, I have your medical report here from the league doctor. It says you are in excellent health; exceptional in fact, for a man your age. Even your eyes are twenty-twenty, so what I have to say may sound ridiculous, but I have to say it. For the good of the game. I hate to say it, but I'm sure you'll understand. George, I'm going to have to ask for your resignation after the regular season is over." He shook his head sadly to show George where his real loyalties lay. "I've had four managerial complaints that say that you are making a lot of errors in judgment. This office also requested opinions from some of your fellow umpires, and three of them—very reluctantly, I assure you—agreed with the complaints. Now, we can do this very gracefully, George, and there will be no stigma on you. We all get older, there's no shame in that. We'll wait until the season is over, then the announcement will come from here, with regret of course and maybe even a little ceremony. You've been a credit to the game and all that, you know, sort of a ——"

"I quit," said George, "right now."

"What?" The president was startled.

"I resign," said George, "right now."

"No, no," said the president, "not now. There's a way to do this and I think I am the judge of ——"

"Do you think I'm missing plays, sir?"

"Well, the reports are here. I have very little choice."

"All right," said George, "I believe you. I quit."

Two lines appeared suddenly next to the president's neat nose. "You can't quit now, three weeks before the end. There's no reason for it. You can ——"

"No reason?" George stood up. "I'm missing calls. I'm cheating men like Al Summers and Willy Wolf. That's too much reason. I'm not going to cheat men like that. If I can't do my job the way it should be done, I'm not working another game."

"No one said anything about cheating," said the president. "Don't get excited, George. There are only three weeks left. Bucky's boys are in. Nobody can catch them. After this series you can umpire games for Washington or Kansas City or somebody like that. If you miss some, it won't make any difference. I think you owe that to us, George."

"I don't owe you anything," said George, "I owe something to fellers like Bucky Smith and Paul Richards and Al Lopez and Al Summers; not to you."

"I understand how you feel, George, believe me," said the president, "but this has to be done right; I insist."

"Listen to me, Wilson," said George, and he was aware he was doing something he would not like in somebody else. "Listen to me. Washington ain't gonna win any pennant, you're right. Neither is Kansas City. My missing something again don't matter in the standings. But it matters to me and it matters to Cookie Lavagetto and Harry Craft and every player on them ball clubs. They play games to win; and when you don't win many, they all count. If you figure I'd take the responsibility for taking a game away from Cookie just because I'm an old man that can't see right no more, you're wrong. I ain't gonna do that for you or anybody else. When a ump starts to miss up here he goes out right away and he don't ump no more, not one play."

The president was disturbed, but under excellent control. "That's very admirable, George, I'm sure. And I mean that. But you don't quit now, because I won't let you. I've had no umpire trouble since I've been in this job and I'm not going to have any now. We felt we owed it to you to handle it like this. We know when to be grateful and it's a shame that you don't. But this office pays your salary and you'll do what I say."

"The hell I will," said George. "I said I quit, and I quit. You don't even understand."

The president stared at George for a moment. "I don't have to understand, George," he said, "but actually I understand very well. You love the game. I love it too; don't think I don't. You wouldn't help it by quitting three weeks before the end of the season. Some snoop of a writer will comment and maybe some fans will think something's wrong. I—this office can't afford that and, what is more to the point, doesn't want to afford it. We've got to stand together here for the good of the game. I ask you as a favor to me to stay until the end of the season."

"I quit," said George. "I quit, I quit, I quit."

"I don't think you understand," said the president and his voice was strained.

"No," said George, "I don't think I do. And I ain't too sure I want to. I'm not sure this is the game that it used to be. Maybe it's better I'm getting out, because maybe it ain't good for me any more. Maybe when Bucky and Casey and Al are out of it, it won't even be a game. And I'll be glad I ain't in it and I'll sit around on my porch with Bucky and play gin and we'll remember the way it was, and even fellers with"—George fumbled a moment—"with cuff links and all"—involuntarily the president blinked down at his cuffs—"can't take that away. I quit and I do it now. I'll write you a letter."

"George," said the president, "I'm surprised at you."

"I'm surprised at myself," said George, "but I mean it."

"I know you do," said the president, "and believe it or not I'm on your side. But it is very irregular and I don't want you to do it. Very irregular."

"Not for me," said George; "it's the way I work."

He went out, leaving the door open. The president watched him go and after a moment he shook his handsome head and it could have been with reluctant respect.

George went to the stadium and picked up his equipment. It was one o'clock and the two teams were taking batting and fielding practice. While he was in the umpires' room the three others came in together. They saw George packing his little bag.

"George," said Sam Fortunato, "what are you doing?"

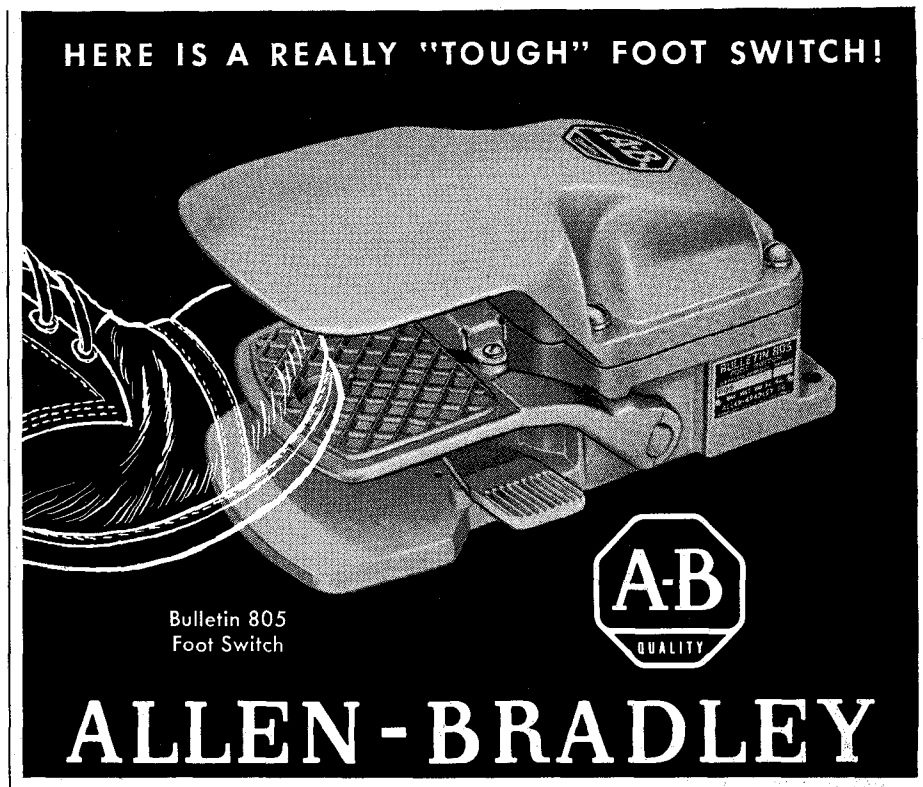
"I just quit, Sam," said George, and zipped the bag shut and stood up. He put out his hand. "So long, Sam."

"George," said Sam, "what the hell. Just like that?"

"Just like that," said George, and they shook hands. He shook hands with the two other umpires. "Sorry about that gin game tonight, kid," he said to Bovik as he was leaving.

He stayed in the hotel room the whole afternoon watching the game on television. They played it with three umpires and as far as George could tell they didn't miss one, and some were close. Bucky had a fifteen-game lead, but he played it to win the whole way, as if it were the World Series. Bucky didn't know how to let up, and that's just the way it should be.

One thing happened during the game that made George glad. Willy Wolf hit one deep over the center fielder's head in the eighth inning with two men on and ran it all the way home. George saw it



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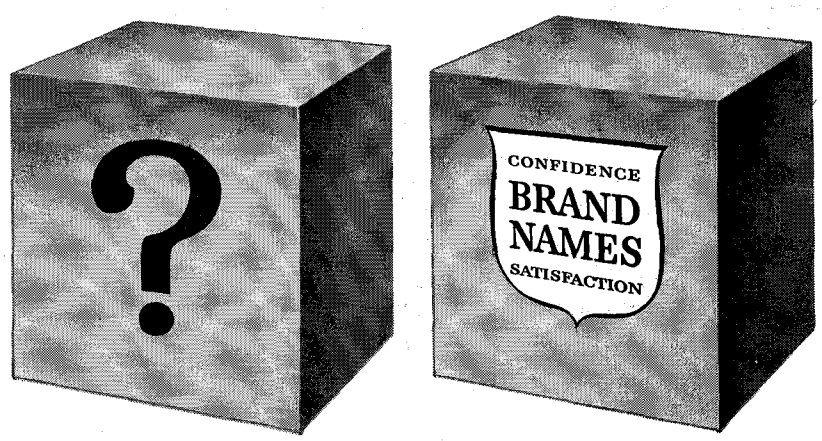

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coming, the shortstop took the relay from the center fielder in short center field as Willy came flying around third going all the way. The ball and the man converged as if to a magnet and Willy, without slowing a bit, hooked like an eel to the left as the catcher dived onto him. Steve Bovik was standing right on top of them, his face peering down, watching the foot going over the outside of the plate and the catcher's hands slamming down on Willy.

There was not the slightest hesitation. Bovik spread his arms wide, then spun around and walked away in an unconscious imitation of George. George felt a warmth inside spread out a little.

Willy's hit won it for Al Summers, and George turned off the set and began to pack. When he finished, he called the airport and made a reservation to Dallas that evening.

About seven he went out and ate alone, and when he came back to his room Bucky Smith was sitting there in a chair.

"Georgie," said Bucky, "a little gin rummy over to my room? Give you a chance to get more of your money back."

George blinked at him. "Can't do it, Buck. Got a plane to catch pretty soon."

"Take a later one," said Bucky. "What's the difference?"

"Not much," said George, "so I might as well get this one."

"Listen," said Bucky, "come on over to my shack."

"What for?"

"I got something to show you," said Buck vaguely.

"O.K.," said George, "let's have it."

Bucky shifted his weight around a little. "Oh, Georgie," he said, "come on over."

"I won't," said George, "I don't see no sense to it."

"I got something to show you, I said," said Bucky, and he looked like an embarrassed young boy.

"I heard you," said George, "and I got to catch a plane."

"George," said Bucky, and he didn't sound vague any more, "how long do I know you?"

"I don't know," said George, "maybe thirty-five years."

"O.K.," said Bucky, "I'm asking you. Come over to my hotel."

George looked at him for a moment. "All right," he said.

They were all there. Al Summers and Willy Wolf, Sam Fortunato, Steve Bovik and Hank Wilson. The commissioner was there and Joe Cutler was there, and some of the sports writers and lots of others whose life was the game of baseball. And League President Wilson. They were all eating and talking loudly about their game. There was an inartistic clumsy banner hung on one end of the room that said, GEORGE, THE BEST UMPIRE OF THEM ALL. George was the guest of honor, but a stranger would never know it, because no one said anything he wouldn't have said if he had met George on the street. Bucky's catcher was arguing with Steve Bovik about the call on Willy Wolf, and Bovik was just laughing at him. Al Summers and Bucky began jockeying around about a player that Bucky's team owned that played for a minor-league club.

It was a great party and George played it according to the rules. He understood what they were doing, and he acted as if the party were for somebody else.

About midnight they got down to business. Joe Cutler walked under the banner and climbed up on a chair and everyone stopped talking. George sat down and looked at the floor while Joe talked.

"Georgie quit today," said Joe in his soft, mild voice. "I don't know everything that happened, but I know he didn't have to quit today. He could have finished out the season and we all know why he didn't. We're all pretty sentimental about this game of baseball. A lot of people think it's pretty silly, grown men playing a game for kids, and other grown men, intelligent men in other ways, are writing about it and taking it seriously. They say it's just a business, cold and impersonal like any other business. They might be right, it could be silly and a waste of time, and not what we think it is. But it's a great life for whatever reason, and we all love it. It can't be too silly, though, if Georgie spent over thirty years in it, playing and umpiring. Whatever business missed Georgie because he chose baseball is infinitely poorer because of his choice. We see a lot of good men come and go in this game and even some that aren't so good, because a man doesn't have to be a good, moral, honest man just because he has exceptional reflexes. So in a way it's easy to say good-by to Georgie because everything we always want to say about men in the game and about the game itself adds up to Georgie himself. He was the best and when he stopped being the best he quit right off without thinking of another way. He's not an indispensable man, because there will be other and there are other great umpires. But the way Georgie's made inside, that's pretty nearly indispensable, because both in and out of this great game Georgie—well, Georgie is on the top of the heap and you can't get farther than the top."

Joe smiled around the room. "I'm not the best man to make this speech, really. Bucky could tell more and maybe mean more; so could Sam Fortunato or Al Summers. But my business is talking and I'm doing what I can for these men to let George know what we all feel. I have never been so honored in my entire life to speak for all these fellows, Georgie, and I pray to God Almighty that I'm doing it well." Joe paused with his great instinct for the dramatic. "We'll miss you, Georgie. we'll miss you a lot, and we thought we'd throw this thing together because maybe you would then know how much we respect you and how much we love you for being what everybody in this game wishes he could be." Joe paused again. "God bless you, Georgie," he said simply, and got off the table.

Nobody applauded or made any other mistake. Nobody asked George to make a speech. They ignored him sitting there in the chair staring at the floor. After some moments Bucky's catcher began his interminable argument about the call at home, this time with Willy Wolf, who just laughed at him. Everything went on at once, loud and very comforting to George, who finally stood up looking the way George always did. He went over to Joe Cutler and held out his hand. "Talky, ain't you, Joe?" he said. He grinned at the men standing around him, then went over to Bucky, who was talking to Al Summers about that player in the minors. He shook hands with both of them.

"I'm gonna go," he said, "I'll see you around. Maybe in the fall we'll look for some birds together."

"You know it," said Bucky; "in October."

"So long, Al," said George.

"Hang in there, Georgie," said Al. "I don't know who I'll scream at now."

"You'll find somebody," said George, "like young Bovik or old Sam."

"Hell," said Al, "I never win, anyhow."

"Yeah. Well, so long."

"Take it easy, Georgie," said Bucky. "And, George?"

"Yeah?" said George.

"Don't worry, we'll take good care of the store."

"I know you will, Buck," said George; "I know you will."

THE END

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The Crown Prince Takes a Bride

(Continued from Page 27)

might do for the average Japanese boy and girl in a postwar democratic society, but there it was expected to stop. The Court, a fortress of tradition and ritual, was assumed to be impregnable.

To conservatives, Michiko's background was startling. No commoner had sat on the throne since the Japanese nation was founded by Emperor Jimmu, sometime—historians disagree—between 600 B.C. and the beginning of the Christian era. Tradition demanded that imperial brides be selected from the highest noble families, to preserve the exclusivity of the monarchy.

If the choice of Michiko came as a surprise, it was also a welcome sign of progress. The Japanese were pleased to discover that even behind the Chrysanthemum Curtain people could live and love like anyone else.

Akihito and Michiko first met on August 19, 1957, on a tennis court at Karuizawa, a fashionable summer resort in the mountains 100 miles northwest of Tokyo. The Crown Prince and a school friend were paired in the semifinals of a local tournament against Michiko and Bobby Doyle, a twelve-year-old American vacationer. Michiko's side won in an upset. The score was 7–5, 6–3.

It was love at first sight, the story went. But Dr. Shinzo Koizumi, Akihito's longtime tutor, says that the thought of Michiko as his future empress never entered the prince's mind that day. The romance flowered later, and Doctor Koizumi, as we shall see, played a large part in bringing it to a happy ending.

Doctor Koizumi is a former president of Keio, Japan's oldest private university, a man of liberal views and one of the nation's most respected scholars. Since 1947, his job has been to instruct Akihito twice a week on the things he will need to know as emperor of Japan and to help him keep abreast of domestic and world affairs. One text he uses is Sir Harold Nicolson's biography of King George V of England. "It serves as a basis for discussing a constitutional monarchy as it applies to Japan," Doctor Koizumi explains.

But Doctor Koizumi is more than a tutor. He is the prince's closest confidant and counselor. Akihito has lived apart from his parents since he was three, in accordance with court tradition. In his formative years he needed an older person, someone other than the court chamberlains, to whom he could turn. It is not surprising that he grew close to Doctor Koizumi.

After Akihito returned from Queen Elizabeth II's coronation in 1953, Doctor Koizumi sometimes steered the conversation toward foreign princesses, and even movie stars, to find out more about the prince's tastes.

"Do you wish to marry early?" asked Doctor Koizumi.

"Yes," his highness replied. (He is now twenty-five years old; Michiko is ten months younger.)

There seems little doubt that Akihito was impressed with Michiko at their first encounter. Wearing a sleeveless white tennis outfit, volleying gracefully and dashing to return difficult shots, she was obviously attractive. Apart from her athletic prowess, she had a placid, Madonna-like beauty. At school, her fleetness of foot had won her a place on the relay team and the nickname of "antelope girl." Akihito, a determined tennis player himself, warmly congratulated her after the match and lingered to chat.

The newspaper photographers who caught the couple together certainly had no inkling of the importance of their day's work. They had been trailing the prince for months, taking pictures of him and any girl he was seen with, on the chance that one of them might turn out to be the right one.

Akihito had had a far more democratic upbringing than princes before him, but he was not allowed to date a girl in the western sense. In Japan, when a boy invites a girl, say, to the movies, his invitation is taken more seriously than in America. In rural areas, where western ideas have been slower to take effect than in the cities, an invitation to a movie may even be taken to mean that the couple is engaged. So, partly to avoid gossip and partly because the imperial tradition of arranged marriages obviated the need for dating and courtship, his highness associated with girls only on the tennis courts and at other group affairs.

Yet Akihito knew what he wanted. As he told a college friend, ". . . a girl with both parents living, good-looking, a witty conversationalist. She must also love sports and be a good hostess at receptions."

Then Akihito added something more significant. "The girl I marry," he said, "need not be of noble blood. If a selection is made from a limited field, it will take me farther away from the people."

It appeared that Michiko filled the bill. Aptly enough, her name means "Child of Beauty and Wisdom." Her father, Hidesaburo Shoda, is president of the giant Nisshin Flour Milling Company; he can afford the best for his four children. Michiko's elder brother works in a bank, and her younger brother and sister are still in school.

Hidesaburo Shoda is a western-minded father who shuns geisha parties; he has never kept a mistress.

Altogether, Michiko had a well-rounded upbringing, nurtured by the warmth of a close-knit family. It was not surprising that one Japanese magazine likened her to a "pearl of great price" or another to an "object of art." But whether Akihito saw her in that light after their first meeting at tennis, no one but he really knows.

Unpretentious and considerate of others, Michiko was one of the most popular girls at Tokyo's exclusive Sacred Heart University. When she finished her undergraduate work in 1956, majoring in English literature, she was president of the student-government body and valedictorian of her class. But unlike many of her classmates, Michiko did not become a Roman Catholic.

Mother Elizabeth Britt, president of Sacred Heart's university division, recalls Michiko as a student, "Her academic record was excellent and her knowledge of English very good, especially for one who has lived all her life in Japan. She really is a fine girl."

Michiko and the Crown Prince met for the second time that fall when Akihito included her among a group of tennis friends he invited to a private tournament at the Tobitakyu courts, just outside Tokyo. Michiko won the tournament and a small silver cup. Akihito, a camera enthusiast, took several photos of the group.

The rest of 1957 went by without another meeting, and for lack of clues the names of three girls related to the imperial line—and thought best qualified to become empress—dominated the national guessing game that had been running for almost seven years. In the past, Japanese princes usually had found brides before they reached twenty. Emperor Hirohito, for example, became engaged to Nagako when he was seventeen. Akihito was already twenty-four, and the Japanese people were getting impatient.

But his highness had not forgotten. The following February he sent Michiko her portrait, cropped and enlarged from a group picture he had taken at Tobitakyu. Michiko framed the picture and put it on her dresser, next to the tennis cup that Akihito had presented to her. Of course, Akihito had sent pictures to other friends too. But the one he sent to Michiko, it seemed, had special meaning.

Doctor Koizumi says that the young couple didn't get to know each other well until April of 1958. That was when Michiko joined the swank Tokyo Lawn Tennis Club, of which the Crown Prince was a member. It was widely reported that Akihito had pushed through her membership application in order to see her more. Tennis was one pastime he could indulge in when he felt like it, and he was free to play with whom he chose. Still they were never alone.

At a press conference last December, after the engagement had been announced, a reporter chaffed his highness, "You certainly managed to keep it from your tennis friends that you and Michiko-san liked each other!"

It takes an astronomical budget to put a satellite into orbit.

GEORGE MOSES

Akihito smiled and agreed, "Yes, we had to be careful. A lot of them are sharp in spotting that sort of thing."

As Michiko had discovered, Akihito was a circumspect young man, keenly aware of his responsibilities as heir to the throne. If he was concerned that his tennis meetings with her might attract attention, it was because he wanted to protect from gossip not himself, but the system he represented—and Michiko.

At the same time, Michiko found that behind the imposing title and noble presence was a man of diversified interests. One of the prince's favorite hobbies is ichthyology, the study of fish. He has his own laboratory where he dissects carp to study their anatomy. "But I'm not a very good surgeon," he once admitted.

Akihito is an excellent horseman, he drives his own Japan-made car—though not in the fantastic traffic hazards of Tokyo—enjoys both classical music and jazz and owns a sizable collection of records. He is enough of a regular guy to shag his own tennis balls; in the old days, chamberlains picked up tennis balls the Crown Prince missed. Development of this side of his character owes something to the fact that Akihito was allowed, on the advice of American occupation authorities, to attend school like a normal Japanese boy and choose his own friends.

For example, when he was attending the Gakushuin—Peers School—he ate five-cent noodles at the cafeteria like anyone else and paid for them out of his 500-yen—$1.38—daily allowance. He acquired a nickname, "Chabu," and is called that even now by close friends. "Chabu" is a contraction of two Japanese words meaning "brown pig," a play on Akihito's complexion, which is dark for a Japanese.

All this was in contrast to the days before 1945, when Akihito was kept away from other students during recess in the belief that a future god should have as little as possible to do with mortals. The only friends he had then were a few selected companions who were permitted to pay coldly polite calls on him once a week. There were no girls, of course.

When the Crown Prince was still in his teens, a special committee of court officials had begun the task of finding a bride for Akihito. The search, lasting seven years, involved the screening of several hundred candidates. Top choices were daughters of former nobles and peers—except for immediate members of the imperial family, titles were abolished after the war. But girls who formerly would have been considered out of the question were investigated. Akihito's own wishes had a lot to do with this broadening of view. But an important consideration—one that was given scant attention in the excitement attending the engagement announcement—was the committee's belief that generations of marriages among imperial relatives had left the monarchy badly in need of fresh blood.

The Grand Steward of the Imperial Household, Takeshi Usami, who headed the committee, touched on this point when he announced the imperial engagement last November twenty-seventh. Officials concerned, he said, had been aware of the "inadvisability of excessive intermarriage among persons of the imperial line." The choice of Miss Shoda, he explained, was "in keeping with the new Japan."

As it turned out, the high-born girls popularly believed most eligible hadn't figured in the running at all. Contrary to news stories printed in America, Akihito did not conduct a one-man campaign to win acceptance for Michiko. Perhaps the limited amount of information available at the time distorted the facts. For the sake of "historical accuracy"—to quote Doctor Koizumi, who, though not a court official, was an influential member of the committee—things didn't happen quite that way.

Though his highness didn't know it while he was first thinking of Michiko the committee had independently added her name to its list. This was not surprising, for if commoners were to be canvassed, she certainly rated consideration. The Shodas originally came from the city of Tatebayashi—population 56,197—sixty miles north of Tokyo. They are descendants of samurai, the Japanese equivalent of feudal knights, which made them members of the upper class. Nonetheless, they are commoners by present-day thinking.

Like the other candidates, Michiko's state of health and that of her forebears were examined. The fact that the Shodas were given to large families was in her favor. Her scholastic record, of course, was excellent. Her height, five feet two and a half, matched well with Akihito's five feet five. And, the committee decided, inquiries showed her character and personality suited to the Crown Prince and to the demands that would be made of her as his consort.

"Miss Shoda," concluded Doctor Koizumi, "was outstanding in all respects."

Akihito by now had reached a similar if less analytical conclusion. For the first time in his life, he was in love.

The prince hadn't seen Michiko as much as he would have liked, since official functions crowded his schedule. In addition, he had to spend sixteen hours a week with Doctor Koizumi and other tutors in his continuing education as the next emperor. But in their tennis meetings Michiko had captivated his highness. When Akihito, in his own tactful way, put Miss Shoda's name before the committee, its members could only rejoice over a most fortunate coincidence.

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On the twenty-third of last July, Doctor Koizumi and Kikuo Suzuki, Akihito's Grand Chamberlain, called on the emperor and empress to discuss their son's betrothal. On August fifteenth their majesties approved Michiko.

Up to this point everything had gone smoothly. But no one had reckoned with the Shodas, or with Michiko herself. The task of making the first approach to the Shodas fell to Doctor Koizumi. He took a train to Karuizawa, where the family was spending the summer, and confronted Michiko's father.

"If you have any marriage proposals under consideration for your daughter," he ventured, "will you please withhold a decision for the time being."

To a westerner, this may sound like beating around the bush, but the Japanese language is rich in circumlocution and indirection, all well understood. Hidesaburo Shoda knew exactly what Doctor Koizumi was driving at. "Our daughter is entirely unworthy of such an honor," he replied.

This response was appropriate, for it is considered poor taste in Japan to accept such proposals right away. Even though one intends to accept, it is etiquette to refuse at first on grounds of unworthiness. But in this case there was an important difference: The manner in which the Shodas continued refusing made it obvious they were concerned about a good deal more than etiquette.

As an imperial consort, their daughter would be bound by the rules of a strange world, where she would lose her freedom. Even today, Empress Nagako isn't allowed to see her six children when she wants to, despite the fact that her two youngest, Prince Masahito, twenty-three, and Princess Suga, twenty, live within the same palace grounds. As the family that gave birth to a future empress, the Shodas would be saddled with an honor they knew would be more a burden than a blessing. Another thing—Michiko's parents were good Japanese of an older generation; in spite of the postwar democratization of the monarchy, it still seemed to them presumptuous for a commoner's daughter to marry into the imperial family.

Michiko, too, was torn. "I do love him," she confided to a friend. Yet she was a sensible girl and honestly felt that love could not bridge the gap between the normal family life she wanted to lead and the public figure she would become as Akihito's wife.

It was in the midst of this delicate situation that Mother Britt offered Michiko the chance to go to Brussels to represent Japan at an international congress of Sacred Heart alumnae. It would be a timely diversion, the Shodas thought, and would give their daughter an opportunity to get away while the hubbub subsided. Michiko wrote Akihito of her plans and received a polite reply wishing her a pleasant trip. She took off on September third, despite the entreaties of Doctor Koizumi, who in the meantime had been trying to persuade the Shodas to relent.

"His highness sincerely desires the hand of your daughter," he told them. "His majesty approves of the marriage. Please postpone your daughter's trip, for she will have an opportunity to go abroad later with the Crown Prince."

But from Europe, where she had time to think things over alone, Michiko wrote her mother a letter—later shown to Doctor Koizumi—which seemed to say with finality that her answer was "no." Michiko wrote:

I believe the Imperial Household, after all, is no place for a person of our status to enter. Judging from the royal families of Europe, I do not believe it would be to the good of the Imperial Household. I am afraid the Crown Prince would be the one to suffer most.

Michiko had a point. To be sure, Emperor Hirohito had renounced his "divinity" after the war and had been reduced to a "symbol of state" under the American-sponsored constitution, "deriving his position from the will of the people with whom resides sovereign power." The former constitution of 1889 had declared the emperor's person to be "sacred and inviolable."

Until the end of World War II, Japanese bowed low in silent awe when the emperor appeared in public. Now they wave and cheer instead. And editors of newspapers and magazines no longer think it improper to conduct surveys on what Japanese think of the emperor system. In one recent poll of 996 Tokyo citizens picked at random, six out of ten replied "yes" when asked if they favored retaining the emperor. Most of the rest expressed indifference; a handful even said they thought that the system should be abolished, a view associated with left-wing thinking in Japan.

After the war there were changes inside the court itself. For example, the emperor and empress now live modestly in a small, two-story building that was formerly the palace library; their main residence was destroyed by fire in a wartime air raid. Once the emperor owned assets estimated at around $920,000,000; now the government has taken it all away and has put him on an allowance. Last year the allowance reached a record high of $140,000, still a paltry sum compared to the millions he used to receive from his investments.

But changes such as these were not what bothered Michiko. She was afraid of diluting the prestige of the imperial family, which owed its strength in large part to its exclusive lineage. And she certainly must have been aware of behind-the-scenes opposition among many former nobles, who were horrified at the thought of paying obeisance to a commoner empress.

When Akihito learned of Michiko's decision, he reacted like any man in love, waiting impatiently for her to return from her trip, then speeding to a telephone. The couple had given up their tennis meetings some time before because the newspapers had detected Michiko's importance. Besides, a tennis court was hardly the place for the sort of wooing Akihito had in mind.

It wasn't commonly known, but in this period the imperial romance came close to cracking up. At one stage Akihito waited in vain for a crucial telephone call. Near to despair, he turned to a friend and said, "Maybe I'd better give up after all."

The prince phoned Michiko daily, from the time she returned on October twenty-sixth until November thirteenth, when the Shodas were persuaded to send a formal note of acceptance to the Imperial Household. Sometimes these telephone chats lasted over an hour. One can only guess what they talked about. But a friend of Michiko says that one of their final exchanges wound up like this:

MICHIKO: "I've spent all the money that was intended for my trousseau on my trip around the world. Do you think you could marry a girl with only a suitcase to her name, your highness?"

AKIHITO: "Why, of course! It wouldn't make any difference to me if you have nothing at all!"

Later, Michiko explained with feeling that "his sincerity won me over. I made my decision not because he is the Crown Prince but because of his qualities as a man."

When Michiko was introduced to the nation at a televised press conference the day of her engagement, the Japanese saw a poised, smiling girl, unruffled by the excitement around her.

"What are your feelings toward his highness?" a reporter asked.

"I think his highness is a clean, sincere man I know I can respect," she replied.

"Is it true that you're better than his highness at tennis?" asked another, recalling the match that had brought them together.

"His highness is the better player," she answered diplomatically.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Vining, Akihito's former English teacher, who wrote Windows for the Crown Prince, once credited him with an eye for beauty. And the Japanese, seeing Michiko on television, decided their Prince had truly done well.

Akihito must have put up a convincing argument in allaying Michiko's fears of palace life. Indeed, there are indications that he will go further than anyone before has dared in bringing the imperial system up to date. He took one big step in this direction when, after consulting Michiko, he insisted that a nursery be included in the forty-five-room, $620,000 residence in Tokyo being built for them—they are determined to break with the past and rear their children themselves.

In any event, the prince is hardly likely to face the pressure that confronted his father in the matter of children. In her first nine years of married life, Empress Nagako gave birth to four daughters—one of whom died in infancy—and this was a matter of grave concern to the government and the court. In the old Imperial House Law was a provision that, if an emperor's wife bore no sons, he could take a mistress who would. Hirohito had been strongly urged to follow this practice for the glory of the dynasty. But he refused, on grounds that being emperor did not put him above the laws of mortals.

Like his father, Akihito will be married according to ancient Shinto rites in the Kashikodokoro, or Inner Sanctuary, deep within the moated palace grounds. This is where a replica of the Imperial Mirror is enshrined. The original mirror, enshrined at Ise Grand Shrine, and a sword, kept at Atsuta Shrine, both in central Japan, and a jewel, kept by the Emperor himself, are the three symbols of imperial office. They are zealously guarded from mortal eyes. According to mythology, the symbols were originally owned by the gods who descended from the heavens to inhabit Japan thousands of years ago.

For the ceremony, Akihito will be attired in traditional court robes—orange in color—and a black-lacquered Shinto headpiece. Michiko will wear a twelve-layer silken court costume and a wig that trails behind her to the ground. Both costumes are of a style worn by members of the Japanese court more than 1000 years ago.

The ceremony will be brief. Akihito will report to the gods that he is taking Michiko as his bride, then the couple will sip rice wine to solemnize their union. The wedding guests must remain in an enclosure outside the Kashikodokoro throughout these proceedings, while the Emperor and Empress must wait in another part of the palace until the newlyweds call on them to pay their respects after the ceremony is over. The official wedding receptions and banquets, to last three days, will not begin until April thirteenth.

Many Europeans have wondered why the Japanese are married in Shinto rites, but choose a Buddhist burial. This is because it is considered auspicious to seek the favor of the gods at the start of any new venture, whereas Buddhism is concerned with the hereafter and is a religion in which one prays for the souls of the departed. But there is an important exception: Japanese emperors have always had Shinto funerals, for as "gods" it was unthinkable that they should be buried in the manner of men.

Even before the war, Hirohito quietly pooh-poohed the idea that he was a god. It was a relief to him to renounce publicly his "divinity" in 1946 and become officially a human. There is no question about his son, Akihito. Human and humanly in love, he has touched Japanese hearts as no god-by-decree could ever do. THE END

"You're coming through, man!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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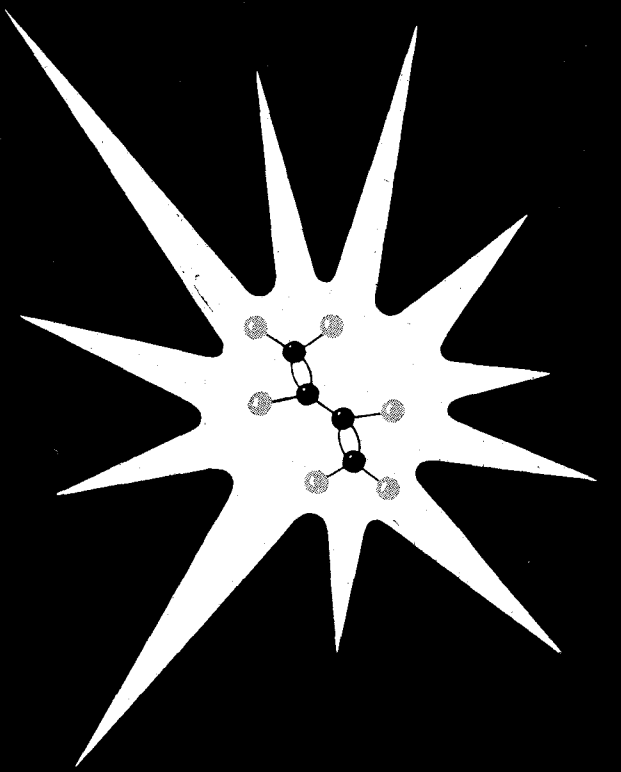

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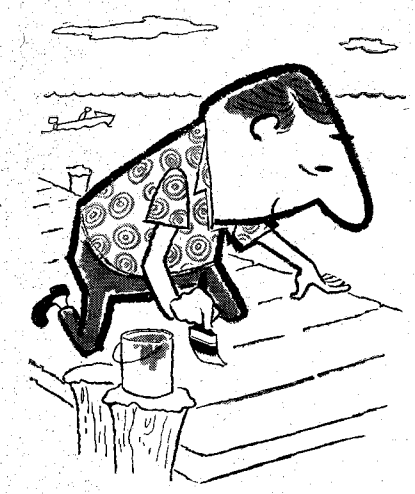

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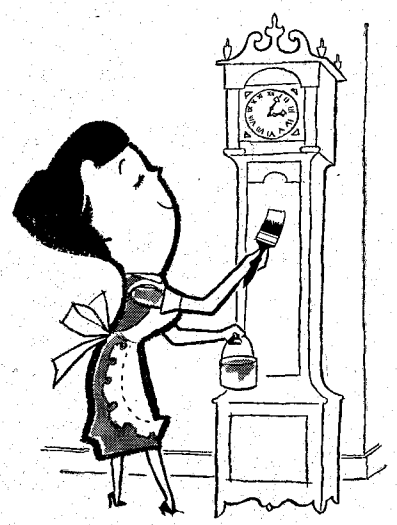

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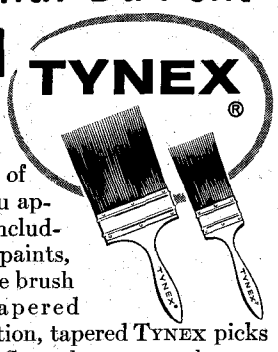

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Keeping Posted

The Inscrutable Orientals

The tradition-shattering romance between Crown Prince Akihito of Japan and Miss Michiko Shoda, the commoner who will become his bride this week, brought some headaches to Japanese journalists eager to cover this uniquely appealing story. **Kenneth Ishii** (page 26), a brilliant young reporter in the Tokyo office of the Associated Press, explains that Japanese newspapers and magazines imposed upon themselves a ban of silence at the urging of Imperial Household officials, who feared that publicity would upset formal betrothal negotiations. Don't even mention the young couple's private courtship, the officials suggested. However, since this restraint could be applied only to the Japanese press, elsewhere in the world the press happily went to town on the fascinating subject.

So what did the Japanese publications do? Unable to use Miss Shoda's name on their own, they turned to quoting such sources as the Associated Press, whose reports traveled some 14,000 miles from Tokyo to New York and back to Tokyo before reaching Japanese editors' desks. "When the Imperial engagement was announced last November twenty-seventh," Ishii recalls, "the Japanese extras that immediately hit the streets had, in most cases, been run off days in advance, postdated the twenty-seventh, and kept under lock and key!"

Ken Ishii, Associated Press reporter in Tokyo.

Book Bulletins

Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover's highly controversial new book, Education and Freedom (Dutton), grew out of the only nonscientific magazine article he ever published: LET'S STOP WASTING OUR GREATEST RESOURCE (intelligent young people) in the March 2, 1957, Post.

Universal-International has obtained motion-picture rights to THE UGLY AMERICAN, the much discussed, fast-selling novel by **William J. Lederer** and **Eugene Burdick** which the Post serialized Oct. 4–Nov. 8, 1958. No news yet about the plans for casting and filming.

Three big printings and many weeks on The New York Times best-seller list is the current roundup on Nautilus 90 North by **Comdr. William R. Anderson** and **Clay Blair, Jr.** Post readers read the original series in the Sept. 27–Oct. 11, 1958, issues.

Tales of the Authors

Author and Mrs. Crisp about to have fun at a dinner dance.

Educator Hanson, center, and part of his family.

N. J. Crisp, page 20, will read this issue of the Post in his Southampton, England, home and his lovely wife (see photo) will read it in Panama. Mrs. Crisp, with her son Simon, 2, is cruising to New Zealand to visit her barrister brother, Derek Lowe, while her older sons, Brian and Robert, remain with pater—and their schoolteachers. Crisp's new story, his first written from a woman's viewpoint, made him nervous. "It's one thing to observe a woman's reactions and quite another to try and account for them."

Ryne Duren, the Yankee pitcher, has terribly bad eyesight, but **Edward Linn** (page 30) says that nevertheless he is some duck hunter. Linn went out with him early one black and foggy morning and marveled as Duren briskly got his limit of five ducks with six shots. "Ryne seems to see better in the dusk because his eyes are abnormally sensitive to light." Later Linn, who had never hunted anything, acquired a duck with his first shot; then couldn't get another to save his soul, though they came right down and sneered at him.

Earl H. Hanson, who on page 25 invites people to criticize schoolteachers, has had scholastic experience all right. He attended eleven different public schools (his father, a clergyman, had to move around a lot), and in Rock Island, Illinois, he has been a teacher two years, a principal eight years and, to date, superintendent of schools twenty-two years. Sandwiched in between the teacher and principal periods were two years as superintendent of the nearby Orion schools. "I fear one reason for this was my physical laziness. My wife said the bathroom walls needed cleaning and I thought it was easier to move than wash them." At left and below Hanson in the photo are son Robert and family; at right, daughter Karen and Mrs. Hanson. Son Earl, his wife and their son were away.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Bright Young Boss of Princeton"

From assistant professor to college president overnight—and now Bob Goheen faces education problems that would harass even Aristotle.

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